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THE

MODERN CYMON,

FROM THE

"JEAN"

OF

C. PAUL DE KOCK.

"Notre gloire est souvent l'ouvrage d'un sourire."

LEGOUVÉ, *Mérite des Femmes.*

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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1833.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

It seems to be pretty generally admitted, that the French character has materially changed of late years; and those who have witnessed the scenes at a Negro festival, or an Irish fair, are not particularly struck with the gaiety of the lower orders in France. But the explanation of the change is sufficiently simple. Every acquisition of value is attended with care, and men become less exhilarated as they recede from the slavery of the one, or the wretched subserviency of the other. As the French have ascended in the political scale, they feel more like men, and the wild recklessness of the slave (however it may have been tempered by the amenities of social life) has given place to the more staid demeanour of the freeman. Formerly, the whole nation was divided into classes, and the description of any particular character was the description of a class. Now that every man feels at liberty both to act and think for himself, a free bent is given to the peculiar fancies and whims of the individual. It follows, therefore, that however we may have been right formerly in denying the French a claim to humour, we can do so no longer; and with a wide and rich field before him, one fully equal to the task has arisen, and with a master's hand pourtrayed the humours and foibles of his countrymen.

C. Paul de Kock has been long appreciated on the continent, but has never yet appeared in an English dress. Unfortunately, a picture of *life as it is* amongst our neighbours is marked by traits of so free a nature, that were we to judge of the state of morals in France from the scenes in which our author revels, and which are read without the smallest scru-

ple by every French woman, we should place them at a low ebb indeed. But every country has its own peculiarities, and things which here could not be even alluded to, are there made subjects of common conversation.

It is proposed to give a translation of his best works, carefully weeded from the indelicacy and impiety from which scarcely any French work is entirely exempt. A more thorough insight into French manners and customs may be acquired from one of De Kock's novels, than from fifty volumes of travels; and an English father may judge from the portrait of a Frenchwoman (painted by a countryman, recollect,) how much he is likely to gain by educating his family abroad. As a novelist, De Kock may not possess the humour of a Fielding or a Smollett, though the reader will meet with many scenes not unworthy of those authors; whilst he will be constantly reminded throughout of the quiet humour and happy keeping of character for which Miss Austen stands unrivalled. Like her, he takes his characters from the middle ranks of life, and so accurately are the several parts sustained, that there is no mistaking the different speakers in the several dialogues with which his volumes abound, being eminently dramatic in their composition. He himself may be perfectly known from his works—a thorough *badaud*, he admires nothing out of Paris, and never mentions a foreigner but with contempt.

It would seem that we have changed too — we once taught the French to be *comfortable:* it appears, by De Kock's frequent use of the word, that we have now taught them to be *fashionable*. Have we gained by the change?

London, February 1, 1833.

THE MODERN CYMON.

CHAPTER I.

The clock of St. Paul's church struck one; for a long time silence had reigned in the now deserted streets; the inhabitants of the seventh arrondissement slept, or at least were in bed, which is not, to be sure, quite the same thing; in the densely-inhabited Rue St. Antoine were to be seen but a few passengers hastening to their homes, and a few of those worthies who, from want of a home, are fain to parade the streets the live-long night. The first might be known by their hurried step, and by their crossing the street to avoid an encounter with any person approaching them; the others loitered from house to house. The moon, which was shining bright, threw her light alike on all, and that all is not little, when we consider there is but one moon for the four quarters of the world, and that she must serve as a watch

light to the inhabitants of Europe and Asia — that her beams are reflected, at the same moment, by the waters of the Nile and Tiber — that she throws her floods of brightness on the vast plains of America and the deserts of Arabia, and her mild lustre calls into new beauty the smiling banks of the Rhone and the cataracts of Niagara — the ruins of Memphis and the buildings of Paris — quite enough for one moon, certainly.

M. Francis Durand, herbalist, in the Rue St. Paul, was a man of about forty years of age, who stuck close to his business as much from taste as from its having proved a lucrative concern : he flattered himself there was not a botanist in Paris could compete with him in the knowledge of herbs, and of course he felt very indignant when he was called a seedsman, as he sometimes was, by people who ought to have known better. He had been in bed since eleven o'clock, according to his invariable custom, which he had never broken, even on the day of his marriage ; and M. Francis Durand had been twelve years united in holy matrimony with Miss Felicia Legros, daughter of a cloth-merchant in the city.

M. Durand, then, was in bed, and alone, for a reason which you shall soon know. M. Durand slept soundly, because his deep knowledge of simples did not so far excite his mind as to interfere with his repose. His maid, Catherine, had been for some time shaking his arm, and bawling in his ear, before he opened his eyes, and, raising his head from the pillow,

asked, "What do you want? what's the matter? eh, Catherine?"

"What's the matter, sir? Why, have not I been telling you for the last quarter of an hour that my mistress is in great pain — that she is getting worse and worse, and that, in a very short time, the business will all be over."

M. Durand raised himself on his elbow, pushed his nightcap back on his head, and, gazing with a vacant countenance on his maid — "Why, what's the matter with my wife?"

"Matter with your wife!" screamed Catherine, again shaking the drowsy herbalist; "why, don't you recollect the situation of my mistress? — that she expects every moment to ——"

"Ah, parbleu! that's true," said M. Durand, rousing himself; "my dream had made me forget every thing. I dreamt I was in a field picking sorrel, when, all at once ——"

"Upon my word, a pretty time to be telling dreams! I tell you my mistress is very ill. Run, fetch the doctor and nurse. You know Madame Moka, Rue Nonaindières; make haste, sir, whilst I return to my mistress, who ought not to be left alone."

So saying, she quitted the little closet where M. Durand had been sleeping, in the expectancy of that event with which he had just been made acquainted. This loft served as a store, and the walls were furnished with shelves, loaded with plants and roots,

whilst others were hung to dry on cords, which were suspended from the roof in every direction. Under these aromatics M. Durand found a temporary couch, so that when he got out of bed, he might have been mistaken for a hortus siccus.

"Well, well, Catherine, I'll go, I'll run," said the herbalist yawning; but all at once it occurred to him, how odd it was his wife should be taken ill at night, when he had settled in his own mind that she would be delivered in the day time—"but I suppose," thought he, "a man may be very easily mistaken in affairs of this kind. Now as to simples and their properties, he would be a clever fellow indeed who would find me astray there. I am sure I know the names of two thousand plants,—ah, more than two thousand; and I know them in Latin, which is more again; but in my dream it was Burdock; and then all at once it was not that, but something else, which for the soul of me I cannot--"

In trying to recollect his dream, M. Durand's head fell on the pillow, his eyes closed, and he was soon snoring again, no doubt with the view of dreaming out his dream.

Catherine had returned to her mistress, whom she found still suffering, and fretting herself at the non-arrival of the accoucheur, whom she was persuaded would never come in time. Madame Durand was the more uneasy, as, though approaching to her thirty-fifth year, she had never been a mother, though most ardently desiring that event.

"Well, Catherine," she exclaimed, as her maid returned.

"My master slept as if he was deaf; but I awoke him at last. He has run off for the nurse and midwife."

"Ah! I hope he will make haste. Oh! how I suffer! But then what pleasure I shall feel in embracing my own child!

"Ah, to be sure, yes, after twelve years' marriage—time was slipping away. I am sure it will be a boy. I have betted an ounce of snuff with Madame Moka, who says it will be a girl."

"Ah! boy or girl, I shall love them equally well."

"I have a great mind to call our neighbour, Madame Ledoux."

"Oh, presently, Catherine; but I have not heard the street door shut; are you sure your master is gone?"

"Why he ought by this time to be in the Rue St. Nonaindières."

"Go see, Catherine."

The servant, by way of satisfying her mistress, returned to the garret, and, long before she reached the bed, was saluted by the strong steady snoring of M. Durand. Catherine was a bouncing lively girl of about twenty-eight years of age; having lived as a faithful servant eight years in the family, she occasionally took a little liberty with her master. She felt very angry on finding him again asleep, and immediately seized on the warm blankets, under which the poor herbalist had ensconced himself, and threw

them on the floor. It was the month of March, and very cold, and Catherine thought with justice, that the nipping air would most effectually arouse her master. This operation disclosed M. Durand in an extremely simple dress; but in cases of emergency, age or sex should no longer be thought of.

Catherine's plan succeeded. M. Durand felt the keen wind blowing on him, and turned and turned again, without getting at all the warmer. At length he opened his heavy eyes, and was not a little surprized at finding the servant at his bed side, and himself so totally devoid of covering.

"What's the matter, Catherine?" said M. Durand gravely, trying to pull down the tail of an extremely scanty shirt.

"What, Sir! is it possible that you have gone to sleep again, after my telling you that madame was so ill, and when we thought you had gone for the midwife and nurse?"

"Ah, my God, you are right, Catherine; it was that made me dream I was at a baptism."

"Well, sir, but the child must be born before it is baptized."

"That's true; but how the devil came I in *naturalibus?*"

"Come, come, I will not leave the room again till I see you out. Here are your stockings, and your pantaloons."

"Well, then, Catherine, since you are not afraid of my dressing before you —"

"Afraid, indeed! a pretty thing to be afraid when Madame is so ill!"

M. Durand made up his mind to get out of bed, and throwing off his night-cap, disclosed a round grey head, red cheeks, a bottle-nose, and little grey eyes; all this supported by a body neither small nor large, neither fat nor thin, made one of those kind of men so often seen, and of whom it is impossible to form any opinion till you hear them speak.

"Here 's your waistcoat."

"It's dreadfully cold to night, Catherine!"

"Come, sir, make haste, here 's your cravat — "

"And my garters, Catherine, you did not give me them."

"Gracious me, can't you go without garters at this time of night?"

"Stay, I see one near the strawberry-plants, *fraga fragorum*. Provided the accoucheur is at home — "

"Here sir, here is your coat."

"Stay a moment, Catherine, my cravat."

"Ah, sir, if you don 't make a little more haste — "

"My hat, then — Oh, how cold it is to night!"

"Run, sir, run; that will warm you."

"I will put this warm handkerchief round my neck; and then,—Catherine, mind that parcel of sage, *salvia salviæ*, which has fallen from the shelf."

By way of reply, Catherine pushed her master out of the room, ran down the stairs before him, opened the back door into the alley, and shut it in M. Durand's face, just as he had turned round to retrace his

steps to his room for his pocket-handkerchief, which he had forgotten.

Satisfied that her master was gone at last, Catherine ran to call Madame Ledoux, who lodged on the second floor, and when she had awakened her, she returned to her mistress.

Madame Ledoux was the widow of a bailiff, an upholsterer, and a stationer; she had had by her three husbands fourteen children, of whom six were married and settled in the world; nevertheless, she was only forty-nine years old, a tall, thin woman, stiff and unbending in her person, with a well-curled wig, and a stiffly-starched collar most regularly plaited. No wonder then she was well satisfied with her own appearance, and gave the world to understand she had repeatedly refused a fourth husband; and when a woman has had fourteen children, her opinion in similar cases ought to have great weight; thus Madame Ledoux, who flattered herself that in case of necessity she could act as midwife, was by no means disturbed by Catharine's summons; it was a pleasure to her to witness the entry into the world of a little innocent; and as all women have not this taste, when such an event was about to take place in that neighbourhood, it was rare indeed that the parties interested did not apply to the widow of the stationer, the upholsterer, and bailiff. At Catherine's first summons, she replied, "Here I am, I 'll follow you; I 'll just put on my gown and go down." And in fact, the servant had scarce entered her mistress's

chamber, when the door again opened and they saw Madame Ledoux, who, with the candle in her hand, her immense height—white dressing-gown, and cap stuck on the top of her head, would have made an excellent ghost in an old castle.

"Well, neighbour, has the time arrived?"

"Oh, yes, Madame Ledoux, I believe this time there can be no mistake," replied Madame Durand.

"So much the better, neighbour: night is a better time to be ill than the day, there is less noise to annoy you. I had my first three—my fifth, and my last four in the night."

"And the accoucheur—the nurse,—not one is here!"

"Well, and what then? A'n't I with you? and a'n't I worth them all? My eighth child—it was a boy,—he who died of a bilious fever; great pity,—for he was a fine child, with a Grecian nose: he was by the upholsterer. I was alone, just as you are now, neighbour. I had sent away my servant the evening before, because she robbed me, and my husband was travelling, and far away. Well, I was not frightened, but made all my little arrangements"——

"Catherine, is not M. Durand returned yet?"

"Returned," said Catherine; "oh, no, Madame, he could not have returned yet—but I told him to run very fast."

M. Durand had been gone nearly three quarters of an hour, and no one appeared—yet the accoucheur and nurse lived at no great distance. Madame D.

and Catherine had lost all patience, whilst Madame Ledoux endeavoured to tranquillize them.

When he had gone about a hundred yards, the herbalist recollected that he had not asked whether he was to call the accoucheur or nurse first. He stopped, and was half disposed to turn back, when he reflected that the accoucheur ought certainly to be called first; so turning towards the Rue St. Antoine, muttering to himself, he said, "Confound it, how cold it is! and Catherine would not give me time to look for my garters; if my stockings come down I shall never escape the rheumatism. I'll take pretty good care never to have a child again—that is to say, to be born in the winter. To be turned out alone in the street, in the middle of the night!—I ought to have routed out my friend Bellequeue, as he is godfather—it was almost as much his business as mine; a godfather is nearly the same as a father. And there was a woman robbed only eight days ago, in Rue Petit Musc;—but they will be deucedly clever if they rob me, for I have nothing to be robbed of, not even a watch. But here is the Rue St. Antoine: how different a street looks in the night from the day; I hardly know one house from another. Hem! hem! —I have caught cold already. When I get home, I will take an infusion of violets with some orange-leaves in it—*malus aurea.*"

Talking to himself in this way, M. Durand traversed that part of the Rue St. Antoine where the moon shone,—keeping a most respectful distance from the

darkened side. A few steps nearer, and the herbalist would have gained the accoucheur's abode, which he could already see, although it was the shaded side, which not a little discomfited him; but on throwing a fearful glance across, he was horrified by the apparition of a man standing exactly opposite the house he wished to enter. The herbalist came to a dead stop, then took two or three steps, feeling for his pocket handkerchief, no longer recollecting that he had left it at home. He then wiped the cold sweat from his forehead with the handkerchief he had tied round his neck, and stood with his eyes fixed on the man whom he perceived through the darkness. "There 's some one there: a man, perhaps two. It 's so dark there's no telling; but he is not in the dark there for nothing. What man is it? — if it was a question of simples now, I could tell about them and their properties. Confound the man! — exactly in front of the doctor's house. I am unarmed — that infernal Catherine hurried me so. What shall I do? I believe I had better go first to Madame Moka; I can come back here, and by that time, perhaps the man will be gone. It is very odd, it is not near so cold as it was."

Whilst M. Durand was thus cogitating, and taking very good care to keep in the moonlight, and at a safe distance from the object of his suspicion, the man remained before the house, and being extremely drunk, was doing his utmost to keep his legs and prevent himself from rolling in the mud. Before going

home to his wife he had endeavoured to count how much of his wages he had left; and having dropped half his money in the gutter, he was making fruitless attempts at finding it again — "Curse the night — why the devil don't they put lanthorns on the dark side. I have lost at least fifteen sous; I wish I had drunk it all. Wife will jaw me: don't care if she does. Oh, if some one would pass and help me to look! These infernal legs won't hold me up. The money's all my eye — must have rolled in the mud."

Tired of his useless search, the drunkard staggered away, without having noticed Durand, who began to breathe freely again, when he saw the man make off in a different direction, and he determined to creep to the doctor's house, saying to himself — "He did not dare to encounter me. My determined appearance alarmed him. No, no: I am not the man to be put down easily. Besides, who could think of danger with a heir in question."

M. Durand took one more look to be sure the man was out of sight: then running across to the accoucheur's house, he pulled violently at the night-bell, keeping a good look out at the same time, that the dreaded stranger did not return. A window was opened on the second floor, and a voice asked who was there. "It's I, Durand, herbalist of the Rue St. Paul, and I have come for the doctor, as my wife is unwell."

"The doctor has just been called out to a patient, but the instant that he returns——"

"Not within! the devil!" said Durand. "Really now when a child is coming into the world, and I the father of it" — the herbalist stopped short, for who should he see coming towards him but the man who had so much alarmed him a short time before. The drunkard had not gone far, when he was half determined to return and have another search for his money; and just then he heard Durand's voice, which he had no manner of doubt was that of some person who was calling him back, having picked up his money. As this joyful idea crossed his mind, he hastened back as fast as his trembling limbs would carry him, crying with a thick voice, "Here, here I am, my dear fren—friend: it's my mon—money — wait."

Durand, who had little taste for the encounter, and heard nothing but threats in the drunken entreaties of his tormentor, took to his heels, and was followed as well as he was able by the sot; but whom he quickly distanced, though fully persuaded he was at his heels the whole time. He at length reached the Rue Nonaindières, scarcely able to breathe, and having forgotten the number of the house he was in search of, he seized on the first rapper he reached with both hands, and gave half a dozen thundering knocks in quick succession, sufficiently loud to arouse the whole street. As he was not instantly answered, he gave another peal, and half a dozen windows were opened at once, and as many frightened voices exclaimed, "What's the matter? what do you want?"

"Help! help! help!" exclaimed the herbalist, half dead with fright, and still knocking in a frantic manner, though they beseeched him to desist.

"But what's the matter? what ails you? is there a house on fire?"

"Help! help! at my house—herbalist—Rue St. Paul."

M. Durand could say no more; he saw the dreaded stranger was nearing him, and darting down the street as fast as he could run, he turned and doubled, till, without well knowing how, he reached his door, and opening it with a latch-key which Catherine had slipped into his pocket, he hurried into his alley with all the feelings of a man who has just had an escape for his life.

Madame Durand's sufferings had encreased. Hearing the door of the alley shut violently she cried, "Here they are at last!" But M. Durand entered alone, pale, horror-struck, and his forehead bathed in sweat, with his stockings over his heels. He sank exhausted into a chair.

"Ah, my dear, you have run fast," said Madame Durand, who had a minute's respite from pain.

"Yes—yes—I did run certainly," said M. Durand, casting a wild look round, as if not quite sure that he was even now in safety.

"Nevertheless we thought the time long enough," said Madame Ledoux.

"And I, too; do you think I was very comfortable in the streets?"

"The accoucheur—is he coming, my dear?"

"Yes, yes, every body is coming; I did my best—"

"But what's the matter, sir," said Catherine; "you look as if you had seen something."

"Eh! seen something! I was attacked by a robber—two or three robbers. They followed me a considerable time, and if I had not had strength enough —to run away—it was all over with me."

"Oh my poor husband!"

"I assure you, madame, this child has cost me not a little—"

"Ah, neighbour, that's exactly the way with my thirteenth. My husband, the stationer, went out just as you did, to call the accoucheur. We lived at that time in Rue des Lions, and you know it is not in the very best neighbourhood: it was about three o'clock; the night dark as pitch; and I recollect it had rained all the evening. In turning the corner of the Rue des Lions, my husband heard footsteps. Fortunately, I had made him take his ——"

"Oh!" cried Madame Durand, "Ah, there, it is returned again."

"Who's returned?" said the herbalist, starting up and looking behind him.

"Faith sir," said Catherine, "here's my mistress, as bad as possible, and no sign of any accoucheur!"

Just then, a violent knocking was heard at the door of the alley. The servant hastened down, without waiting for a light; she ran and opened the door,

calling to the persons in the street, "Come in, come in! follow me: you are just in time!" and poor Catherine was again at her mistress's bed side in an instant.

"Oh, madame!" she cried, "here they are all come;" and as she spoke the steps of several people were heard on the stairs. The door was thrown open violently, and a corporal at the head of four soldiers, entered the room, crying out, "Where are the robbers?"

At that very instant of time the crisis had arrived, and Madame Durand ushered a boy into the world, which Madame Ledoux received in her arms, saying, "He will be just as strong as my fourteenth."

M. Durand sunk back into his chair, as he gazed on the soldiers with lack-lustre eyes, muttering, "Gentlemen, it is a boy!"

"It is a boy!" repeated Catherine. And the corporal, turning round to his men, who were all lost in astonishment, re-echoed, "Ah! it is a boy."

CHAPTER II.

After the first moments of grief and joy, which the presence of the new-born had occasioned, who had come into the world graced by the presence of a corporal and four soldiers, each began to eye his neighbour, and to ask an explanation of this curious scene.

"Well, my brave fellow," cried the corporal, "I suppose it was as witnesses to the birth of your son that you sent for us?"

"My dear, what were you thinking of?" said Madame Durand.

"To bring a regiment of soldiers here!" muttered Catherine.

"For certain," said Madame Ledoux, "I have had fourteen myself, and have seen upwards of one hundred born; but this is the most military lying-in I ever witnessed."

M. Durand, who had by this time recovered from

his fright and surprise, said, "I never required your services, gentlemen, and I have no conception what brought you hither."

"We came here by desire of two young men of Rue Nonaindieres, who ran to our guard-house and begged us to go as quickly as possible to the herbalist's in Rue St. Paul, who had awakened the whole street by his cries for help: that 's what brought us here, my good man."

M. Durand bit his lips at this recital, and Catherine turned her head away to prevent laughing in her master's face. Madame Ledoux exclaimed, "There is some mistake — you seem to have alarmed the neighbourhood unawares."

M. Durand pretended not to be able to understand how the mistake could have arisen, and whilst they were discussing the point, they heard the shrill voice of Madame Moka, who cried, "Hold a light! Catherine, here 's the doctor!"

"High time, indeed;" said Madame Ledoux.

The accoucheur and nurse in fact, arrived the day after the fair; and the nurse would not have come at all, but that she had heard M. Durand's house was on fire. The first thing was to get rid of the soldiers, but as they were present at the birth of his son, M. Durand would not allow them to go away without drinking his health.

Catherine was therefore desired to take them into the shop, and to give each of them a dram. M. Durand followed, in order to give them their choice of

a little violet or linden-water, but they one and all professed to be quite satisfied with the brandy.

"To the health of the new-born," said the corporal, emptying his glass; the soldiers followed the example of their leader.

M. Durand bent his head, and swallowed a large glass of sugared water, saying, "To the health of my young son — *primogenitus.*"

"To the health of little Primogenitus!" cried the corporal, thinking that was the child's name.

Catherine clapped her hands; "Ah, he will be a fine fellow," said she, "already to have his health drank by soldiers!"

The corporal twisted his moustaches and vouchsafed a gracious smile to Catherine.

"And my mistress! won't you drink her health also?" said she.

"Well recollected, my girl," replied the corporal, holding out his little glass; "it would be a thousand pities to forget the mamma."

M. Durand mixed another glass of water and sugar, whilst Catherine filled the glasses of the soldiers, who, with one voice, drank "to the health of the lady in the straw."

"To my wife's health — *mea uxor!*" said M. Durand, clearing off his glass.

"My poor dear mistress!" said Catherine, "what she has suffered!"

"I think," said the corporal, turning towards his men, "we should be wrong to forget the papa."

"Certainly, certainly;" replied the soldiers, holding out their glasses immediately to Catherine, whilst the herbalist prepared for a third mixture of sugar and water.

"Comrades, the papa's health!" cried the corporal, holding up his glass; the soldiers did the same.

M. Durand made a point of hob-nobbing with them, and bowing profoundly, he said, "Gentlemen, here's my health — *suum cuique*. I drink your toast with the greatest pleasure."

The soldiers were getting quite at home, and seemed to be ready to drink the health of any other relation or friend of the family; but M. Durand, who could scarcely get down his last glass of sugar and water, affected to believe they were pressed for time, and opening the door, bowed them into the street.

By this time all was quiet in the sick-room: the doctor had given his directions; the nurse had taken her post; Catherine had kissed the infant, and laid it by its mother's side; who found in the assurance of that fact, a full compensation for all her sufferings. Madame Ledoux had retired to her own room, and M. Durand, after kissing his wife on the forehead, returned to his bed, saying, "This has been a trying night for my wife and me."

It was hardly six in the morning, when a little man was seen ringing at the herbalist's door. This little gentleman, who was in dressing gown and slippers, and wore no hat, had his hair powdered and frizzed as if dressed for a ball: two large curls hung over each

ear, and his hair behind was gathered into a pigtail which, though short, was very thick, and being tied round with a black ribbon, played gracefully from side to side of his neck. True, it was no longer the fashion to wear powder and pomatum; but the gentleman we have been describing had his reasons for continuing the powder: he was a hair-dresser and wig-maker, and had been heard to declare that the political changes in Europe might be many and great; but that nothing would ever induce him to cut off his tail.

M. Bellequeue, the name of the hair-dresser, (and well named he was) was thirty-six years of age: his face round and fresh; his nose, although rather large, not ill made; his eyes, although rather small, sparkled like two diamonds; his mouth, perhaps too open, disclosed extremely good teeth, joined to which his eyebrows were black, his cheeks rosy, his waist small, and his legs well made: it is no wonder, then, that with pleasing manners, M. Bellequeue had the reputation in the neighbourhood of being an extremely well bred man, a great admirer of the fair sex, and credit for dressing hair with as much taste as any one even in the Palais Royal.

Catherine opened the door, when M. Bellequeue ran in, saying, "Well, my dear, so all is over! all is well. I have just met the doctor at one of my customers."

"Yes, M. Bellequeue, all is over, thank God! My poor mistress! what she has suffered!"

"And we have a boy!"

"Yes, Sir, a thumping boy, who is as handsome"—

"Who is he like, Catherine?"

"Egad, Sir, it is hard to say yet; though I think he is rather more like mistress."

"So much the better, for Durand is no great beauty. I shall be delighted to see this child, for I feel as if—— I am to be his godfather."

"Yes, Sir, but you can't see him yet, for he is on my mistress's bed, who I should think, is still asleep; for we have had a busy night of it. What do you think of my master's bringing the patrol here?"

"Bah! soldiers!"

"Yes, Sir, and with their bayonets fixed!"

"Why, what the devil could Durand have been thinking of? And good breeding! for one should never forget one's manners with the ladies. Catherine, I must begin the day well by kissing you."

"Oh, sir?"

M. Bellequeue kissed Catherine on both cheeks; then stepping softly up to the loft, he found M. Durand dressing himself. "Good day, my dear Durand. Well, we are papa now."

"Yes, my dear M. Bellequeue, we are."

"I wish you joy most sincerely, my friend."

"Thank you, thank you. I know, M. Bellequeue, the sincere attachment which you have to all my family. For which reason both my wife and I are determined to make you godfather to our child, in preference to some near relations who might expect

that compliment. But a friend before all the world."

"Believe me, my dear Durand, I estimate your attention as I ought. I will be a second father to your son, and trust that he will always consider me as such. By the bye who is to be my gossip?"

"An aunt of my wife's."

"How old may she be?"

"I should think about fifty-five—an extremely respectable woman."

Bellequeue made a wry face, muttering to himself, "Two boxes of comfits will do."

M. Durand, as he finished dressing, related the strange events of the night.

"You should have called on me," said the hairdresser, "and I would have gone with you. You know that I am a smart blade. I would have taken my sword-cane with me, and we would have settled these rascals. What is that you are drinking?"

"Some linseed tea; to prevent any ill consequences from the shock of last night. I intended to have taken something vulnerary, but as I did not fall—"

"Eh—I think I hear some one crying."

"Ah! No doubt it is the little stranger. He has done nothing else all night."

"What a fine mellow voice he has. I must go and kiss him—no doubt his crying has awakened his mamma."

M. Bellequeue dragged the herbalist after him to the lady's room, who was sitting up in bed, already

dressed in a very pretty morning cap; for once out of pain, a woman's first thought is to look well.

Madame Durand smiled graciously on the perruquier, who stepped on tiptoe to the bed-side, where the nurse presented him the child, saying, "What a handsome fellow he is." Bellequeue kissed the child affectionately and hung over him in the most languishing manner, whilst M. Durand peeping over his shoulder and looking at the child, said, "He has my chin to a nicety, and the shape of his head is exactly the same."

"Ye-e-s," said Bellequeue, "I think there is a kind of a something. When is he to be baptized?"

"To morrow, gossip, if you please."

"How—if I please, my pretty gossip? don't you know I am always ready?"

"Write at once to the nurse, M. Durand. You know St. Germain."

"St. Germain-en-laye, is not it?"

"Yes, my dear, en-laye, and take care you do not forget to write to our friends and relations. You know, I made out a list."

"Yes, Madame: how shall I get through all this? My dear M. Bellequeue, could you spare me a moment to help me with these letters?"

"Willingly: it is still early, and the fashionable ladies whom I have to dress won't be up yet a while."

"Come down to my desk." M. Durand led the way to his shop. Bellequeue kissed the lady in the

straw, and looked all the godfather at the child, and then followed the herbalist, as usual, on the points of his toes, a habit he had long ago contracted, in picking his way through the dirty streets, from one customer's house to another.

The herbalist scratched his head and bit the top of his pen, saying, "How shall we phrase these letters? You see, this being a first child, I have no practice. If it were a prescription for a sedative or aperient draught, I should be quite up to it."

"Oh, then, you are a bit of a doctor, are you?" said Bellequeue, sitting down opposite to him.

"Why, I am thoroughly acquainted with simples. I have botanised at Pentin, St. Denis, Fontenay, Sévres. When I walk in the country I stop at every step — I look in every corner."

"You must have seen, then, some very strange things — but, we are forgetting my godson. You must write a circular that will do for all."

"Ah! exactly so, a circular."

"Although I am bachelor, I assure you, I have often helped a husband. One always begins in this way — 'I have the honour to inform you.'"

"Ah, exactly so, I only wanted a beginning."

M. Durand took a sheet of paper, and wrote "I have the honour to inform you — that my wife is delivered of her first—" "Will that do?"

"Very well," said Bellequeue; "go on."

"The infant is a boy."

"Extremely well turned."

"The infant is a thriving child—and all the family are quite well."—"I think that says every thing, does not it?"

"The very thing! could not be better. Here, I will make some copies for you."

This important business settled, Bellequeue left Durand, promising to call again in the course of the day; and as the christening of to-morrow must necessarily be followed by a family dinner, the herbalist's household were put in requisition to celebrate in a fitting manner the birth of his son and heir.

M. Durand, nailed to his counter, began already to think of what he should make his son; and, whilst dispensing camomile and poppy-seed, saw him in his mind's eye invested with an advocate's gown, or bedizened in the uniform of a colonel. Madame Durand pictured to herself her child old enough to give her his arm, and to accompany her in her walks. Her son would be handsome, well-made, witty. She saw all this whilst looking on the little doll that could scarcely open its eyes. She laid plans — plans: who does not? But those of a mother are very pleasing, and at least are not always traced in sand.

Bellequeue returned in the afternoon. M. Durand had run up for a moment to his wife, and they were puzzling themselves what name to give the child, when the godfather arrived just in time to settle the question.

"What do you call yourself, my dear Bellequeue?" said the herbalist.

"What do I call myself!"

"Yes, gossip, what is your Christian name," said the lady. We were thinking of a pretty name for my son."

"My dear gossip, my name is Jean Bellequeue, at your service."

"Only Jean?"

"Nothing more: I see no great use in having a dozen names. All that is worth care is not to disgrace that which we bear; to be well-bred, and, above all things, polite to the ladies."

Madame Durand made no reply, but did not look over-well pleased; because the name of Jean did not strike her as very genteel or celebrated. She wished her son to have a name pretty, and, at the same time, high sounding.

As to M. Durand, he muttered between his teeth, John, *Johannes* — well enough. I should have preferred, though, a name of some meaning; for instance, *Geranium, Rosarium, Stramonium.*"

"Ah, neighbour, those names smell of the shop dreadfully."

"Not at all, my dear Bellequeue; on the contrary ——"

"How can you go on so," said Madame Durand; "did you ever hear of a Geranium in the calendar?"

"Egad, gossip, you may call your son what you please; but as far as it depends on me, his name is Jean, for Jean is as good a name as any other."

"Oh, my dear friend, I don't mean to say that it is ugly — it is rather short to be sure."

"So much the better, it is soon said."

"We shall hear what my aunt thinks of it. I believe her name is Ursula."

"I will never call my son Ursula," said the herbalist; "Jean is much better."

"Well, well, we 'll settle all that to-morrow; at what hour does the ceremony take place?"

"At twelve."

"Very well, I shall be punctual."

"Recollect, you dine with us."

"Yes, my dear gossip, with pleasure. But I must now leave you to go and make my purchases."

"Now, don't be foolish, M. Bellequeue. I will have no folly."

"Tush, tush, that is my business. Farewell."

Bellequeue ran out to avoid listening to Madame Durand, who declared she should be very much annoyed if he went to any expence on her account.

After a night, which would have passed very quietly had the little stranger been silent, which he did not find it convenient to be, as he cried for five consecutive hours, the baptismal morn appeared, accompanied with a pleasant small rain, or rather hail, for it froze as it fell, and rendered the streets extremely slippery. Fortunately the nurse arrived safe. She was a ruddy countrywoman of four-and-twenty, whose husband let out asses to the inhabitants of St. Germain's, whilst his wife disposed of

something better to the little ones of the metropolis. When Madame Ledoux saw her, she said she was as like as two peas to the nurse of her twelfth, the child of the stationer.

The party most interested in this affair, was probably equally well pleased with his nurse, for he darted with eagerness at what she offered to him, and, pressing with his little hands the bosom which promised to supply his every want, fixed himself for an hour, without its being possible to move him from his quarters. The nurse wanted to return the same day, but Madame Durand could not bring herself to part so soon from her son, and it was decided that Susan should stay over the christening, and go back the next day.

M. Durand dressed himself in black from head to foot, thinking that in this costume he had very much the appearance of a physician. The relatives invited to the ceremony arrived in due time. First the aunt, Madame Grosbleu, who kissed her niece, and begged her acceptance of a little christening cap, which was trimmed with fine lace, and then attempted to take her little godson, who, so far from meeting her half way, cried and kicked with all his force.

"What a lovely child! he is your very image, my dear Felicité."

She was soon followed by M. and Madame Renard, bonnet-makers in the Rue du Temple, and cousins of M. Durand. M. Renard had intended to show that he was piqued at not having been chosen for

godfather; but his wife had made him sensible that there was a certain expense saved, to say nothing of birthdays, Christmas-days, &c., anniversaries on which a godfather was sure to have a visit from his affectionate godchild. M. Renard admitted that a godson was an indirect tax on one's purse, and dismissing his ill-humour, determined to make himself as agreeable as possible. Then came M. Fourreau and his sister, Mademoiselle Aglaë. He was a saddler of the Rue St. Avoie, and a relation of Madame Durand. He was a man who filled his chair at table most respectably, but who was perfectly ignorant of every thing unconnected with his business. Mademoiselle Aglaë Fourreau was on the verge of her thirtieth year, and had not yet met with an admirer of serious intentions. Naturally very lively, she affected a childish giddiness, which did not become her, for we readily pardon that at eighteen, which is quite unbearable at eight-and-twenty. She spoke in such a mincing tone as to produce a very monotonous effect, and tittered not only at every thing that was said to her, but also when she spoke herself, no matter what the subject might be. In a word, Mademoiselle Aglaë had been rather well looking at eighteen, and would have been generally considered so even now, could she have learnt to laugh a little less.

Two neighbours, one of whom, always ailing and ever taking M. Durand's prescriptions, was one of his best customers, and the other an everlasting domino-player, completed the party who had met to-

gether on this auspicious occasion, and joined in the cuckoo-note of "what a beautiful child!" "what a strong fellow!" "what fine eyes!" To each of these exclamations, M. Durand made a profound bow; whilst with a knowing look he said, "I have not done much in this way, but when I set about it in earnest ——!"

M. Endolori, the hypochondriac, whispered the herbalist, "Have you given him an infusion?"

"Who?"

"Your child."

"I wished him to take a decoction of pellitory *Helxine*, a capital thing for the bowels, but the nurse pretended it would be too strong — these women will never hear any thing new. But this morning, whilst my wife was asleep, and the nurse at breakfast, I washed his face all over with elder-water, *sambuceus*, an admirable cosmetic. See how clear the skin looks already."

"Very true, one would think his cheeks were varnished."

Just then Madame Ledoux, in full dress, ran into the room crying out as loud as possible, "What a crowd there is in the room! why you have no brains, to get about a sick person in this way — and then asking her questions when she ought not to speak a word. Well, neighbour, how do you feel? what sort of a night have you had? not got over your fatigue yet I'll engage: and the child — let me see the child

—how he smells of elder-water! What has he had anything the matter with his eyes?"

"No," said M. Durand, "it is only a little experiment, a little preventive, that I have used."

"What! monsieur," said Madame Durand, "have you been washing this little love in elder-water? I never heard of such a thing."

"I assure you, madame, it is all for his good—I am well acquainted with the virtues of simples."

"Well, sir, do what you please with your simples, but I beg you will leave my son alone."

"I have had fourteen, and never used elder-water with one of them. My husband, the bailiff, made my first drink a little wine, which set him coughing and almost choaked him. At the birth of my seventh, my husband, the cabinet maker, bathed the child with brandy, as he said, to stretch his joints, and the poor thing died humpbacked. My thirteenth, by the stationer, was born with very weak eyes. We had cataplasms and I know not what to put to them, and he was blind for life. So much for experiments. But every body seems to be come. What are we waiting for?"

"The godfather, my dear friend."

"Ah, that's true; I forgot the godfather."

"And my cousin, M. Mistigris, the professor of dancing—I should be sorry indeed, if he did not come—such a pleasant man, and so obliging—his kit always at the service of his friends—and he plays

country dances so beautifully, with such taste and such style."

"Ah, yes—hah, hah, hah! how funny!" said Mademoiselle Aglaë, laughing with all her might.

Madame Ledoux replied, "I think I have heard him play in your shop; he seemed a most capital stick—I thought you had at least four blind fiddlers with you."

"I think the violin is apt to make one nervous," said M. Endolori to M. Durand.

"Yes, replied the herbalist; "but you should take a few pinches of mint, *mentha, menthæ,* a fine anti-spasmodic."

A little man, four feet seven inches high, at most, here entered the room, with the lightness of a zephyr, and placed himself by the bedside in a graceful *mouvement en avant.* In this aërial entrée, it was easy to recognize M. Mistigris, the professor of dancing, who although forty years old, seemed scarcely to touch the ground; his legs were in continual motion—his whole appearance betrayed his profession, and stamped him as a man who thought of nothing but pirouettes.

"We were speaking of you, my dear cousin," said Madame Durand, holding out her hand to M. Mistigris, who kissed it, while standing on one leg. "I was afraid you were not coming."

"You know I promised to be here at twelve, and here I am. I had some lessons to give which made me rather late. Besides the streets are very danger-

ous; I saw more than one person upset. Good day, Durand; where is the child?"

"Here," said Madame Moka.

"What do you think of him, cousin?" said Madame Durand.

"Oh, there is no judging of him in that way; let me see his legs."

"Impossible just now; he is dressed for the christening."

"If I saw his legs, I could tell you exactly what sort of a man he will make. You may depend, cousin, it is from the legs alone that you can form a correct opinion. A large or small calf—well or ill turned,—are the unfailing proofs of wit and ability."

"Hah, hah!" said Mademoiselle Aglaë Fourreau; "who ever heard of wit in the calf?"

"Every thing is there, mademoiselle, even the soul."

"As for the soul, cousin," said the herbalist gravely, "Hippocrates conceives the seat of it to be in the left ventricle of the heart; Erasistratus, in the membrane of the brain; and Strabo between the eyebrows."

"Well, if these gentlemen think the soul dwells in the stomach, in the brain, or between the eyebrows, I think I have just as much right to place it in the calf—every one has his system."

"Again, gentlemen," said Madame Ledoux, at the pitch of her voice, in order to drown the others. "I tell you, you make too much noise, you speak too loud, you will give my neighbour a headache, and

a fever, just as I had with my sixth, the child of the cabinet maker."——"Ah! here is the godfather."

At this announcement all was quiet; for every one was anxious to know who had been judged worthy of this honour, and to see the presents he had brought. M. Bellequeue presented himself dressed in a blue frock coat, with buttons shining like gold, a white silk waistcoat and black breeches; and it may be well to note that such things as breeches were worn in 1805, the epoch at which the events took place which we have the honour to relate. Bellequeue, whose hair was dressed with more than ordinary care, held his three-cornered hat in his hand, under each arm boxes of comfits, two little parcels tied up with favours, hung by his fingers, and a handsome bouquet was fastened to one of the boxes. The godfather, although a little embarrassed with his load, entered the room with that peculiarly grave air, often affected by those who are fearful of cutting rather a ridiculous figure, and by which none but a fool is deceived. But he soon felt himself at home, and had a smile for every one. Stepping lightly towards the invalid he presented her with four boxes tied with blue favours, and a little parcel containing four pair of gloves. "I knew you would do something, foolish," said Mme. Durand, throwing a soft look on the hairdresser; who drew from his right pocket two little pots of *confiture de Bar*, and presented them, saying, "this is for the stomach."

"What, more! Upon my word I am quite ashamed."

"And this for the chest," said Bellequeue, drawing from his left pocket a pint bottle of Schubac.

"Ah, this is too much."

"Here is your gossip, my dear Bellequeue," said the herbalist, introducing Mme. Grosbleu, who made a low curtsey. He then begged the godmother's acceptance of four boxes which he had made up his mind to buy as well as a packet of gloves. But whilst Mme. Grosbleu was occupied with her presents, Bellequeue found means to approach Mme. Durand and whispered her, "Hers are Grenoble, but yours are Parisian gloves; your comfits are *à la Vanille*, and you have plenty of pistachio, whilst she has nothing but common nuts."

Mme. Durand replied to all this by a tender look, and a soft squeeze of the hand.

"By the bye, my dear aunt, what is your Christian name?" said she.

"Jane, my dear friend, don't you recollect I was always called Jenny."

"It follows, then," said Bellequeue, "As a matter of course, that our godson's name must be Jean; however, if the mother wishes a second name ——"

"Well, then, let it be Stanislas — that is a very pretty name, Jean Stanislas: — but it must be time to be going."

"The two hackney coaches are at the door," said Catherine.

"I am almost afraid the carriage will make me giddy," said M. Endolori.

"What an interesting ceremony a baptism must be," said Mlle. Aglaë.

"Stay a moment, till I settle the order of your going," said M. Mistigris. Take the ladies' hands, and mind you keep step."

We shall not follow them to the church. Every body knows what a christening is, and in this one there was nothing particular. At length, after having properly attested that on the 15th of March 1805, a son was born to M. and Madame Durand, united in holy matrimony, the infant was named Jean Stanislas. But the first name being the easiest to pronounce, was naturally used by the nurse, who never called the child any thing else, and he became accustomed to reply to no other, the more especially as Madame Durand perceived that it flattered the godfather. We shall follow the example of the nurse, and in future call our hero Jean, thinking with M. Bellequeue, that it is as good a name as any other; and as there are such a vast variety of Jeans in the world, some of them must necessarily be very witty, brave, and well behaved. The course of our story will show in what class we must place our Jean.

They regained the coaches. M. Bellequeue's hat never quitted his hand, even in getting in or out of the carriage; and the sound of M. Mistigris's kit gave signal of the return of the party. It was near

three o'clock, and the breakfast, or rather dinner, was laid out in the chamber of the invalid, who would by no means consent that the feast should take place in another room. Catherine had out-done herself, and the savoury smell of the first course promised most favourably. Madame Durand had fixed the seats, and not particularly wishing that Bellequeue should sit by Mademoiselle Aglaë, she placed him between the godmother and Madame Renard. Mademoiselle Fourreau had no resource but to laugh with M. Endolori and the domino player, who was as gay as a double six.

During the first course there was nothing to be heard but the rattling of the knives and forks, relieved by the noise of M. Mistigris's feet, who was practising steps under the table all the time he was eating. At the second course they found time to talk, and the conversation became general; and whilst discussing the herbalist's old Burgundy, they universally agreed as to the beauty of the new born: and the virtuous character he was sure to prove, if he followed the good example set him by his parents. Mademoiselle Aglaë tittered at M. Endolori's soft speeches, which chiefly consisted of recommendations not to eat anchovies, and to be careful of the mushrooms which flavored some of the dishes. As for Bellequeue, he eat and drank almost as much as Madame Moka, who cleared her plate with admirable dexterity. Madame Ledoux eat but little, and continued talking of the children of her three husbands, the

bailiff, the cabinet-maker, and the stationer; to all of which M. Renard smiled and listened with an air of the greatest interest. Madame Renard was silent, and busily calculated the probable cost of the dinner. M. Fourreau gorged and drank, and filled again. To the domino-player nothing came amiss. M. Durand impatiently awaited the appearance of a dish of eggs, *à la neige*, into which, whilst Catherine's back was turned, he had thrown an infusion of simples, which according to him, would impart a most excellent flavour. The eggs, *à la neige*, were at length served up. The herbalist said nothing, but smiled when he saw the surprise which the taste excited in his guests, who looked at each other inquiringly

"I will tell you what it is," said M. Durand, "for I think you will puzzle a long time before you find out. It is a selection of simples exceedingly purifying for the blood, and at the same time particularly aromatic, from which I have distilled an extract, which I secretly mixed with these eggs, in order to give you an agreeable surprize. I am certain that even at court they have never eaten any thing like this. How delicious! is not it?"

The guests looked at each other, and muttering "Yee-e-s"—"rather strange"—"a very particular taste."

"Oh, I knew what I was about: the more you eat, the better you will like it."

"It's very odd," said Bellequeue, "I cannot get on with it at all."—

"Nor I," said M. Mistigris, throwing an *entrechat* under the table, by which means his left leg came on the right of Madame Renard, who did not know what to make of this, being about the fiftieth she had received since the appearance of the soup. The other guests availed themselves of the example of Bellequeue and left their eggs *à la neige* unfinished, excepting M. Endolori, who hearing that it was a purifier of the blood, sent his plate a second and even a third time; as the herbalist assured him that it was a sure preventive for many maladies.

Fortunately, M. Durand had made no experiments on the dessert, and his *entremets aux simples* was forgotten in drinking the health of the newborn and his parents. The Champagne sparkled in the glasses, and Mademoiselle Aglaë laughed like a fool, because the cork struck Madame Renard on the nose. Bellequeue refilled the glasses.

"What will you do with my godson?" said Madame Grosbleu; "have you already been scheming for him, my dear Felicité."

"I should wish him, above all things, to be a handsome young man, my dear aunt. As to his employment, we shall observe his bent."

"The principal thing is to have him taught early to dance," said M. Mistigris; "that is the way to develope both body and mind."

"Let them make a brave soldier of my godson," said Bellequeue, who had seen service, and always spoke with pleasure of his campaigns—"Eh; that is

the way to push him forwards; he should enter the service at eighteen, and I will bet that before twenty he will be a captain."

"Ah, M. Bellequeue, would you kill my son?"

"No, my dear Gossip; but I say the army is the best profession now-a-days."

"I should like my son to be a man of science," said M. Durand. "When he is four or five years old, I shall take him to botanize with me. Once well acquainted with simples, and the business is done."

"Buy a box of dominos for him," said the neighbour, "nothing will so soon teach him to reckon."

M. Endolori had said nothing for some time. He kept twisting about on his chair, became pale, and every now and then made a wry face, as if the *entremets aux simples* did any thing but agree with him.

In the mean time, as they could not make little Jean a hero, nor a man of science, M. Bellequeue proposed a general bumper to his health. M. Endolori filled not, but whispered a few words in the ear of the herbalist.

"A sure proof that it agrees with you."

M. Endolori, not wishing to exhibit these proofs to the company, gave a ghastly look in reply, and hurried out of the room, bent almost double. Nevertheless the gaiety increased. Bellequeue sang, Mistigris capered about the room, and Mademoiselle Aglaë laughed at every thing. Madame Durand

at length admitted that she felt a little tired, which was a hint for the breaking up of the party.

The guests made their adieux, and retired through the shop, where M. Mistigris proposed to dance a gavotte with Mademoiselle Fourreau. But as it was very cold, every one preferred returning home. M. Endolori, who just then re-appeared, and seemed to walk with considerable pain, begged M. Durand to give him his arm as far as his own door. The herbalist saw his neighbour home, assuring him that he would feel all the better the next day, and returned to seek repose whilst devising means to give his son a love of botany.

CHAPTER III.

THE day succeeding this memorable scene, little Jean, three days old, quitted the paternal roof for that of Susan Jomard, where he found three little comrades, the oldest of whom was barely six, without reckoning the one who had just been weaned. It would seem that, whilst attending to his asses, her husband had not neglected his duties at home.

Madame Durand cried bitterly at parting from her son, though M. Durand took considerable pains to inform her that St. Germains was not in the East Indies, and that, although there was no steam conveyance, there were a thousand other ways of getting there in a very little time. It is hard to convince a mother that she is wrong in crying for her son. Besides, Madame Durand was not in the habit of paying much attention to what her husband said.

Susan, loaded with presents and baby-linen that might have served a little Duke, received from the mother every injunction that maternal tenderness could suggest. Above all things, never to let the

child cry, which she promised most faithfully, but which did not prevent her from letting Monsieur Jean cry the whole of the way home. M. Durand also had a little advice to give the nurse. But his wife insisted that a man had nothing to do with a child, at least until he was weaned. The herbalist admitted there was some truth in this. However, he secretly gave Susan a packet containing flowers of violets, poppies, and mallows, a decoction of which she was to give his son, whenever she perceived him sneeze. All of which was likewise faithfully promised, and the instant she got home she threw the contents to her rabbits, without waiting to see if they sneezed.

You must not suppose from all this that they were unlucky in their choice of a nurse. On the contrary, Susan bestowed every care and attention on the children entrusted to her. She was like the majority of nurses, who think they know how to rear a child as well as the inhabitants of Paris; and who listen very quietly to the directions of the parents, with a firm determination to do only what they themselves conceive to be right.

At the end of three weeks, Madame Durand, perfectly re-established, had recovered her good looks. Although in her thirty-fifth year, the herbalist's wife was a very pleasing little brunette, whose fresh complexion and moderate embonpoint drew many compliments from her customers. Particularly when Bellequeue had arranged her hair, as he had a peculiar tact in harmonizing her head-dress to her fea-

tures. Madame Durand already wished to go to St. Germains to see her son; but the doctor had forbidden her to go out, it being still the month of April, and the weather very cold. But Madame Durand would have encountered the blasts of Siberia to see her child. Her husband went in search of Bellequeue to see if he could make his wife listen to reason. Bellequeue accompanied him at once, and, after saluting the lady in the most gracious manner, gave it as his opinion that it would be extremely imprudent to venture so soon into the country. Besides which, they had heard that the little one was going on well, and was in good health, and that, therefore, it would be very wrong of mamma to make herself ill for love of her son.

Mme. Durand sighed. "Ah! M. Bellequeue, you are not a mother!"

"No, but I am a godfather," replied the hairdresser, "and feel the most tender interest in my godson."

"And I madame," said the herbalist, "do I go for nothing. It seems however ——"

"True, sir, but you are so cold, — you do not feel the happiness of having a son; you are taken up with your simples. Ah, by this time he must be grown so much, he must be so handsome.

"Perhaps you expect he can talk at three weeks?"

"No, sir, I know very well that he could not talk for you; but for me, how different! A mother can interpret so well every look of her child. Well, as

it must be so, I will wait eight days longer; but after that I will listen to no one, and to St. Germains I go."

And, by way of shortening the time which must necessarily elapse before she could see her son, she talked of nothing but him from morning till night; and she dilated on his beauty and good temper to all the persons who came to her shop. She never sold an ounce of pearl barley or linseed without saying, "You know it is a boy — a remarkably fine boy — such large eyes, and little dimples in his cheeks, — a perfect little love!"

Many people, completely occupied by their own maladies or those of their friends, replied to all this, "Madame, must it boil a long time? — must it boil till it thickens? — Is it good for a cold?"

M. Durand, who feared that his wife, completely occupied with his heir, would serve millet for barley, and substitute chickweed for beet, would run to the counter, crying, "My dear Felicité, *festina lente*, don't mistake one thing for another. This is marjoram, *amaracus*—and this is house-leek, *semper vivum* no doubt our son will be a handsome boy — it is very good for cuts — and he will receive, I trust, an excellent education — let this boil five minutes only — but there is no necessity to give madam an emollient for an astringent, and vice versâ."

At the end of eight days, a slight inflammation of the eyes obliged Madame Durand to postpone her journey. A good-looking woman does not like to go abroad with her eyes under a shade, and the herbalist's

wife prided herself with justice on the beauty of her eyes. Besides, Susan wrote, or to speak more correctly, got some one to write every week to the parents of little Jean, to inform them that her nursling grew like a mushroom, and that his beauty and repartees were the admiration of the country. It is probable that the repartees were in pantomime, inasmuch, as a child six weeks old does not generally reply *ad rem.* But if we take, *au pied de la lettre,* everything that nurses tell us, we must believe that children fifteen months old are often able to take a part in a glee, or a hand at piquet.

At length the inflammation went off, and Madame Durand was in excellent health. There was nothing to prevent her from going to see her son, who had now been at St. Germains nearly two months. The day was fixed, and it was determined not to apprise Susan of the intended visit, for people are always glad to take a nurse by surprise. It was a beautiful morning in the month of May. Madame Durand's toilet partook of the fine lady and the Amazon. She took leave of her spouse, who did not accompany her, because they could not both be absent from the shop; but M. Bellequeue, himself delighted at the thought of seeing his godson, had offered his services as her attendant.

Mamma became impatient, for nine o'clock had passed, and they ought to have been at the coach. M. Durand begged her to take care of cold, and gave her a box of jujubes for his son. At last Bellequeue

arrived hat in hand. The herbalist intrusted his wife to his protection, and Bellequeue swore that he would take as much care of her as though she were his own, and flourished his cane as if he were ready to fight in her cause.

Madame Durand took the arm of the hair-dresser, and they began their journey, saying to each other, "How delightful is an excursion in the country — to see little Jean, and breathe the fresh air. — We shall pass a charming day."

They soon arrived at the stand. In 1805, the omnibuses, (M. Durand would have said *omnibi*,) and other conveyances now so common, were unknown. Our friends were content with an humble *coucou*, into which they were half forced by the driver, who assured them that he was full, and just on the point of starting. On getting in, however, they found only two passengers, a young man and a servant-girl, who were whispering together, and seemed by no means pleased with this addition to the company. The young man pressed close to his companion in order to make room for Mme. Durand; as the coachman called out, in a stentorian voice, that each seat held three, and that if one of them was a child, he should make it hold four.

Mme. Durand sunk into the seat; but as she was something larger than a child, the girl was forced to half sit on the young man's knees, who, however, made no complaint. The wooden-bar, which served as a back to the second seat, was then let down, and

Bellequeue placed himself in front of Mme. Durand, who cried, "Well, let us be off—why don't we start."

"Come, coachee, get on," said Bellequeue. But the coachman was again down to look out for passengers in order to fill his coach, which was always on the point of starting. Five minutes had elapsed, and no signs of the coachman.

Mme. Durand kept exclaiming, "Dear me, how provoking! we shall be so late: I shall scarcely see my child."

"Is this fellow humbugging us?" said Bellequeue, putting his head out of the window.

"Had you been kept long, sir," said Mme. Durand to her neighbour.

"Egad, madame, at least half-an-hour," said the young man, smiling.

"Half-an-hour, oh! that is too bad; let us get out, my dear Bellequeue."

"Stay, stay, here he is," and as he spoke, the coachman came up hauling along a young man, whom he had just torn from one of his comrades, and whom he almost threw into the coach, saying, "Did not I tell you I was full, and just going off?"

The young man, whose accent and dress at once betrayed the Englishman, stared about him with lack-lustre eyes, as if not exactly knowing how he got there, and seemed not a little annoyed that he had lost half his cravat in the struggle that had taken place between the two coachmen.

Bellequeue said, "Come, I suppose we shall get off now."

"To be sure, to be sure, honest man."

"*Dites donc,* coachman," said the young Englishman, putting his hat on, "*vous avez pas dit le prix à moi?*"

"'Tis all the same, milord, we never have but one price; you may safely trust me." So saying, the coachman jumped off his seat to catch a nurse, whom he saw surrounded by several of his comrades, whilst Bellequeue, half suffocated with rage, cried, "We insist on starting immediately."

"*Monsieur,*" said the Englishman, addressing Bellequeue, "*voulez vous bien dire à moi combien coûtait la même chose?*"

Bellequeue looked at the Englishman, then scratched his head, and turning to Mme. Durand, he said, "I don't exactly understand what he means."

"*Je demandais à vous combien la même chose que le* coachman *voulait faire payer.*"

"Ah, I take, you want to know the fare."

"Yes."

"Twenty sous is the regular fare; but if you don't make a bargain, they make you pay twenty-five."

"*Est ce que c'etait le usage ici que les* coachmen *emportaient les voyageurs de force dans leur voiture?*"

"What, did he force you in?"

"Yes; *il avait disputé moi à un autre qui me avait saisi par le cravate, en disant toujours que je serais*

bien content de son petite cheval; heureusement que le cravate avait déchiré sans quoi il étranglait moi quand celui-ci me emportait."

"They have certainly a very *taking* way," said Bellequeue.

"We are not moving a step," said Mme. Durand. It's past ten o'clock, I have lost all patience. Let us get out."

"I'll cane this rascal," said Bellequeue, brandishing his stick out of the window. He was just stepping out of the coach, when the driver came up, dragging the nurse in triumph, and to whom, when seated comfortably between Bellequeue and the Englishman, he handed her baby, saying, "We shall be off now; we shall be beyond the barrier in less than no time."

I'll tell you what, coachman," said Bellequeue, very angrily, "if you do not start at once——"

"Gently, gently, my good man; don't you see we are the same thing as full."

At length he mounted his box; but instead of driving off, kept turning from side to side, crying as loud as he could bawl, "A rabbit! a rabbit for St. Germains!"

"*Qu 'est ce que il avait donc à appeler ainsi des lapins?*" said the Englishman to the nurse; who replied,

"Well, why should not he—to be sure he'll get a load if he can."

The Englishman stared, but held his tongue. Madame Durand, who had been looking at the child,

whispered Bellequeue, "How different from my son!"

"As unlike as a Titus and a tail," said Bellequeue.

The young people in the corner took no notice of any thing, being entirely occupied with themselves. Bellequeue, seeing that they did not move, was going to collar the coachman, when an ill-dressed little man, with a bundle in a red pocket handkerchief under his arm, jumped up on the bar by the side of the driver, after having bowed very respectfully to the inside passengers. The coachman whipt his horses, which went off at a footpace, still bawling, "One rabbit for St. Germain; only one rabbit and then we are full."

"How now!" you vagabond, said Bellequeue, "are you going to take any more?"

"Why not?" said he, "would you have me starve?"

"You actually mean then that your horse shall draw nine people?"

"Nine—that's the lowest number; we often have twelve."

"Why we sha'n't get to St. Germain this morning."

"Wait—you'll see—the heavier my load, the faster my horse will go. A rabbit!"

Fortunately a country woman soon filled the vacant seat, and he whipped his horses in earnest. The *coucou* rolled merrily forwards to St. Germain. Mde. Durand smiled, and said, "How lucky." Her two neighbours smiled also, but said nothing; whilst the nurse, turning to the Englishman, said, "You see he

has found his two rabbits." But he, thinking she made fun of him, sat sulkily silent.

The last rabbit, the countrywoman, and the nurse conversed with the coachman. Bellequeue ogled in turn the servant girl and Madame Durand. The little man, who was the first rabbit, untied his red pocket handkerchief and produced a most miserable pair of breeches on which he had been at work, for the little man was a tailor, and as he was carrying them home to a customer at St. Germain, he calculated on finishing them *en route*. He also produced a snuff-box, which he often presented to all in the carriage; but in stretching out his arm to offer it to Madame Durand, a violent jolt upset the box, and the snuff flew into the eyes of the Englishman, who was anything but pleased at the event, and as soon as he was able to see, seized the unfortunate tailor by the collar and insisted on his boxing with him. Bellequeue endeavoured to re-establish peace, whilst the coachman roared in the ears of the Englishman, "Do you mean to kill me a rabbit? Are you mad, milord?"

At length things were explained; every body was sneezing, for the carriage resembled a snuff shop, and they reached Nanterre, reciprocating "God bless you!"

The carriage stopped—the coachman jumped down and held out his hand to the countrywoman. The little tailor disappeared with his breeches round a corner, thinking, perhaps, that the Englishman would renew his invitation to a party of fistycuffs. They were soon surrounded by the venders of the cakes

for which Nanterre is so celebrated. "Let us alight," said Bellequeue to Madame Durand, who was not well pleased at the stoppage. The unfortunate horse had need, however, of a little breathing time. The young people in the corner got out also, but instead of entering the inn, and partaking of cakes and ratafia with the others, they slipped quietly into a field, and followed a footpath which ran by the side of the road. Madame Durand ate a few cakes by way of passing the time. Bellequeue cast a hasty glance in the only glass which adorned the room, and seeing that his hair had suffered little by the journey, devoted all his cares to his companion.

The half hour, which seemed a day, at length elapsed, and the coachman came to announce that all was ready. Madame Durand was one of the first to get into the carriage; the nurse next, and then the Englishman came, who held on his knees a dozen and a half of the Nanterre cakes. The little tailor reappeared stitching on a button; the wretch smelt of onions enough to preserve a whole city from the plague. The countrywoman got up, and the party was complete with the exception of the two young people in the corner, for whom the coachman began whistling, as if to his horse, crying, "Where the devil can they be hid? They were not in the inn."

"They took a walk in the fields," said Bellequeue, with a knowing look.

"Of course they go no farther," said Madame Durand, who was dying to get on. Just then the

young people appeared. They jumped into the carriage, seemingly in very high spirits.

Madame Durand observed that the girl's dress was a little rumpled, and the gentleman's ears extremely red.

Bellequeue pinched her knees gently, saying, "How absurd to keep us in this way! Politeness should never be forgotten on any account."

The remainder of the journey was pleasant enough, except that the smell of the onions superseded that of the snuff. When they arrived at the foot of the hill on which the town stands, several of the passengers alighted, as the horse, which was quite equal to a load of twelve people, could not now be expected to draw so well with only nine. The young man and his companion settled with the driver, and took one of the least frequented pathways—seclusion was all that was necessary to make a road pleasant to them: a fact which we have all experienced in our time.

Madame Durand and her son now breathed the same air. She seized on Bellequeue's arm, who would fain have picked his steps, for the pavement at St. Germain is not so good as in Paris,—but she hurried him on towards Susan's house, which they had no little difficulty in finding. At length, over a gateway on the Poissy road, they read,—"Jomard—Asses to let." Here Madame Durand quitted Bellequeue's arm, and opening the door, she saw four children rolling on a dung heap, surrounded by ducks and fowls, and squabbling for a piece of bread, the colour

of which it was impossible to tell. Bellequeue followed her on tiptoe as well he might. He examined the four children, the youngest of whom was about sixteen months old, and quite equal to play with his brothers.

"He is not amongst these," said Bellequeue.

"Oh, no; they are much too old. Susan, Mme. Jomard!—Susan, bring me my son — my dear Stanislas."

"Our pretty little Jean," said Bellequeue.

The nurse appeared at the door in an undress, which, to say the least, was not very becoming. "If here is not monsieur and madame!" hastily untying an apron none of the cleanest. "How you have surprised me," said she.

"And my son — bring in my dear son."

"Oh, wait a moment; he is in his cradle, you will see how well he looks."

Mme. Durand followed Susan into the room. Her son's cradle stood by a large bed, in which the whole of the Jomard family slept; the parents at the head, the children at the foot.

Little Jean was asleep. Susan took him up and put him in his mother's arms, who covered him with kisses, and was delighted to see that he seemed quite well.

"His cap is rather dirty," said Mamma.

"I assure madame, it was as white as snow this morning, but there is no keeping any thing clean for a moment. — But let his papa kiss him."

"Oh, my husband could not come to-day; this is his godfather."

"Ah, I was sure I had seen the gentleman before."

Mme. Durand held the child up to Bellequeue, saying, "How well he looks!"

Bellequeue stooped down to kiss his godson, who, not well pleased at having been awoke, twisted his little fingers in the well-powdered curls of his godfather. "What a fine child;" said Bellequeue, trying to rescue his endangered locks.

"I think there is a look of me," said Mme. Durand, walking towards the garden, which Susan pointed out to her.

While she gave way to all the tenderness of maternal love, the nurse took Bellequeue to see her own children, and to expatiate on their several perfections. She held up to him the youngest of sixteen months, who immediately slapped his cheeks with hands covered with dirt and God knows what. Another was behind Bellequeue, pricking the calfs of his legs. A third made off with his three-cornered hat, which he first put on his head, and then threw up into a hayloft; whilst the eldest jumped on the beau's back, and began playing the drum with his queue. The poor godfather was at his wits' end; there was no managing four children at once.

"Take care — my hat — my queue! Stop, you funny little rogues, you will tear my coat. Mme.

Jomard, for goodness' sake keep your children quiet."

Susan was almost bursting with laughter, at the little innocent gaieties of her children, and Mme. Durand, who had just joined them, could not help accompanying her, when she saw the miserable plight in which poor Bellequeue was. They had torn off the ribbon which tied his queue, and his hair hung loose about his shoulders and was blown over his face, which was covered with dirt from the children's hands.

"Why, Bellequeue, you look like a wild man of the woods," said Mme. Durand. The perruquier, who wished with all his heart, that the children had thought so before they came near him, chucked one of the dear little ones on a heap of straw, and Susan, seizing on a whip, which she used indifferently for the asses and her children, soon made them scamper away.

"You will dine with us, madame," said the nurse. "Oh, I wish I had known you were coming — but we will give you the best we have."

"Any thing will be welcome, my dear Susan, so that it is in the company of my dear child."

Bellequeue, who began to have enough of the Jomard family, would have preferred dining at some *traiteur's* in the town, and proposed doing so to Mme. Durand, but she determined on staying where she was.

"A little bread and milk, and my child, are all

that I want:" and the poor godfather was compelled to conform to circumstances.

Whilst Susan was getting the dinner ready, and regretting the absence of her husband, who would not have the pleasure of seeing Jean's relatives, Bellequeue, after a long search, had discovered a piece of a broken looking-glass, before which, with the help of a little comb, which he always carried about him, he endeavoured to repair the disorder of his hair. Whilst he was washing his face, Mme. Durand, put a piece of barley-sugar into his mouth which her son had just been sucking, saying, "Dood! dood! he was so delighted sucking it — the little love."

"Very nice," said Bellequeue, wiping his mouth, and having searched in vain for some powder, he determined to shake a little flour on his disordered locks.

"Here is the dinner," said Susan. "Sit down, madame, and I hope you will excuse anything wanting. You are heartily welcome."

They sat down. Bellequeue found but one chair boasting four legs. His four little play fellows sat next him and Susan opposite. Mme. Durand would not permit her son to quit her arms. Some soup came first, in which a spoon might have stood upright; the children soon dispatched their allowance and held their plates for more.

"You will choke them," said Bellequeue.

"Oh, no, sir, it is good for them; see how strong they are." The eldest, to show his strength, tried to

pull the chair from under his brother, who fell on Bellequeue, and sent a spoonful of soup over his waiscoat. The godfather lost all patience, and cried to Mme. Jomard, "Stop your little vagabonds." But Susan had gone to fetch a dish of pigeons, on which she had bestowed the greatest pains, and Bellequeue, after wiping his waistcoat, sat down to table, and helped Mme. Durand, who had been amusing herself by making her son suck some onions, which she then gave to Bellequeue, saying, "Here, eat them, your godson has tasted them and made them all the better."

To judge by the godfather's look, he was not exactly of that way of thinking. He swallowed the onions with a slight grimace, doing his utmost to keep clear of his little neighbours, who every now and then pounced their forks on his plate.

"Mme. Jomard," said Bellequeue, "I think it would be well if you taught your children not to meddle with the plate that is not before them."

"Bah, they are only in play; it is all by way of joke."

"Nothing more," said Mme. Durand.

"Oh, joke as much as you please, but there's the second wing that little rascal has taken off my plate."

Susan brought an *omelette au lard*, which formed the desert. At the sight of this dish, the young ones set up a cry of joy, and each held out his plate.

"Be quiet," said Susan; and, as the children

were fighting who should be helped first, one of the plates was upset on Bellequeue's knees.

The dinner was at last finished, and Bellequeue slowly drew his watch, saying, "We must not forget that we are a good distance from Paris. You have not been out before, and it will not do to be late. It is already five, and we must be moving, my dear gossip: it will be at least eight before we reach Paris."

"What, go already!" said Mme. Durand; "must I so soon quit my little jewel? How hard! but I will soon return. Mind, nurse, I shall often come to see him."

"Yes, madam, and you will always find him well taken care of. Here, children, kiss the good lady, who has given me something to buy toys for you."

Bellequeue felt that this was a hint to him, and drew his purse and gave something also for the little wags, who had so much amused him. The little devils ran after him to kiss him, and he was horrified at the thought of another attack on his neckcloth and tail. So, hastily kissing his godson, and dodging the little Jomards, he slipped into the court-yard, picked his way through the ducks and fowls, and gained the door of the street, where he stood calling Mme. Durand, who at length tore herself from her child, throwing many à look behind.

"That Susan is a most excellent woman; and what a well conducted family those Jomards are," said Mme. Durand to her companion.

"Yes, extremely so," replied Bellequeue, hurrying

on lest the mamma should take it into her head to take one more kiss of her son.

They reached the coach-stand. Mme. Durand protested against entering any that was not nearly full. They found one in which there was only one inside place vacant.

"Do you get in," said Bellequeue, "and I will sit with the coachman; at least we shall get off the quicker."

Mme. Durand got in. Bellequeue made himself a rabbit, and off they went. Every thing promised favourably for their safe arrival, when, just as they neared the barrier, the horse came to a dead stop, and Bellequeue, not being prepared for any thing of the kind, was thrown forward and rolled in the mud. Fortunately, he escaped with a few bruises on the head, which would not have happened, Mme. Durand said, if he wore his hat like other people. With some difficulty the horse was got on, and at last brought them to their destination.

Mme. Durand leant on her companion, who limped a little, and reached her home, saying, "Well, my dear Bellequeue, what an extremely pleasant day we have passed."

"Oh, extremely agreeable indeed," said Bellequeue, leaning heavily on his cane.

"This shall not be our last trip, my friend; we will often go and see that good-natured Susan," to which Bellequeue made no reply, but contented himself with wishing Mme. Durand "Good night."

CHAPTER IV.

We do not dwell on the several changes in the child, nor record each tooth that he cut: we do not even accompany Mme. Durand in her visits to the nurse, nor, indeed, did our friend Bellequeue; — one happy day with the Jomard family had been enough for him.

Little Jean, when eighteen months old, could walk alone. Honest Jomard had taught him one or two imprecations, which he delivered with great effect; he made stout fight with his foster-brothers; he flung his bread or cake in the face of every stranger who tried to coax him, and, in a word, was in rude health and spirits. There was nothing more to be got by leaving him with his nurse, and it was decided that he should return to the paternal hearth.

M. Durand, who had not seen his son since the day of his birth, found him very much altered. He took him on his knees, which the child resisted as well as he was able, and put a piece of gum arabic into his mouth, which Jean spit out in his face. The

herbalist then set him down, declaring that he was as fierce as a Turk, and that he would take measures to make him more amenable.

Mme. Durand said that she would take care of all that. Besides, it was proper that a man should have a degree of firmness, and her son promised to be every thing that she could wish. To be sure he could yet say but very few words, and those not the best chosen. All the family came to see and admire little Jean, who was by no means ill-looking, especially when he would look at strangers without making faces or putting out his tongue. Mme. Ledoux saw a great likeness to her fifth, a child of the bailiff. M. Renard admired his nose. Mme. Grosbleu kissed him, and bedewed him with her tears. Mdlle. Aglaë laughed; and M. Mistigris, feeling the calf of his leg, swore that he would make something of him, and that Alcibiades himself had not a finer instep.

"It would be odd," said Catherine, "if a child that was born in the presence of a file of grenadiers, who drank to his health, was not out of the common run."

Bellequeue often came to see his godson now that he had left nurse, and said, "I see that he will be a fine fellow, a wild dog, like his godfather."

At first every thing went off well. The noise and crying of the child were excused, because he was yet too young to know what he was doing. When he swore, they laughed. Bellequeue was delighted when his godson called him a rascal, and Mme. Durand

could scarce contain herself when Jean filliped the nose of his honoured father. They shewed the wonderful child to every one that came to the shop. Little Jean put his fingers in the eyes of those who wished to kiss him, or pulled the nose of those who took him in their arms, but they all left the shop saying that he certainly was a very interesting child. In this way Jean reached his sixth year, thinking of little but eating, drinking, sleeping and swearing.

Certainly he had not lost much time as yet, and, in the midst of all his wildness, it was easy to see that he had an affectionate disposition. He had been known to give his own dinner to a poor man; and, on another occasion, had cried nearly the whole day, because, in playing with a penknife, he had accidentally cut the finger of one of his little friends. There was nothing radically wrong about him, and his repartees and tricks showed any thing but a want of cleverness. Much, therefore, might be made of him; but he required a firm hand, and, above all, that actions which demanded reprimand or correction should not be eulogized as proofs of quickness and spirit.

At six years old M. Durand had undertaken the education of his son, that is to say, to teach him to botanize, and to distinguish the different kinds of seeds that were in his shop. Little Jean preferred fencing with his godfather, Bellequeue, to learning botany. Mme. Durand thought that, before teaching him simples, it would be as well to teach him

his letters. But M. Durand was inflexible on this head. He seated his son opposite to him on the counter, and began his lecture.

Little Jean cried at the sight of the camomiles and poppies. His papa gave him a slight slap, and, showing him some patience-root, tried several times to make him repeat its name after him. Jean threw the patience in his father's face, who then determined to administer a little scholastic flagellation; and said very gravely to his son, "take off your trowsers, sir."

The child, thinking that it was merely with a view to put on some other dress, quickly took off his little trowsers, and came dancing before his father with his shirt flying in the wind. M. Durand caught hold of him, and very coolly gave him half a dozen slaps, saying, "This is to teach you patience — *Lapathum;* this, that you may say after me camomile, *anthemis;* and this purslain, *portulaca,* — you shall have a slap for each: and thus, my dear son, you will learn botany *per fas et nefas.*

Little Jean, obliged to take a course of botany, *nefas,* roared lustily, and his mother, thinking some accident had happened, was much surprised at the method by which M. Durand was beating learning into her son. She snatched the child from him, calling him barbarian and tyrant.

Fortunately M. Bellequeue came in; he was very necessary in re-establishing the peace which his godson so often destroyed. He would listen quietly

to both parties, and allow that each was right; by far the best plan for composing quarrels. As it seemed that Jean was not yet up to botany, he proposed his being sent to school, where he perhaps might learn something else. M. Bellequeue's advice was taken. It was determined that Jean should go to school in the morning and return at five in the evening. Madame Durand fixed on the school nearest her house, and after giving her son into the charge of the master, in pretty much the same terms that she had formerly committed him to the care of Susan Jomard, the next morning led him to school with a basket of provisions in his hand, and a large slate hung at his side.

Jean was pleased with his school; he was delighted to find so many little boys of his own age with whom he could play so many new games. At first, his lessons did not annoy him; he had great quickness in learning, and could get in a quarter of an hour, as much as others took the half day in committing to memory. But his liveliness, his giddiness, and his long habit of doing only what pleased himself, soon made him neglect his grammar, and he was occupied only by the tricks which he played his comrades. Every day he invented something new, which threw the class into disorder. He hid the exercises of one, spilt the ink of another, changed the baskets, broke the slates, and went so far as to tear out the tongue from the master's bell.

As Madame Durand was liberal in her presents to

the master, he overlooked every thing Jean did, and contented himself with saying to the mother, " He is giddy-headed, but time will correct that. There is a good deal in him. To be sure, as yet he does not show much ; but never mind, there is a good deal in him.

Madame Durand kissed her son, handedhi m a pot of jam, or a cake, and returned to her house, saying, " The master says, that there is a great deal in our son."

" Why, he can no more write than a cat, and does not know how to read two sentences."

" Never mind, Sir, he has it in him, that is enough." And even when Jean often returned with his clothes torn, his hat lost, and his face scratched, and M. Durand would say, " How came you in such a pickle, Sir ?"

" Oh papa, I was playing."

" How did you tear your coat ?"

" Playing."

" And your cap, have you lost it ?"

" Yes, playing."

" My friend you must not scold him, as 'twas all in play. You would not have him kill himself over his books and themes. Amuse yourself, my child. Happy age ! 'twill pass only too quick."

Jean kissed his mother, and ran over to his godfather, who taught him to parry carte and parry tierce, and would at any time cheerfully play battledore and shuttlecock with his favorite. He told him that a

man always knew enough if he could fence well, and that he was fit company for any one, provided his hair was well drest and his carriage good. Jean found all this delightful, and preferred the society of Bellequeue to that of his father, who was always talking of his simples, and never approached his son but with a packet of roots in his hand.

Jean was not the only scamp in his class. There was also a boy named Démar, an impudent liar and a thief; and one Gervais, who was extremely lazy, a glutton and a coward.

These young gentlemen were soon intimate with Jean, who, notwithstanding all his tricks, was frank and honest. He would always take a beating himself, rather than throw it on the back of another. If the author of any fault were unknown, Jean would say without hesitation, "It is I who did it," if he feared, one of his playfellows would be accused. It was not thus with Démar, who was a year older than Jean. Treated with great severity by his parents, this boy had contracted a habit of lying, and would endeavour to shift on his fellows the punishment that he had deserved. When Jean reproached him with his falsehood, Démar, who did not want for wit, would turn it off with a joke, or would introduce some new game. Jean bore no malice, and soon became reconciled to his friend. Gervais, who was a great glutton, used to visit Jean's basket and appropriate a part of his breakfast. Jean was angry at first, but Gervais would submit to a threshing without returning a blow;

so he was compelled to look this over, and Gervais knowing his courage, implored his protection whenever he quarrelled with his comrades.

These young gentlemen agreed very well in one point, which was a mutual dislike to their lessons. They left school together, but instead of returning home, they used to blackguard about the streets. Jean invented tricks to annoy passengers. He would upset an apple-woman's barrow in the middle of the street, and would dip his hand in the mud and pull a gentleman by the coat with his dirty fingers. In the dark nights, he would attach a string loosely to the knockers of separate doors, then rapping at one, he would run away. One door being opened, and the string tightened, would, of course, raise the rapper of the other, and so alternately, to the astonishment of the porters and the great amusement of Jean and his vagabond companions. Démar was not content with these innocent amusements, but pilfered nuts and apples which he devoured in secret; and Gervais pocketed every halfpenny of money he could steal from Jean.

Jean was growing up apace, but was not the more easily managed. He could read and write tolerably well, and that was all. As for latin, history, and geography, he loathed their very names. His godfather very often found him on the Place Royale playing at pitch and toss, instead of being at school.

Bellequeue was now in advanced life, and no longer tripped along so lightly as hitherto, but was as

great a coxcomb as ever, and just as careful of his hair. Finding himself in easy circumstances, he had for some time left off business, and no longer dressed any but a few particular friends. As he grew older he became more and more attached to his godson.

Jean promised to be tall; he had sparkling eyes, beautiful brown hair, a good forehead, and an open face; although he took little pains to look his best.

Bellequeue would pass his hand through his hair and say, "Yes you will do, you will be a fine fellow. Ah, if your mother had let your hair grow long, you might have had a queue like mine. She talks of its being no longer the fashion. I have no patience with the revolution which destroyed the queues and *boucles à la chancelière*, and the *nixons* of the women."

To which Jean would reply, "Surely my dear godfather, I may be a man like you without knowing all about the Romans and Greeks, and *musa*, a muse, and *rosa*, a rose, and stuff my head with the volcanoes of Italy and Ireland."

"Why certainly," replied Bellequeue, "I never gave up much time to those things, and yet I have got through the world pretty well. I know that you are not to be a hairdresser, that you will be independent, and they wish to make a man of science of you. Hold up your head my boy; it is equally true that if you become a physician or a barrister, a very little geography will do, I should think."

But, godfather, I do'nt want to be any thing at all."

"Why then, my boy, I think you know quite enough, provided you mind your guard, and are up to two or three little things that I will teach you, so that you may defend the fair sex whenever there is occasion. But above all you must be polite, gallant, and attentive to the ladies. Every thing else will come naturally enough in time."

Mme. Durand differed very little from Bellequeue. Her son promised to be handsome and well made, what more could she want?

The herbalist was of a very different way of thinking. He saw Jean as he really was — a wrong-headed idler, who was ruining himself by bad company.

M. Durand made one more attempt to instil a knowledge of simples into his son; but after Jean had been half an hour in the shop, it was impossible to know it again. The herbs were all mixed, the flowers where the roots ought to be, and the dried plants torn from their stalks. It took eight days to repair the disorder.

The good old gentleman tried other means. He took his son into the country with him to botanize. But instead of searching for plants, Jean climbed the trees, and ran after butterflies; and M. Durand having essayed to re-commence the lesson *per nefas*, his son, who was now twelve years old, took to his heels and returned alone to the house.

"Decidedly," said M. Durand, "this boy is fit for nothing. We must employ severe measures. He can't recollect a root of guimauve, and always mis-

takes thyme for wild thyme. I have no hope of him."

"You hate your son, sir," said Mme. Durand, "you are always finding fault,—the dear boy, with eyes like diamonds, and such teeth. He will be very tall; I will engage he will be full five feet eight: you ought to be proud, sir, of having such a son."

Bellequeue, also pointing one of his toes, or settling a curl, would say, "I am certain he will do. I know very well he is not one of your bookworms, but he fences well, and has a remarkably quick eye. You'll see, he will be a brave fellow."

CHAPTER V.

JEAN was thirteen years old, when it was decided he should leave school. He read tolerably well, and you might almost decipher his writing.

Mme. Durand asserted that her son had completed his education, as far as essentials were concerned, and that he now only required that polish which good society would confer.

M. Durand, who could conceive nothing more delightful for a man than to know exactly how much bran or linseed to put in a poultice, naturally looked on his son as the heir of his knowledge as well as his fortune. But Jean protested so strongly against ever being an herbalist, that he was obliged to give up the long-cherished hope of ever seeing in his son a second self.

Mme. Durand had now attained her forty-eighth year, and was completely wrapped up in her son, whose appearance was extremely good. The mother, who thinks no longer of her own good looks, cares

more for her children; she is proud of their beauty, and has generally an overweening opinion of their abilities. There was not much room, however, for exaggerating Jean's, who only excelled at shuttlecock and billiards. But in rattling about, Jean very often sung, and it was easily seen that he had naturally a very good voice.

Mme. Durand was by no means the last to make this discovery. She said, "My son would cut a figure at the opera, if I let him go on the stage. Have you ever heard him sing? Such a beautiful voice! He was humming this morning. '*Le bon roi Dagobert a mis sa culotte à l'envers.*' I really fancied myself at the *Bouffes.*"

Of course, Jean was to be taught to sing, and as it was high time that he should join in a quadrille, M. Mistigris had due notice that the sooner he converted him into a zephyr the better.

M. Mistigris, who did not want a day of fifty years, had become extremely grey, but he said that age only rendered him lighter, and that every year he felt himself more equal to his business.

M. Mistigris had long wished to give lessons to his little cousin. He went to the house with his kit in his pocket, and was in ecstasies at the sight of Jean's legs. He desired him to point his toe, which he did, full in the face of Mistigris. When he asked him to bend his limbs, he fell flat on the ground. The professor, however, was delighted with his pupil, and declared that he would soon dance as well as

himself. The music-master said much the same, being well paid for the lessons *he did not give*, and Jean had a five-franc piece given him for his assiduous attentions to his masters' instructions.

Jean ran to spend his five francs with his friends, Démar and Gervais. On leaving school, he had not lost sight of his two comrades, who lived in the same quarter with himself. Whenever he could escape from home he always ran to join these worthies, who were sure to be found idling with other blackguards of their age. Jean was always welcome, for he was seldom without money; his mother and godfather not wishing that he should deny himself those little indulgencies suitable to his age. But Jean was no glutton, and his money was freely shared with his companions, who swore an eternal friendship for him, and at fourteen such oaths go a great way.

There are some equally credulous in after life which speaks well for them, for an honest man is seldom a suspicious one.

Démar never had a farthing. His parents were much discontented with him, and would not give him the means of supplying his vices.

The parents of Gervais were very poor, and he was equally pennyless. The arrival of such a prize as Jean was of course hailed with rapture. Démar said to his friend, "How happy you are; you can do what you please. If we were all three of us rich we might travel together; how delightful that would be."

"Certainly," said Gervais, "we might do what

we liked from morning till night. No lessons, no work. We might go any where, and no more bread and water at night by way of punishment."

"And I," cried Jean, "should have done with music and dancing—such stuff! as if I had not had enough of masters in my time. I will play them some trick that shall settle them. Besides, my godfather says, that I fence very well, and am very upright. What the devil do they want more?"

"Stay, Jean," replied Démar, who appeared lost in thought, "if I were in your place I would ask a small sum of money from my godfather. You are his favourite, and he would not refuse you. With that we might all three of us amuse ourselves in the environs of Paris. We should find a thousand prettier places than this to play in."

Jean made no reply; he liked very well to be idle with his friends, but he had no idea of absenting himself from home for any length of time. Thoughtless as he was, Jean really loved his parents, particularly his mother, who was ever showing how much she doated on him. He, therefore, soon forgot Démar's proposal.

The music-master, who had an eye to his pocket, was very punctual in calling; but his pupil was extremely remiss. He would not *sol fa*, he whistled when his master gave him the *la*, and when the violin was placed in his hands, he let it drop on the ground. These little amiabilities at length tired out the patience of the master; after four months' lessons, Jean had not

learnt to play even the airs of the *Bossus*. The professor declared to M. and Mme. Durand, that their son would pay attention to nothing, and that he would never be master of music.

"I expected as much," said the herbalist; "when he could not learn to make even a bath of emollient herbs, how could you possibly expect him to learn music. *Emollit mores.*"

"That man does not know what he is talking about," said Mme. Durand, "he is evidently a bad master. We will try another. My son not learn!—don't you hear how well he sings?"

M. Mistigris was not much more fortunate with our hero, who amused himself at the expense of his cousin, the dancer. He got him to execute each step several times, saying, that he could learn much better in that way. The old dancing-master did not wait to be asked twice. He sank, jumped, and pirouetted, before his pupil, who, seated quietly in an arm chair, was delighted to see M. Mistigris perspiring at every pore. Jean appeared wrapped in admiration, and cried, "bravo!" whenever the professor jumped higher than usual. The lesson almost always passed in this way. Jean looked on whilst M. Mistigris danced, so that one would have thought the latter was taking lessons from Jean.

This way of teaching, however, did not render the pupil's muscles very pliable, and M. Mistigris danced for several months before Jean, and yet his toes turned in as much as ever.

The professor at last thought of another way of giving his pupil a love for dancing. M. Mistigris, according to the custom of many of his colleagues, assembled his pupils at his house once a week, and, although, he lodged on the third floor of a house in the Rue des Gravilliers, he represented himself as giving *bals champêtres*, equal to those of *La Chaumière* or *Wauxhall*. So Mistigris, one day said to Mme. Durand. "My dear cousin, as my pupil, your son, is not yet perfectly acquainted with the figures, I think it would not be amiss if he were to come sometimes to my little balls; he would there meet pupils of both sexes, who are farther advanced, and he could not fail to acquire a taste for those beautiful positions, and an attention to time, without which a young man cannot possibly tell how the world goes."

"You are quite right," said Mme. Durand, "and my son shall certainly go to your balls."

"The day after to-morrow; you will do me the kindness to accompany him; you will meet a charming party. Young men who jump to the ceiling, and young ladies who point a foot level with my shoulder."

"I shall have very great pleasure."

"You know the number? but you will hear the music below."

"At what hour, pray?"

"Oh, as early as you please. As soon as two arrive, I form a set. I may reckon on you and your friends, if you please."

Mme. Durand told her son that she meant to take him to a ball. As Jean had never been present at one, he did not know whether he should like it or not.

M. Durand not being tempted to exchange his shop for a ball room, Bellequeue was pressed into their service, very much to his satisfaction, as he was a great amateur of the dance. The day of the *réunion* having arrived, Madame Durand took care that her son should be extremely well dressed, who, however, felt more at home in his every day clothes. But there was no escaping: Madame Durand never lost sight of him. She every now and then tapped him on the cheek, calling him "wicked rogue;" but with a smile which rather said, "what a dear you are."

Bellequeue did not keep them waiting. He was dressed with more than usual care, and perfumed the air with vanille and jasmin. His hair was powdered more bountifully than common, to hide a tint of grey which began to appear. As usual he held his three-cornered hat in one hand, and in the other a pair of kid gloves, which were quite new. He presented his arm to Madame Durand, and seemed to have renewed all the vigour of his youth.

It was seven o'clock when they arrived in the Rue des Gravilliers, and still light; but Madame Durand had forgotten the number of the house. Fortunately they heard the sound of an instrument, and looking up, they saw M. Mistigris at a casement of the third story, who was playing, not a kit, but a violin, and hanging half out of the window, cried the figures

aloud, as if he wished to set the passengers in the streets dancing.

"There, there—I see him!" said Madame Durand.

"The devil!" said Bellequeue; "it seems the ball has commenced already—he is calling out the figures. But where is the door?—It must be in this alley; come."

They went into a long, narrow, and very dark alley, at the bottom of which they felt about for a staircase.

"Why, where are we going up this break-neck place?" said Jean.

"It is the ball," my son.

"They certainly ought to put a lamp here, or some kind of light, on dancing days," said Bellequeue. "But perhaps there is a porter here. Hollo!—Porter—Porter!"

No answer.

Bellequeue called again; when a broken voice from above said, "What's wanted?"

"We want M. Mistigris's ball-room."

"Go up to the third story."

"Yes; but we can't find the staircase."

"Go to the right, and at the bottom."

"Much obliged to you."

Bellequeue went first, and cried, joyfully, "Victory! I have found the stairs;—take my hand, and I will guide you."

They followed Bellequeue, and began to see a little before them on the first story; on the second they could almost see the steps; and on the third it was

sufficiently light for them to read on the door, "Mistigris, Teacher of all French and Foreign Dances.—Pumps are supplied.—Ring the bell."

Bellequeue pulled on his gloves, settled his cravat, and rang, whilst Madame Durand arranged her headdress, and brushed the arm of her son, who had whitened himself in coming up stairs. A female, about fifty years old, opened the door and ushered them into an antichamber, where they could plainly distinguish M. Mistigris's violin. After they had deposited their hats, Bellequeue took the hand of Madame Durand, saying, "Show us the ball room." She led them through a long gallery, at the bottom of which they found a large room, furnished only with forms, and in which they saw no one but M. Mistigris, who continued to play his fiddle, and to call out the figures, still half way out of the window. Bellequeue and Madame Durand looked in every corner, hoping to discover the dancers. M. Mistigris perceived them, and leaving his window, advanced to pay his respects, still playing.

"Ah, here you are! how kind of you to recollect that this is my night. M. Bellequeue, I am delighted to see you—and my young pupil too; look at him already stretched out on the form. What activity! *La Poule.*"

So saying, M. Mistigris took up his old station at the window, bawling more loudly than ever.

"Ah! but where are the dancers, cousin?"

"Oh, they are not yet come."

"But they will come, surely?"

"Oh, certainly; but it's quite early yet."

"But why do you call out the figures, and play the violin, when you are quite alone?"

"Oh, habit;—and then, again, you know—the passengers—I may get a customer. You play on some instrument, M. Bellequeue? I have a French horn there."

"No; I don't play."

"What a pity! We could make room for you at the window. But we may as well begin. There is nothing to prevent our forming a quadrille. Madame Durand and her son; M. Bellequeue, and my maid. Oh, she dances extremely well—much better than she cooks, I assure you. But I have always accustomed her to do what is really useful. Here, Nannette, we want a fourth—you will see now."

But Madame Durand declared off, and Bellequeue had no idea of sporting his new gloves with a servant. Just then, some one rang. Mistigris drew himself up, and desired Nannette to open the door.

"I thought you wanted me to dance, sir?" said the servant, who had already taken off her apron.

"Open the door, Nannette; you shall dance if we want you."

Nannette seemed disappointed at not being allowed to show off her steps. However, she went out, and soon ushered in a tall young man, with nankeen pantaloons and blue stockings, who, advancing his right

foot in the second position, made a profound reverence to each person in the company.

"Very well—very well indeed, Charlot!" said Mistigris, without leaving the window; "a little lower—that's it; lean your head back well on your shoulders. And now a little scene from Annette and Lubin, before the ball."

Long Charlot took off his coat, and tying a red pocket handkerchief round his waist, seemed dressing for a character; whilst Mistigris said to Madame Durand, "This young man is studying for a pantomime, and he takes lessons of me; because, you know, the pantomime is the eldest daughter of the dance. My good girl, sit down there, and you shall be the shepherdess."

The servant, who seemed equal to any thing, seated herself on a form. The young man danced into the middle of the room, then, gliding towards the shepherdess, he knelt on one knee, and commenced a declaration in dumb show; whilst Jean, who thought that Charlot had taken off his coat to play at leap-frog, took off his own, and springing over Charlot's shoulders, he alighted between him and Nannette.

"Bravo!" said Bellequeue, "I never did better myself."

Just then the bell rang again; the shepherdess was obliged to go and open the door, and M. Mistigris said to the young man who was still on his knees, "My friend there are too many here to day: we will have the pantomime another time."

Madame Durand made her son put on his coat, and begged him to keep quiet. Four persons now entered the room, a mother and three daughters. M. Mistigris quitted his casement, crying "All the Mouton family! how delightful! we shall be in full force."

Madame Mouton was a large fat women, fifty years of age; with her face full of pimples, and moustaches on her upper lip, that would have done honour to a conscript. Her head-dress consisted of a gauze cap covered with roses, whilst her three daughters had simple cottage bonnets, that almost hid their faces. Madame Mouton never failed to accompany her daughters; she was in fact one of M. Mistigris's most indefatigable dancers.

The Mouton family duly made their courtesies, to which Charlot replied by bowing down to the ground. Bellequeue drew on his gloves, saying, "This is a little more like business."

Mistigris had found a tambourine, which he placed near him on the casement and made signs to Jean that he should beat it, and accompany him on the violin. Jean took no pains to beat in time, he only tried to make a noise. But that was enough for Mistigris, who said, looking out of the window, "They hear us in the street; there are two persons looking up. Loud, Jean! *La chaine des dames.*"

More ringing! these are three attorneys' clerks, who come to amuse themselves at M. Mistigris's ball, and probably to make some convenient acquaintances.

Then a little girl of seven years old with her papa; next, two girls or ladies, who seemed accustomed to go every where, and seated themselves in the room as if they were in the pit of a theatre.

"A large party," said Madame Durand; "I knew my cousin was quite the fashion."

Bellequeue pretended to be looking about him, but took a sly glance at the glass to see if all was as it ought to be. M. Mistigris was delighted at his success, and his maid whispered him, "there are enough for two quadrilles, if I take a fourth in one."

"Places! places!" said the dancing-master, from the casement, where he had established his orchestra. "Gentlemen, take your partners."

Two of the clerks handed out the young ladies who had come without papa or mamma, the third took one of the Misses Mouton; Bellequeue another, and Charlot stood up with the little girl of seven years old. One couple was still wanting. There were no gentlemen remaining but the father of the little girl, who had the gout, and master Jean, who directly swore that he would not dance.

Madame Mouton jumped up, saying, "I will be a man;" and leading out one of her daughters, she placed herself opposite Charlot.

M. Mistigris struck up; the dance commenced; Madame Mouton cried out, "Don't forget that I am a man," and chasséed forward with so much good will, that she upset the little girl, who was, however, soon again in her place, and the dance went on. It was

now Bellequeue's turn; he danced as they used to dance when powder was worn.

M. Mistigris was shocked. "That is no longer the fashion, M. Bellequeue."

"Never mind," said Bellequeue, "if not the fashion, it ought to be."

Jean beat with so much vehemence, that he soon broke the tambourine. Mistigris stopped in utter despair. "Play on," said Madame Mouton, "play on, without the tambourine; we can mark time without it;" and indeed the good lady marked it to some purpose. Every spring she took made the forms rebound. But M. Mistigris, who had set his heart on an orchestra, went in search of a flageolet, which he handed to Jean, saying, "Do you think you could manage to blow this?"

"If it requires nothing but blowing," said Jean, "you shall see what I can do."

They recommenced the dance to the music of the violin, and the whistling of Jean, who blew in such a way as to make himself heard at either end of the street.

Whilst calling out the figures, Mistigris did not lose sight of his pupils, but cried to one, "round your arms;" and to another, "balance with spirit"—"now an *entrechat*"—"smile at you partner—why don't you smile?" Madame Mouton and Bellequeue appeared to profit by the master's lessons, for the one smiled everlastingly, and the other danced with such spirit, that the powder and pomatum ran in streams down his face.

At length the dance ended; it was high time, for Bellequeue and Madame Mouton seemed striving which should kick up the greatest dust. After the quadrille, Jean threw aside the flageolet, and taking a run, turned head over heels in the middle of the room.

"How childish!" said Madame Durand, "just as if he were only six years old."

"Sure proof of innocence and gaiety," said Bellequeue.

"True," said Madame Mouton, "I used to turn over head and heels very cleverly; I wonder if I could do it now."

As no one expressed any curiosity to see her make the attempt, she contented herself with praising Jean, and said, "How very hot it is: is there any refreshment?"

In place of all refreshment, the servant, who had no doubt an interest in the shoes, asked if any one would change their pumps, and M. Mistigris went round the room with a watering pot, saying, "There is no refreshment equal to this."

They stood up for a new quadrille, and this time Madame Mouton was the lady to Nannette's gentleman. Jean having had enough of the flageolet, Charlot took his place in the orchestra, and Madame Mouton called for "*La petite Laitière*," a figure she was very fond of. They danced several quadrilles, and Madame Mouton proved herself most indefatigable.

Jean, who soon got tired of looking on, had stretched himself on a form and was fast asleep. Mistigris said to Madame Durand, "Send your son every week, and you will see how rapidly he will improve. Besides, it is every thing to a young man to accustom himself to the good society which he will meet in these reunions. Would you believe it? I have larger parties than this. I have actually had twenty people at a time; then they pay ten centimes a quadrille; Nannette's perquisite, you know."

It was now time to depart; Mme. Mouton wished to have an English country-dance. But two of the clerks had already left, with the young ladies, who very willingly took their arms. Mme. Durand awoke her son, in order that they might follow. Nannette lighted them through the alley, and, at a quarter past ten, the dancing-master's ball was over.

Bellequeue was enchanted with his evening, although he scarcely hoped to escape a stiffness in his joints the next day. Mme. Durand asked her son how he had been amused,

"Not at all," replied Jean.

"How!" said she, "Had you no wish that you could dance?"

"I had no wish but to go to sleep."

"That is because you did not dance yourself; and as I wish you to become a good dancer like your godfather, you must go every week to M. Mistigris's ball."

Jean made no reply, and his mother whispered

Bellequeue, "How easy it is to manage him: his father does not know how to go about it; he always talks Latin to him; but I can do just as I please with him. How extremely well he behaved this evening."

"Just like a man fifty years old," said Bellequeue."

The next day Jean complained to his friends of the evening he had spent at his dancing master's. "They say I must go again," said he: "I will; but I 'll take care they do not ask me a third time—with their arms rounded and their toes pointed out, swinging backwards and forwards, like a parcel of idiots. There was my godfather jumping about like a kid. I quite felt for him; surely a man ought not to make such a fool of himself,"

"Certainly not," said Démar; "there would be more sense in mounting a *mât de cocagne.*"

The night of the ball arrived. Mme. Durand, who no longer liked going out, had relied on Bellequeue accompanying her son. But he was still suffering from his last week's performance. Jean was more than fourteen, and fully able to take care of himself; but they could not depend on his going to his dancing-master's. Catherine was wanted at home. There remained, therefore, no one but M. Durand, who at length determined on going with his son. Jean had no wish for his father's company, and kept saying that he could go very well alone. But M. Durand took his hat and stick, saying, "My son,

you are too giddy to be trusted; *Experto crede Roberto;* that is to say, I shall go with you,"

Their walk was a silent one; M. Durand talked readily only on one subject, for which Jean had no taste whatever; so that the father and son did not exchange a word.

This time, M. Mistigris had placed a candle at the bottom of his alley, betokening that something more than common was to be expected, which made Jean smile. On the staircase they met the Mouton family, who had arrived just before them. The mamma stopped at every third step, to ask her daughters if her cap sat well; for she too, had been struck by the apparition of the candle, which promised a brilliant assembly. In fact, there were three ladies and two gentlemen more than the last time, and Mistigris had engaged a little Savoyard, who was seated at the casement, and kept beating the tambourine even when they did not dance.

M. Durand held out his hand to M. Mistigris, saying, "*Salutem tibi;*" to which M. Mistigris, with a flourish of his foot, replied, "I am very well, I thank you."

The ladies seated themselves on the forms, whilst the men walked up and down the room. Mistigris tuned his violin, and turning to the little Savoyard, said, "Give me the *la*," to which the poor fellow innocently replied, "I have not got it, sir, you did not give it me."

Mlle. Nannette went and came as occasion re-

quired, taking off her apron every time she entered the ball-room, and putting it on again when she opened the door. Jean rejected the flageolet offered him by M. Mistigris, and walked up and down the room impatiently.

At length a set of sixteen was formed, including Nannette; and, whilst Mistigris played the prelude of the *Pantalon*, Jean took the opportunity of dropping a packet of fulminating-balls in the middle of the room.

"Now!" said Mistigris; and the dance commenced. But soon the most frightful explosions were heard on all sides. In vain they retreated or advanced; there was no escape. Master Jean had distributed his favours with too liberal a hand. The Misses Mouton screamed with terror; their mamma fainted; some wept; some cried for help. Long Charlot thought the house was falling, and the young clerks were ready to die with laughter.

M. Mistigris endeavoured to quiet them. "It is some wicked rival, jealous of my ball, who has played me this trick." And M. Durand, who, in trying to help Mme. Mouton, had exploded a ball at every step, looked every where for his son, saying, "Bring Jean here; let me feel his pockets."

Jean was no longer there; he had disappeared at the commencement of the dance.

Nannette went to the stair-head, crying, "Master Jean, your papa wants you."

No Jean answered; the woman advanced a little

farther, and perceived that there was no light in the outer room, which served as a cloak-room.

"Who has blown out the candle?" said Nannette, groping her way, "How ridiculous — its — "

Nannette did not finish; something tripped up her legs, and she fell with a loud cry, which was heard in the ball-room.

"Something has happened in the cloak-room," said M. Mistigris: "Is it possible that thieves can have got in? It's very astonishing that they should have chosen a time like this, when I have such a party."

The young men had already rushed into the passage to see what had occurred in the cloak-room: M. Mistigris followed them, his bow in his hand. Several of the ladies also came out, their curiosity overpowering their fear. But nobody brought out a light, not being aware that the anti-chamber was in darkness. When they got there, they had hardly taken a few steps before they met the same fate as Nannette. The number increased the disorder; some cried; others laughed. M. Mistigris vociferated for a light, and M. Durand, who had not made one of the curious, came out holding a light in one hand and his cane in the other.

On the arrival of the light, every body looked to see what had been the cause of so many tumbles, and soon perceived that two long strings had been extended across the room about ten inches from the floor.

"How shameful," cried the dancing master, who, in falling, had hurt his foot. "What an abominable trick, to make me and all my pupils take a false step. There is no overlooking this."

A burst of laughter was all the comfort M. Mistigris got; and Master Jean was seen holding the door half open, and amusing himself at the expense of the victims of his trick.

"There is the guilty person," said Mistigris, pointing to Jean.

"Yes, it is he indeed," said M. Durand; "but I will avenge this company, whom my son has prostrated on the ground. *Tu castigaberis*, you rascal, Gentlemen and ladies, I will send you something for your bruises."

Saying this, M. Durand strode over those who were still on the floor, and ran towards the stairs, his awful cane uplifted, ready to chastise the guilty. But Jean did not wait for his father; he quickly descended the steps and ran through the alley to make the best of his way home to his mother.

The herbalist pursued his son through the streets, his cane in the air, crying, "Stop, you rascal." But Jean did not wait, and as a boy of fourteen runs faster than a man of fifty-four, the son got home long before the father.

Seeing her son return alone, Mme. Durand asked him what had happened? why he had returned so soon from M. Mistigris'? and what he had done with his father?

Jean answered, laughing, that all had gone wrong at the ball, that the dancers were amusing themselves with tumbling head over heels in the anti-chamber, and that he had lost his father in the street.

But M. Durand arrived in his turn, out of breath and furious; he entered the shop, his cane still threatening, and advanced towards his son, who, leaping over the counter, avoided the paternal blow, and ran to hide himself in his room, where he shut himself up. Mme. Durand held her husband by the tail of his coat, crying, "What is the matter, sir? In the name of heaven, tell me, and don't flourish your cane, sir, that way. You remind me of Brutus in the play."

"Brutus has nothing to do with it, madame," said the herbalist, sinking in a chair. "Your son is guilty. He has been playing his old tricks this evening. He deserves punishment; *qui bene amat bene castigat*; and I will show him that I am his father."

"But what has he done, sir, to put you in this rage?"

The herbalist related all that had passed at M. Mistigris'.

"And is it for that, that you are going to beat my child?" said Mme. Durand. "For these mere jokes, sir!"

"Jokes! madame; a whole company terrified to death!"

"What! frightened by those balls?"

"Two ladies have been made quite ill. I don't know what may be the consequence."

"Silly fools."

"I myself, madame, happening to tread on one of the cursed things, felt a shock that made my hair stand on end!"

"If you had been a soldier, sir, you would have felt nothing; I am sure M. Bellequeue would have danced in the midst of these explosions without making one *entrechat* the less."

"And the strings stretched across to make people fall, madame, and ten or twelve persons upset in the dark!"

"A great deal more becoming, sir, than if it had been in the light."

"And our cousin, Mistigris, has sprained his leg!"

"Well, sir, you can cure him."

"Madame, you may attempt it, but you cannot excuse your son; he is no longer a child; it is time to be firm with him. I had resolved to do him the favour of a good caning, in deference to the rule, *moneat antequam feriat*. But let him take warning and confine himself to his room for a fortnight, and he shall be fed *cum pane et aquâ;* that is my *ultimatum*."

Mme. Durand argued no longer, but went to console her son. During the fortnight that Jean was supposed to be a close prisoner, Catherine brought him the key of the back-door, together with a fowl and a bottle of Bordeaux, which she said would agree with him much better than the bread and water prescribed by M. Durand.

CHAPTER VI.

THE penance imposed by the herbalist on his son had not the wished-for effect. The Bordeaux and the chickens gave him a taste for good living, and the opportunity of going out and playing all day away from the eyes of his father, turned the confinement into a holiday. When the father is bent on severity, and the mother on indulgence, it is no easy matter to make an obedient son. People should often begin by reforming themselves, before they attempt to correct others. It is only when parents are united and a good example set, that children are likely to be brought up well.

Jean was sixteen when the death of Mme. Grosbleu, his godmother, took place. She left the whole of her fortune, amounting to nearly six thousand francs a-year, to her godson.

"You see," said Mme. Durand to her husband, "there is no occasion to bring up our son to any business, he will be very well provided for."

M. Durand replied, "that if their son did nothing from morning till night, he would fritter away his whole fortune, and become a burden not only to himself but to all about him."

M. Durand was in the right, and had never spoken more to the purpose; but there was no persuading his wife that her son could ever be an annoyance to any one. She said, "Jean shall do as he likes; he is handsome, clever, and will have money in both pockets. There is very little, sir, that I think he will not be equal to."

M. Durand suggested that the most simple employment required that a person should be able to write and spell tolerably well. But his wife insisted that though that might be necessary for a poor clerk, it was not necessary for a gentleman.

"At least, madame," said the herbalist, "do not tell your son what his godmother has left him. He is bad enough at present; but what will he become when he is told he is independent." As Bellequeue was of the same way of thinking, the mamma was over-persuaded; but she slipped a purse, containing five-and-twenty louis, into her son's hand, saying, "Here is a little present your poor godmother left you; don't waste it—but buy what you like."

Jean put a piece of gold in his pocket, and went in search of his dear friends, Démar and Gervais, and offered to treat them to whatever they chose. Friends at that age require very little pressing. They repaired to a café, where Démar gave Jean a lesson in

billiards, whilst a handsome *déjeuner à la fourchette* was getting ready. Jean was delighted with the game, and determined to play often. Démar asked his friend to what they owed their treat; when Jean, pulling the piece of gold from his pocket, said, "A present from my godmother, I have a purse full of them."

"We will eat and drink the whole," said Gervais; whilst Démar, fixing an eager eye on the glittering coin, said nothing. The breakfast was announced; Jean had ordered the best in the house. His mother said to him, "Buy what you like;" and he was acting up to her advice.

The three young men made the corks fly. Gervais was in ecstasies, and got tipsy before the breakfast was half over, and the frequent bumpers soon put Jean in the same state. Démar alone kept tolerably cool, and endeavoured to persuade Jean, how happy they should all three be, if they gave their parents the slip. Although Jean had pretty much his own way at home, he now entirely agreed with Démar. These gentlemen hob-nobbed and consecrated their friendship in a fresh bumper. Gervais stuttered, and became more and more fuddled. The wine made him moralize, and at length he grew extremely affectionate, and hugged and cried over his two friends.

Jean affected to be quite sober, but could scarcely hold his glass; and Démar seized the opportunity of proposing an oath, by which the three friends were to bind themselves that in future every thing should be in common between them.

Démar and Gervais could not lose much by this bargain. However, Jean was the first to seize the hands of his companions, which he squeezed affectionately, and in another bumper they sealed the engagement. Alas, poor Jean! What will not bad company do for him? and yet we hear so much of the sacred attachments of boyhood, and the friendships of college. For an oath to be of any value, is not it necessary that they who take it should understand what it binds them to? Surely, when ignorant of the world, of men, and of ourselves, we are hardly capable of judging of the future. And yet, at college, and in our teens, we are the most prodigal of our oaths.

These gentlemen made such a noise, drinking, talking, and singing, that all the respectable people were driven from the room. The master of the house not wishing to lose his best customers for the sake of three drunken boys, presented his bill, and gave them politely to understand, that their exuberant gaiety was rather too much for his customers, who came to take a cup of chocolate and read the daily papers.

By way of reply, Jean threw his piece of gold on the table, saying, "What the devil does this lemon-squeezer mean?"

"I believe he wants us to leave the house," said Démar.

"Indeed! what does he take us for? we won't budge."

"He pretends that we make too much noise," said Gervais.

"He does, does he? Egad; then we will give him enough of it;" and these youths commenced a chorus with an accompaniment of knives and forks, which astounded the landlord.

"For God's sake, gentlemen, leave the room. I do not keep a pothouse."

The three young men laughed in his face, and struck the table, as if they wished to crack its marble top. Completely exasperated, the landlord made a sign to one of his waiters, who ran to the neighbouring gate for the guard. Four grenadiers and a corporal soon made their appearance, at the sight of whom, Gervais ensconced himself under the table; Jean wrapped his napkin round his head like a turban, and pelted the corporal with bread crumbs, which he rolled up for the purpose. The soldiers advanced; Jean and Démar would not stir; whilst Gervais, half sobered by the fright, crawled under the tables, and gained the door. The corporal gave the word, "Seize these two men." The *two men*, who might number thirty-one years between them, would fain resist, and threw several plates at the soldiers' heads. Their strength was not equal to their courage. They were soon overpowered and dragged to the guard-house in the midst of a mob, whom the noise had drawn together.

Bellequeue was quietly entering his house, his hat in one hand, and his cane in the other, when the

noise and uproar attracted his curiosity. He could scarcely believe his eyes, when he thought he saw his godson marching sullenly between two soldiers. It was indeed Jean; and they were leading him to the guard-house with another boy about his own age.

Bellequeue renewed his youth at the sight; he ran after the soldiers, made his way through the crowd, and was in the guard-room almost as soon as the two prisoners. He made up to Jean, asking what was the matter, and was much relieved, on finding that it was only an affair of some broken plates which might soon be settled. He begged the officer to let his godson go; but the young man had made resistance, the commander said, and must be punished.

Bellequeue threw the fault on the wine, which had made them tipsy. The commander said, they must be punished for their drunkenness. He declared, at last, that he would give up the young people only to their fathers. Bellequeue said, a godfather was the same thing; but the officer was inflexible, and Bellequeue had nothing for it, but to go and relate the whole affair to Durand.

Bellequeue reached the herbalist's shop quite out of breath. His hat was on his head, a sure sign that something very extraordinary had happened.

"I come from my godson," said he, running in; "he is in the guardhouse."

"In the guardhouse!" cried Madame Durand; "good God! my son has been fighting."

Catherine ran to her mistress, and held a vinaigrette to her nose, as she was nearly fainting.

The herbalist cried, "My son in the guardhouse! He must have insulted a sentinel."

"Don't alarm yourself," said Bellequeue, "it is not so bad as all that. A row in a café after a *déjeuner* with some friends: the young people were tipsy: it will be a lesson for them in future. Come, my dear Durand, just come and say you are the father, and he will be let out."

"Run, sir; run sir," said Madame Durand.

"Wait a minute, madame," said the herbalist. "My son has got into the guardhouse; you may depend upon it he deserved it; it would serve him right if I left him there. Very creditable, indeed, at sixteen to be shut up in a guard house! very promising, no doubt. Had he studied botany, madame, he would not now be where he is, *studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant.*"

Madame Durand felt that her husband had reason on his side, but she again entreated him to go and relieve her son. M. Durand, who in his heart was really fond of his child, went at length to the guardhouse with Bellequeue, where the business was soon settled. They set the young people at liberty, though Démar's father took no trouble about him; but Bellequeue became surety for him at the request of his godson.

Jean was sobered; he followed his father without

saying a word, and made up his mind for a severe lecture. M. Durand, however, was silent, and on arriving at his house he contented himself with leading his son to his bedroom, and pushing him in, he locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Then going down to his wife, he said, "You see, madame, the pretty way in which your darling has behaved. If he was left his own master, he would pay another visit to the guardhouse ere long, and it will end in his being kept there. He has picked up some very good-for-nothing acquaintances; but I am determined there shall be an end to all this."

"Well, sir, what do you propose doing?" said Madame Durand.

"What do I propose doing? I mean to call our relations and acquaintances together, and consult on the means of making Jean a little more steady."

The scene at the guardhouse had frightened Madame Durand, and she consented to the family council. That very evening the herbalist wrote to all who had been present at the christening, that is to say, to all who were still alive, requesting their attendance on the morrow, to favour him with their advice.

The poor domino-player had seen his last game; and M. Endolori had rendered up the ghost in spite of three doses which he had taken at once. Until the meeting of his friends, M. Durand, who distrusted his wife and Catherine, himself took the prisoner his meals, which this time were literally bread and water.

Jenn was the more annoyed as he had still in his possession plenty of those yellow coins with which a good breakfast is so easily procured.

The relations and friends were punctual. M. and Madame Renard arrived first, still cap-makers, though now they affected rather more fashion in their business. Then M. and Mlle. Fourreau; for, despite her gaiety, childish ways, and dulcet voice, Mlle. Aglaë remained unmarried. Her moral features were still the same; her physical, indeed, were much altered; there was no longer any thing youthful about her. Next, M. Mistigris appeared, who had not given a dancing lesson to his little cousin since the fatal evening. Madame Ledoux was not forgotten. At sixty-five, she talked as glibly as ever of her three husbands and fourteen children. Bellequeue completed the party. He was dressed in black as most suitable to so solemn an occasion.

When all were seated in the bedroom, which served as drawing room, M. Durand bowed and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you know why I have requested your company?"

"Yes, we know," said Bellequeue.

"I don't," said M. Renard.

"I rather think I have forgotten," said M. Fourreau.

"You had better tell us again," said Madame Ledoux; "my husband, the bailiff, always told me every thing twice over; a capital plan."

"Ha! ha! ha! how droll," said Mlle. Aglaë.

"It is on account of our son Jean."

"Yes," said Madame Durand, "we wish to speak about my son. He was sixteen years old the fifteenth of last March."

"I recollect," said Madame Renard; it froze extremely hard. You forgot your black silk nightcap, M. Renard, and caught cold."

"It was very slippery," said M. Mistigris; "did I not step so lightly, I should have broken my nose in the Rue Pastourelle."

"What a fine boy my cousin has grown," said Mlle. Aglae. "He is bigger than me. He! he! he!"

"He is a fine fellow," said Bellequeue, "so upright, and such a head of hair."

"Yes," said Madame Ledoux, "he is exactly like my eleventh, by the—by the—good gracious me! I can't recollect whether it was the upholsterer or the stationer. It is astonishing how one's memory goes."

"But, ladies and gentlemen, we are wandering from the question: my son Jean is sixteen years old. He is well grown, it is true; but he knows nothing, and will do nothing."

"Oh, sir, you are going rather too far," said Madame Durand—"knows nothing! Ask his godfather if he can handle a foil."

"Most gracefully," said Bellequeue. "He can smoke a cigar too, without its making him sick."

"He knows nothing of dancing," said Mistigris, shrugging his shoulders. "I was four months trying to beat a *jeté-battu* into his head. I must say I don't think he has much capability."

"Not much capability," cried Madame Durand, looking sternly at the old dancing master. "You are no longer a young man, cousin, and cannot bring on your pupils as you used to do."

"Cousin," said Mistigris, drawing himself up, "I have just finished two young linendrapers of the Rue St. Avoie. Go to the Grande Chaumière, and see how they dance. There you may see whether I can teach or not." And to shew what he was equal to, Mistigris essayed a *pirouette*, which stretched him on the ground, having, he said, slipped on something.

"One of my boys was a beautiful dancer," said Madame Ledoux, "my fourth—or my second—no, my last."

"But, to return," said the herbalist: "we must not lose sight of the question."

"Ha! ha! very true," laughed Mademoiselle Aglaë.

"My son can fence and smoke: *concedo*. He can even swear with considerable energy; and it appears he would fain learn to drink."

"One of my husbands was a great tippler," said Madame Ledoux. "I don't exactly recollect whether it was the bailiff, the upholsterer, or the stationer."

"At least," said Madame Durand, "his morals are pure; and as to women, he is innocence itself. He can't even look a neighbour straight in the face."

"I admit," said the herbalist, "there is nothing to reproach him with on that score." But my son is

sixteen years old; he does nothing from morning to night, but play with every idle vagabond he meets. Not very creditable, certainly, to a father who has spent his life in searching into the secrets of nature. May I beg your advice as to what we shall do with him."

"If he knew how to dance," said Mistigris, "I could at once find employment for him. I am well received in the first-rate houses; but how can I introduce a young man who does not know how to make a bow?"

"If he had any taste for haberdashery," said M. Renard, "one might start him in that line. But he should understand accounts, and have the multiplication table at his fingers' ends."

"I once thought," said Bellequeue, "it would have been well to have sent him as a soldier. But the day is gone by; all the world is at peace, and I see no use in spending one's life in a barrack."

"For me," said M. Fourreau, "I think—that is, I advise—if the young man—one does not well know—upon my word, it is very puzzling."

"I had a great deal of trouble with one of my children," said Madame Ledoux. "One of my daughters—no, one of my sons—I can't exactly say which—but I know it was by one of my three husbands. I don't exactly recollect what folly she had been guilty of. But this I am certain of, that—I have forgotten what it was."

" But," said Mademoiselle Aglaë, bashfully, " if, he! he! he—if you—ah! ah! ah!—if you—oh! oh! oh!—it would be a good joke—to marry him.'

" Marry him!" said Madame Durand, " what at sixteen years of age?"

" Upon my word," said Bellequeue, " if he had been eighteen, I should have said that the advice was not bad."

" My son is still a mere child," said the herbalist, gravely. " He would not understand the duties of a husband. He cannot make a *tisan;* how can you expect him to manage a household."

" Besides," said Madame Durand, " what woman would marry such a boy?"

" Ah, there is no saying," replied Mademoiselle Aglaë, fidgetting on her chair. " Sometimes, he! he! he!—we see"——

" Marriage is out of the question," said the herbalist; " I repeat it, my son Jean ought to do something else than play at hoop or ball with every blackguard in the neighbourhood. One might overlook it in a child of eight; but at sixteen he is no longer a child, and things cannot remain *in statu quo.*"

" Well, Sir, replied Madame Durand impatiently, " do you yourself propose some proper occupation for the dear child, whom you treat like a negro, and whom you have never loved, because he had no taste for botany. Do you think, Sir, that I would ever consent to his being exiled to the East or West Indies,

because, gifted with a lively imagination and quick talents, he cannot be tied down to a counter? Eh, sir; what have you to say? Reply, and don't you yourself remain *in sta cocu!*"

This was Madame Durand's first attempt at any other language than her own: but her memory had failed her. The quotation, instead of pleasing the herbalist, seemed to increase his bad temper, and he cried, "Madame, I beg of you never to attempt Latin again, you are guilty of solecisms."

"I don't know what I am guilty of, sir; but this I say before my family and friends, that your severity gave him a distaste for study."

"Rather say, Madame, that your weakness spoiled him; that you ruined his natural good qualities, and made him obstinate and disobedient."

"I cannot forget, sir, your very pretty way of teaching the child your lessons; it was by flogging him."

"Had he been flogged a little oftener, Madame, he would have known to-day what an herbalist should be."

"Come, M. Durand—my dear gossip," said Bellequeue, turning from husband to wife, "surely you are not going to quarrel. Oh, for shame! such a happy family! that every body in the neighbourhood looks up to. You did not ask us all here to dispute, surely."

The relations enjoyed the quarrel very quietly, without taking the least trouble to put an end to

it. Madame Renard smiled; M. Renard gave a knowing look at his wife; Mademoiselle Aglaë laughed; M. Fourreau opened his saucer eyes; Mistigris admired his feet, very well pleased that his little cousin was the bone of contention: and Madame Ledoux tried to recollect for which of her children, and with which of her husbands, she had had just such another brawl.

The arrival of Catherine changed the scene. She ran into the room very much agitated. "Oh Madame, Madame! Master Jean is gone!"

"Gone!" cried Madame Durand, whilst they all crowded about the servant, whom the herbalist begged to explain.

"You know, Sir," said Catherine, "it was only this morning you gave me the key of master Jean's room, and told me to bring him here in proper time. Thinking that the poor dear might want something, or that he was tired of being so long alone, I ran up to his room; when I entered, I looked about every where, but no master Jean was to be seen. His wardrobe was open, and the drawers empty. He must have made a bundle of his things, and as his window looks on the roof which joins the hayloft, he must have gone out that way."

"My son has left us," said Madame Durand, sinking insensible in her chair. Catherine flew to help her. M. Durand went up to his son's room. Madame Ledoux made off to recount the event to all her ac-

quaintances. Bellequeue took his hat and cane, saying, "I pledge myself to find him for you;" whilst the cousins quietly agreed, that since Jean was off, it was useless troubling themselves any more about him.

CHAPTER VII.

When a young man has attained his sixteenth year, it will not do to keep him on bread and water, to threaten him with the cane; in short, to treat him like a child. As soon as we are of an age to understand what is said to us, to feel the consequences of our faults, and to judge of the results that may follow, it is only by an appeal to our reason—an attack on our hearts—by an endeavour to enlighten our minds, or to rectify our judgment, that we can be effectually corrected. I may be told, that there are some young people who have no judgment, and whose hearts are hardened against all good impressions—I can only say, that such are incorrigible, and that bread and water will rather make them worse than better.

Accustomed from infancy, as he was, to have his own way, Jean was not a little surprised to find himself really a prisoner. Every moment he thought he

heard the step of his mother, or Catherine; but neither mother nor Catherine appeared. He was visited in the evening by his father, who brought with him prisoner's fare, merely saying, "*suum cuique tribuito.*" As Jean was not master of Latin, he understood this to mean, "you shall have nothing else to eat;" and as soon as his father had shut the door, in his rage he kicked the pitcher of water into the middle of the room, and threw the bread out of the window, saying, "I would rather starve than eat such stuff as this."

When he awoke the next morning, however, his stomach gave him ample warning that he had eaten nothing for four-and-twenty hours. He looked about for the bread he had so much contemned the night before, and recollected, to his sorrow, that he had thrown it out of the window. It is thus that we often regret what we did not value while in our possession — we frequently commit this fault in the course of our lives, and may therefore well excuse it in a boy of sixteen.

Jean paced the room impatiently. He tried the door, which was fast, and muttered and cursed—in which you have been told he excelled. "How long do they mean to leave me in this dungeon? I am hungry. *Sacre bleu!* Surely my father does not mean I should be starved. If I had not thrown the bread out of the window, there would have been enough for this morning, certainly. But how could I eat bread and drink water, when I have twenty-four yellow boys

there, which would treat me and my friends so capitally? My poor friends, whom I have not seen since our adventure of yesterday, how uneasy they must be about me!"

Every moment increased the impatience and appetite of Jean. He took his gold, counted it, and stamped on the floor with rage. At last, dashing open the window, he cried, "Curse me, if I stay here any longer. If my father takes pleasure in shutting me up in a cage, I can tell him I have no pleasure in being shut up."

Jean looked out on the roof. There were scarcely three steps from his window to that of a hay-loft. Though the distance was short, there was some little danger. But at sixteen we risk our lives for a joke, notwithstanding that life is then most delightful; and at sixty we take a thousand precautions to guard against death, although weighed down by infirmity. There is not much more to be said for our sense at sixty than at sixteen.

Jean had already his gold in his pocket, and one foot on the roof. He was delighted. Having returned to his room, he opened his warbrobe, and quickly made up a tolerably bulky parcel of clothes, saying, "I had better take enough; for it strikes me I shall not be in a hurry to return. I must give my father's anger time to cool. Besides, all these things are mine, and I may do what I like with my own."

Jean leaped on the roof, holding his bundle in one

hand; in two strides he gained the hay-loft, and thence the staircase which led into the alley. All this was done very quietly; for he wished to avoid an encounter with his parents. They, however, were still at the meeting summoned to decide on his fate. Jean had already decided, and set off at a quick pace to meet his friends at the Place Royale.

Démar and Gervais had been long looking out for him. We do not readily forget a friend who has once given us a capital breakfast, and is also very likely to do the same again. The awkward wind-up of the last treat was soon forgotten by these gentlemen. It was not the first scrape they had been in; though they had hitherto escaped, the one trusting to his legs, and the other to his impudence.

"Here he is! Here's Jean," cried both Démar and Gervais at the same time.

"Yes, my good lads, here I am," said Jean, wiping his forehead, "I have run till I am quite out of breath. I was deucedly afraid of being caught. What do you think of their shutting me up on bread and water like a baby of six years old?"

"Shocking! I never heard of such a thing. Shut up a man like us! for we are no longer boys."

"I am sure I am full five foot three; which is a pretty good size for a man."

"Yes," said Gervais, "and look at my moustaches."

"Well, my friends, I soon made up my mind; I said, 'I am not your slave.'"

"To be sure not."

"'I will not stay here to be fed on bread and water, when I can get something a devilish deal better.'"

"You were very right."

"So I put my money in my pocket, made a bundle of my clothes, scrambled out of the window over the roofs of the houses, and here I am—ready to go with you to the world's end, if you like."

"My dear Jean," said Démar, hugging him, "you are a noble fellow. But are you sure you have got all your money?"

"Oh yes, quite sure. You will come, won't you?"

"Oh yes, nothing shall separate us."

"Well, then, the sooner we go the better. My godfather, Bellequeue, is very likely to come after me—though I suppose you will want to go home first."

"What for?" said Démar; "I have my wardrobe on my back, and there is no use in bidding my father good bye, as he has already turned me twice out of doors, wishing to God he might never see me again."

"As for me," said Gervais, "I was well kicked this morning. They are always calling me lazy; to be sure, I am very fond of play. I have an old pair of trousers and a waistcoat at home; but they are not worth going home for; especially as we have agreed to share every thing between us; and Jean has clothes enough for us all."

"Exactly so," said Démar.

"Well then, my lads, let us be off."

"Which way?"

"Never mind, let us make for a barrier; and once in the country—"

The three school boys set off. They soon reached the Boulevards, then the Fauxbourgs, and left Paris by the barrier of Ménil-Montant. Jean was half-starved, but he would not stop till he felt quite safe.

Once through the barrier, they looked about for a house of entertainment. There was no scarcity of taverns at Ménil-Montant. The fugitives pitched upon that whose larder seemed best furnished, and ordered dinner. Jean had been taught caution by the former adventure, and not wishing to have his travels cut short at the onset, drank very sparingly, and persuaded his comrades to follow his example.

The best dinner at a tavern, at Ménil-Montant, costs less than a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at a cafè in Paris. Jean was much surprised at receiving change out of one of his pieces, and after paying the bill, he cried, joyfully, "At this rate we shall have money enough for a long time; don't let us think of anything but amusing ourselves."

"Of course, of course," said Démar.

"Of course, of course," echoed Gervais.

They set out, and soon gained the country, laughing and playing all sorts of tricks. From time to time, Démar would stop at some fine point of view, and

beg them to observe how delightful the country appeared. "Is it not a thousand times better to be here, breathing the fresh air, than to be sitting at a desk; and to be one's own master, instead of being ordered about by others?"

"To be sure," said Gervais; "nothing like liberty and a good dinner."

"No doubt," said Jean, "a man is born free. I have always heard my godfather say, that travel finishes a young man. Well, when we are finished, we will return home."

"Don't let us forget our oath," cried Démar; "and share and share alike."

"Oh, yes, we are not children."

"Nor weathercocks."

"Ah, my lads," cried Gervais, "here is a capital place for leap-frog—it will give us an excellent appetite for supper."

No sooner said than done. They were wild with glee. Gervais, in jumping over Jean's back, tore his pantaloons behind, the seat of which was nearly thread-bare.

"Oh, what shall I do?" said he, "see what a pretty figure I cut. I never can go into the village in this way; I shall have all the boys after me. What shall I do, for I have no others."

"How," said Jean, "do you forget my bundle. Open it; you will find more than one pair."

They seated themselves under the trees; Jean

opened his bundle, and paraded its contents before his companions. There were two pair of trowsers, one grey, which had been worn some time, the other blue, quite new.

"I'll take this," said Gervais, pouncing on the blue pair, to which Jean made no opposition.

"You take right good care of number one," said Démar. "If anything happens to my trowsers, I must put up with this old grey pair."

"What's that to you," said Gervais, "its Jean's, not yours."

"Yes, it is as much mine as Jean's, because we have agreed to share everything between us."

"Then it is as much mine as yours," said Gervais.

"I don't care, you shan't put them on."

"I will though."

"You shan't."

"Shan't I?"

Blows followed, and the combatants were soon rolling in the dust.

Jean seeing that the quarrel had become serious, ran to separate them, crying, "Hallo! gentlemen, is this a specimen of the eternal friendship you have sworn? As every thing is to be common between us, I do not exactly see why you are to box for a pair of pantaloons. There, Gervais, take them, as yours are torn, and don't let us have any more of this folly." Gervais crowed over Démar, who was compelled to gulp down his ill humour.

When Gervais had finished his toilet, they recommenced their walk. "What shall we do with these," said he, pointing to his old trowsers.

"They are only fit to throw away," said Démar.

"Perhaps we can get them mended," said Jean, "and then they might be worn again."

"I'll take very good care that I'll not wear them," said Démar.

"Nor I, either," said Gervais, "I'll tie them up in this tree, they will make a capital scare-crow."

It was dark night when the young travellers arrived at Bagnolet. They had made very little way, for they were continually wandering from the high road.

"We must sleep here," said Jean.

"Yes," said Gervais, "and make a good supper; and after breakfast, we must start again."

"But what sort of a place is this? I don't see any tavern, it is only a paltry village."

"Why, it is not Ménil-Montant to be sure; but when you are travelling, you must take the rough and smooth together."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, that you will not have a good larder every where."

"Boys, I smell something savoury; we are not far from our supper." And in fact they soon reached an inn.

They walked boldly into the large room which led

to the kitchen, and called out to know if they could sup and sleep there. The landlord, his wife, and the servant, all ran from the kitchen to see the new arrival, and were not a little surprised at the youthful appearance of the three travellers.

"My good man, have you room for us?" said Démar, in a pompous manner, which assorted very ill with his shabby genteel appearance.

"You are on a party of pleasure, gentlemen?" said the host, smiling.

"What's that to him?" said Gervais.

"We are willing to pay handsomely," said Jean; "we don't want the means."

"Then, gentlemen, you shall have the best we can produce. We are not in the habit of giving beds, but we will contrive to manage for you."

"But, mind, a capital supper," said Gervais.

"I'll engage you will be satisfied, sir."

The young people seated themselves round a table which had never known a table-cloth, and whilst their supper was dressing, they drank a glass of wine with the landlord.

"These are your holidays, I suppose, gentlemen?" said he.

"Yes, it's holiday time with us," said Jean, winking to his companions.

"And you are come to enjoy yourselves here: you are quite right; the neighbourhood is delightful, and there are a great many country houses about."

"What 's the name of your village?"

"Bagnolet; what! did not you know you were in Bagnolet?"

"It 's all the same to us," said Démar, "whether we are in Bagnolet or Rognolet."

"Gentlemen," said the host, "to-morrow, if you please, I will show you the house where the Cardinal Duperron formerly lived, who, after drinking twenty-two glasses of wine, jumped the length of twenty-two feet in his garden."

"He jumped a devilish deal farther than I could," said Jean.

"When he grew old, he made many alterations in the garden, but he never altered the walk where he had jumped the twenty-two feet. I will also show you ——"

"I say, my good friend, could you show us some pipes?"

"What! do you smoke already?"

"A little, my buck."

"What! they smoke, then, at your school?"

"Thou hast said it."

"Oh, I always keep pipes for the waggoners. I will get you some."

"What a chattering old coxcomb," said Gervais.

"I say," said Démar, "did you take notice what a very pretty girl the servant is?"

"And what of that?" said Jean.

"Why, its pleasanter — besides, there is no knowing ——"

"Ah, he has always some nonsense in his head. Come, here is the supper — worth all the servants in the world."

The supper consisted of veal and rabbits. The pepper had not been spared; but the young men found every thing excellent, and the meal soon disappeared before them. Gervais wanted something delicate by way of dessert. But the house afforded nothing but some *fromage de jérômé*, with which they were fain to be content.

Supper finished, these gentlemen lighted their pipes, to the great astonishment of their landlord, who exclaimed, "So young! and they smoke like waggoners. What a capital school they must belong to."

Having eaten and drank their fill, they were half asleep over their pipes. The host recommended them to go to bed, and the girl conducted them to their chamber.

They had made up three beds in a large room which was used for wedding parties and other grand occasions. Gervais chose the bed farthest from the window and door, and throwing himself on it, said, "I shall sleep here."

"He never thinks of any one but himself," said Démar; and going over to Gervais, he caught hold of his legs, dragged him into the middle of the room, and took his place on the bed. Gervais got up, intending to serve him the same way. But Démar was

prepared for him, and gave him a tremendous kick in the side, which sent him yelling into the middle of the room.

Jean was obliged to get up. "Will you stop fighting?" said he.

"It is this rascally hangdog who has taken my bed," said Gervais, crying amd rubbing his side.

"It's no more your bed than mine," said Démar. He must have the best of every thing — the most comfortable bed. But you will not get this. Here I am, and here I will stay."

"Never mind, Gervais; go sleep, lad, and stop crying. Is this the way for friends to behave to each other?"

Gervais went muttering to bed. Jean turned in also, saying to himself, "We did not share in common in order to be always quarrelling; and when we are all on a level, no one has a right to order another."

Jean slept late. When he awoke, he had got rid of the fumes of the wine and tobacco. He was at first astonished to find himself in the chamber of an inn, instead of in his own room at his father's house. For the first time he reflected on the consequences of his flight. He thought of his father — of his mother — of that mother who loved him so truly; and who, perhaps, at that very moment was weeping his loss. The very money which was to support him in his disobedience, she had given him. Something whis-

pered that he had not acted rightly. A sigh escaped him, and his eyes were dimmed with tears. Had he been alone, he would have flown to that dear mother though bread and water were again to be his fate. However, he could not quit his comrades; influenced by a false shame, he had not courage to withstand the gibes and mockeries of Gervais and Démar. In how many faults do we persevere to avoid the sneers of people, whom in our hearts we despise, and with whom we feel we ought to have nothing in common!

Démar and Gervais, who had been a long time up, returned to the room, which put an end to Jean's reflections. He was at once struck with a very great change in their appearance. Démar had taken from the bundle a handsome frock, a cassimere waistcoat, the grey trowsers, and some clean linen. Gervais thought that a dirty waistcoat and collar did not at all accord with the blue trowsers; he had therefore ensconced himself in a surtout which remained in the bundle, and completed his dress with a clean waistcoat and cravat. Jean's bulky parcel had wasted away, as there remained nothing but some shirts and stockings.

"What a smart appearance you cut," said Jean, looking at them.

"Yes," said Démar, carelessly, "we took what we wanted from the bundle. We look much better, don't we?"

"Well you may; you have got my best clothes."

"Oh, don't mind that; you know every thing is common between us; what one wants, the other ought to give; nothing can be fairer."

"Oh yes, fair enough," said Jean; but he could not help making a wry face, when he saw that his dear friends had appropriated his best clothes.

"By the bye," said Démar, "the money——let us count how much we have."

Jean drew forth his gold from his purse, and reckoned it on the table.

"My reckoning is soon made," said Gervais, "I have not a farthing."

"I have exactly twenty-four sous," said Démar, "which I add to the public fund;" and so saying, he chucked his coppers on Jean's heap.

"Now," said he, "divide into three parts, and let each one take his share."

"What for?" said Jean.

"Why have not we sworn to share good and bad fortune alike? Now, money is a blessing, so let us divide it."

"But since we are not to be separate, why separate the money? if one is paymaster, that is quite enough."

"Why," said Gervais, "if Jean pays for every thing, I want nothing more. I am not one of your sticklers for ceremony."

"No, no," said Démar, "it is better to divide; that won't hinder Jean from paying whatever he pleases."

"The deuce a bit will I divide," said Jean, pocketing his money. "Wear my clothes, and welcome; but as for this gold, if I spend it with you, the least you can allow me, is the pleasure of paying it away."

Jean said this very firmly. Although Démar was seventeen, he was neither so tall or so strong as Jean. He thought it better, therefore, to drop the subject.

Gervais had not forgotten to order breakfast. A servant came to tell them that the repast was ready, in the same room where they had supped the night before. Démar tried to kiss the girl; but she pushed him away, calling him "a hobble-dy-hoy," which highly amused his friends. Démar was greatly annoyed, and tried to catch hold of her, but she boxed his ears soundly.

"That will teach him to teaze the girls," said Jean, laughing.

"Let's to breakfast," said Gervais, "that will make him forget his repulse."

The three young men made a hearty meal. Jean paid the bill without a word, and the travellers set out with their backs to Paris. The warmth of their friendship had already abated. Démar was sulky; Gervais would not play, for fear of spoiling his fine clothes; and Jean sighed from time to time when he thought of his mother and Paris.

CHAPTER VIII.

JEAN and his companions wandered about for some weeks in the environs of Paris. Whenever they came to a place with which they were pleased, and where the accommodations were good, they would stay for several days, playing about in the fields, taking care to return at the hours of meals. If they had the luck to meet with a village fair, they gave themselves up to the amusements to be found there. Jean rode in the roundabout, Démar frequented petty gaming-tables, and Gervais tossed up for mutton pies and gingerbread. They never bargained for any thing; as thanks to Jean's wardrobe, they were all extremely well dressed, they were taken for young people of good family who were spending their holidays in the country. The farmers were sure of it, as they swore, drank and smoked with them; and the village girls, with whom they sometimes danced, allowed themselves to be kissed, without boxing their ears for the liberty.

"Well," said Jean, after having danced with a bouncing country girl, "this kind of dancing is well enough; very different from the ball at my cousin Mistigris's, where you must first bow to your partner, and then stand as stiff as a poker, with your toes turned out and your arms rounded, as he says, gracefully. Here I catch hold of this bouncing girl by the hand, lead her out, and we jump about, right and left, without caring about our neighbours—and I say this is much the best way."

"Certainly," said Gervais; "what's the use of being upon ceremony, when we are amusing ourselves? If I don't keep time, for instance, surely I am my own master, and have a right to please myself."

"Gentlemen," said Démar, "let us leave ceremony and politeness to fools; a man of sense should be above this sort of thing—because a man ought to show that he is a man."

"Very true," said Jean.

"Exactly my way of thinking," said Gervais.

When you make three meals a-day of the best that can be procured—when you deny yourself no pleasure that offers—and never bargain for any thing—you will soon see the bottom of your purse, although it might have contained even four-and-twenty louis.

One morning, after having as usual settled the bill, Jean said to his companions, "Gentlemen, what do you think?—I have only two pieces of gold remaining.

"How extremely odd," said Démar.

"What a pity," said Gervais.

"When these are gone, what shall we do?"

"I don't exactly see how we are to pay for our dinners," said Gervais, scratching his head.

"Why," said Démar, "we must try and get more."

"But how?".

"How! O, we will see. I am determined I will never go back to my father."

"Nor I to my relatives," said Gervais; "they would set me to work again."

"Well, then, gentlemen, we are inseparable."

"Certainly; and how much better off we are than if we were at home."

Jean said nothing; but seemed lost in thought.

They had just arrived at a little town—it was Coulommiers. "What a pretty place," said Démar.

"Yes," said Gervais; "they ought to have capital fish here—you see the river is quite close. Oh, there is a *restaurateur's*, as good as you would see in Paris; let us dine there."

"But," said Jean, "had not we better economize our money, and not order without knowing——"

"Bah! bah! time enough—Let us dine first and reckon afterwards."

They entered a *restaurateur's*, who presented the young people a *carte*, as in Paris. Gervais's mouth watered as he read over the list, and cried, "We must taste that—and that—and that."

"Yes," said Jean, "and so get rid of one of our louis."

"Well—there will be another left."

"But after——"

"After—we shall dine well, that is the main point."

"You think of nothing but eating."

"And you are good for nothing but sermonizing. Why did you take charge of the purse, if you groan in this way every time you draw the strings?"

"I rather think the purse belonged to me."

"No; it belonged to us all, as we all added our stocks."

"Your stocks! You mean to say that the stock was mine, and that you had nothing."

"Stop; you are not going to throw that in our face. You are a pretty friend!"

For the first time they quarrelled at the dinner-hour. The soup appeared, and Jean cried, "Well, let what I have follow the rest—it is all the same to me."

Dinner over, they went to walk about the town. They learnt that on the next day there would be held a large market, almost a fair, which would bring in all the surrounding neighbourhood.

"A famous opportunity," said Demar to his companions, "to try and pick up a little money, by making some exhibition for the country people."

"What exhibition?" said Gervais.

"I don't know—we must think."

"Let us consider," said Jean. "I vote for an exhibition."

They returned to the inn, where they intended to sleep, and during supper each endeavoured to hit on some amusing way of making money.

"Suppose we try some tricks at cards."

"The clodhoppers are as deep as you."

"I," said Gervais, "can stand on my hands, with my feet in the air, for three minutes together."

"Any one may do that."

"I can swallow ribbons."

"That is too common."

"I can balance a chair at the end of my nose."

"That is as bad."

"Gervais, you have such an excellent stomach, could not you contrive to swallow a knife."

"No, no; I couldn't."

"Just try."

"No, I thank you; you must excuse me."

"If we had but some rarity to show—country people are so very curious, we should gain a great deal of money."

"What the devil can we show them that they have never seen before?"

"Egad," said Gervais, slapping himself behind, "I could show them what they had never seen before."

"Yes," said Démar, "but don't you think they would make you feel what you never felt before."

"No, that will never do."

"Ah, boys, a thought strikes me; let us show them a monster—such as we see on the Boulevard du Temple."

"A monster! but where the devil is he?"

"Why where do you think all the monsters come from? We must make one, to be sure; the deuce is in it if we cannot manage one between us."

"There is something in that. Let us set about it; we must have the most monstrous monster ever seen."

"Let us see, who will be the beast? Gervais, eh!"

"Yes, he is naturally by no means deficient in ugliness."

"I have no objection."

"Démar shall invite the people to walk in, and I show the animal. In the mean time we must think on what we shall make."

"A giant?"

"Oh, no, we should want pasteboard legs and arms."

"A fish?"

"The dress, again."

"If we had a parcel of oyster-shells to cover his waistcoat and trowsers, and a few to stick in his hair, what a very extraordinary fish he would make."

"Yes, but we have no oyster-shells, so you must think of something else."

"Confound it, it is no easy thing to make a monster, I see."

"Stay," said Jean, striking his forehead; "look

yonder at that pasteboard head, which has been left here by some *marchande de modes.*"

"What then?"

"You say you can stand on your hands, Gervais?"

"Yes, for a short time, provided I lean my feet against the wall."

"Capital! there is our monster."

"I don't understand you."

"You stand on your hands with your head downwards: we will cover your legs with your great coat, and stuff the arms with straw: then we will stick this head between your feet, and cover it with a wig and hat; and we will give out that we have a man with two heads, one above and the other below."

"Not bad, really."

"Yes, but if they discover the upper head to be——"

"Oh, people never come too near monsters, and we will stick you in a dark corner. Besides, we must run some risk. It is agreed then we show a man with two heads."

It was thought necessary to have an immediate rehearsal. They went into the town and bought an old wig, with which they covered their pasteboard head. They made magnificent moustaches and eyebrows with burnt cork, and fastened the whole to the collar of the riding-coat, with a large cravat. The arms they stuffed with straw taken from one of the beds.

"And the hands?" said Gervais.

"Oh, we must do without: when a man has two heads, he need not be particular about hands. You, Gervais, need only wear a waistcoat. Up with you; let us see how it looks."

Gervais settled himself. They wrapped his legs in the great coat, the skirts of which descended to his middle, where they fastened it with pins, and Jean and Démar were lost in admiration.

"How well it looks! it really is extremely curious: I am sure we shall gain a great deal of money by you."

"Yes, but I can't stay in this way long."

"Never mind; when there are no visitors present, you can stand up; and we shan't always have a crowd."

"And the caravan for our monster?"

"I will undertake to construct one with three or four broomsticks, and a few yards of strong stuff."

The three travellers went to bed, delighted with their scheme, which promised both fun and profit. Next day, after having breakfasted, and paid for the head, which they said they wanted as a doll for their little sister, they walked towards the place where the market was held. They bought several yards of stuff, which cost them rather more than they expected, and Jean said to his companions, "In order that we may cover our expenses, we must charge very high."

Some long stakes were yet wanting. At length their purchases were completed, and they searched about for a fitting situation.

"Let us keep a little in the back-ground," said Démar; "for I rather think we ought to have a license from the mayor."

"Yes, but if we are not seen, we shan't make a halfpenny."

"What harm can there be in showing a monster who is quite tame? Ah! here is just the place we want: let us build our house here."

The stakes were stuck in the ground; their stuff was cut in several pieces and stretched from top to bottom. At length a hut, such as it was, was constructed. Ten people might contrive to crowd themselves into it at a time. Two of the strongest stakes were placed together for Gervais to lean against. There was no other light inside than that which made its way through the stuff, which was very little; but the young people flattered themselves that the obscurity would only stimulate the curiosity of their visitors. Gervais was muffled up as on the preceding evening; and as he would not consent to stand on his head an hour beforehand, it was settled that Démar should not let any body in without clapping his hands, that his comrades might be prepared.

Everything being ready, Démar crept under the curtain, and with a long stick in his hand endeavoured to attract the curious, by crying, "Step in, and see this most extraordinary and supernatural being!—a man with two heads, one above and the

other below his body. Step in, ladies and gentlemen, this most wonderful monster is alive, and talks—and what is still more surprising, he pratices speaking with his lower head. Step in, there is still room for a few. We only charge ten sous each person, and children under two years old half price."

Some few idlers approached the hut, but no one thought of entering. Démar roared still louder; but there was no picture of his monster to catch the eyes of the passengers, and they withdrew, saying, "A pretty show, indeed! not even a painting outside."

"We don't seem to get on," said Jean to Gervais, who was obliged to lie on the ground, his feet being entangled in the great coat.

"Step in, gentlemen, step in!" said Démar to some countrymen, who stopped to listen to him.

"What do you say is your charge for seeing your monster?" said one of them.

"Only ten sous each person, not a farthing more."

"Ten sous! ah! only ten sous! We have seen apes, and serpents, and bears, for only two sous."

"I dare say, gentlemen; but a man with two heads!"

"It is impossible he can be a finer sight than a bear."

The peasants wandered on, and Jean bawled out from under the curtain, "Démar, lower your price, you fool, don't you see no one will come in. Let them see Gervais for five sous."

"Démar perceived some gapers approaching: he launched out in the customary strain, and concluded by saying "We shall show our man with two heads at five sous to-day, because we have had such a crowd; but to-morrow, when we can't expect so many, we must charge double; for our expences are great, particularly for our monster, who has a devil of an appetite, and eats with both mouths."

An old countryman and his wife lingered about the show, and seemed strongly tempted.

"I have never seen a monster," said the man. "I should like to see one before I die. It must be a rare sight."

"A man with two heads!" said the woman, "that is really wonderful; and you say, sir, that one is above and the other below."

"Exactly."

"The one above, how is it placed?"

"Just like ours."

"And the one below, where is that?"

"Ah, that is the most wonderful! Go in, and you will see."

"Let us go in, wife."

"Wait a minute; is your monster mischievous?"

"As quiet as a lamb; he will even sing a song if the company desire it."

"Come on, then, how much is it?"

"Ten sous for the two."

"That is very dear."

"That is the lowest."

"Must we pay before we see it?"

"Of course."

"Well, husband, what do you say?"

"Oh yes, let us see it: it must be a fine sight, and it will be something to talk of at home."

The old man gave his ten sous to Démar, saying, "Where do we go in? I don't see any door."

"You go in below: the cloth lifts up: but wait till I have given the signal: our monster may be asleep, perhaps, and then you will see nothing; for when he is asleep he puts his heads under his shoulders like a canary bird."

Démar clapped his hands. Jean immediately placed Gervais heels uppermost, and ascertained that the pasteboard head was firm. At this instant the clown and his wife crept in beneath the curtain and were obliged to rub their eyes to see at all.

"Oh my God! where are we? I can't see anything," said the woman.

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in: here is the man with the two heads just before you," said Jean, standing between them and Gervais.

"Now I begin to see a little — stay, stay, wife, there is the monster!"

"Oh, there he is! Bless me! what a frightful head the top one is! how he fixes his eyes!"

"Look at the lower one," said Jean, "it is much the handsomest, and he has more the use of that one."

"Don't he speak? make him speak a little."

"Speak," said Jean, striking Gervais on the belly.

"I am choking," said he, and his face turned quite red.

"What does he say, sir?"

"He says you are an extremely good looking woman."

"How odd! how sensibly he talks!"

"They said he sung," said the old man. "Ask him to sing a little song."

"Will you sing?" said Jean, stooping down to Gervais.

"Confound you," said he, "I can bear this no longer: I must get up. Turn out these fools."

"Get out as quick as you can," said Jean, pushing the old couple, "he says he can't answer for himself; he feels such a desire to make a meal of you."

"Ah, my God! come away, come away, husband."

The two villagers went down on all fours to creep under the curtain; Jean gave them a parting kick, and Gervais, no longer able to preserve his painful situation, came tumbling down.

As the old couple crawled out of the hut in the greatest terror, Démar was haranguing a group of loungers. He ran to help them on their feet saying, "Isn't it curious? Isn't it your money's worth?"

"Oh yes," said the country-woman, getting up; "Yes, sure, it is well worth seeing. And your monster, that you told us was as quiet as a lamb, gave us such a fright."

"It is wonderful, very wonderful indeed," said the husband, "but I would not go back again for a trifle."

"Why not?"

"Ask your showman what your man with the two heads wanted to do with us. If we had not taken to our heels, he would have swallowed us both: nothing less, I assure you."

"Let us get on, I don't feel quite safe with nothing but this curtain between us," said the woman, dragging her husband by the arm. The old couple walked off saying, "At all events we had a rare fright for our ten sous."

The by-standers, who had overheard a part of what was said, became rather curious to see this terrible being. They consulted, but could not bring themselves to pay five sous. As there were four of them, Démar consented to let them all in for twelve. Démar gave the signal and then ushered in the party.

When they had gained their legs they began grumbling at the darkness. "Why did not you light up your monster?" said one of them to Jean, "do you think you can humbug us with cats for tigers?"

Jean made no reply, but arranged his company as far off from Gervais as possible, saying, "Here you see the man with the two heads, gentlemen. I beg you will particularly observe the lower one; that is the most wonderful one."

The countrymen looked very suspiciously at

Gervais. At last one said to Jean, "Why, does not your man move either the mouth or the eyes of his upper head?"

"He was born so, gentlemen. I can say nothing more; I did not make him."

"Ah, ah," said another, approaching Gervais, "I begin to suspect this is nothing but ——"

Jean tried to pull him back, saying, "Don't go so near him, he bites sometimes."

"They want to rob us of our money, this is no more a head ——"

Whilst this was going on, Gervais whispered "Send them away, send them away, Jean, I can't bear it."

But the villagers had no idea of being dismissed in that way, and as Jean was doing his best to prevent their touching the pasteboard head, Gervais fell heavily on the ground, and the false head, wig and all, came rolling among the villagers.

"Ah, do you see this, here is a pretty trick," said the countrymen.

Jean, seeing that the game was up, slipped under the curtain, whilst the countrymen kicked Gervais about, saying, "You little rascal, we will teach you to play the monster to rob us of our money in this way."

Gervais did his best to disentangle his feet. The countrymen did their best in the meantime, and paid no attention to his cries and tears.

When Jean got out, he looked about for Démar to help Gervais, but he was no where to be found. Seeing no other means of help, he pulled up the large stakes which supported the show, and it all came tumbling down. Fortunately he saw part of Gervais's dress; he dragged him out by the legs, and they took to flight together across the fields.

CHAPTER IX.

We run well during our happy days of prisoners'-bars, and leap-frog. Jean and Gervais had left Coulommiers behind them before the lubberly villagers had cleared themselves from the ruins of the show.

Jean wished to stop, but Gervais still ran on ; fear had given him wings. In turning out of a little lane, they saw some one running before them.

"Stop," said Gervais, "It is some one after us."

"No," said Jean, "It is Démar; there is no mistaking him."

And Démar it was. At the first angry word, he had taken to his heels, leaving his companions to shift as well as they could.

"A pretty fellow you are," said Jean, "to leave us to our fate in this way."

"Why did you not play your parts better?"

"It was Gervais's fault. He would not keep on his head."

"Do you think any person could stand in that way

for ever? and then, to be beaten in the way I was! If ever I play the monster again ——"

"The fact was, I ran away, because I had taken the money, and I was afraid they would make me give it back again."

"By the bye, how much did you get in all?"

"Two-and-twenty sous."

"A pretty sum, indeed! Why, we gave more for that rascally wig. I told you we should never cover the expence — and all that cloth which we have left to the countrymen!"

"It was your fault, Jean, with your nonsense about raree shows!"

"Well, boys, we must hope for more luck in future."

"Yes, but don't reckon on my playing the beast again," said Gervais, rubbing his shoulders. "Come, let us get on, we are rather blown here."

The young men walked on at a good pace, and never stopped till they reached the little village of Boissy-le-Châtel, where they rested but a short time, feeling themselves still too near the good town of Coulommiers. They no longer played on the road, for Gervais's bones ached, Démar was thoughtful, and Jean said to himself, "Ah, how well off I was at home! My father shut me up, certainly; but I deserved it for getting tipsy, and my poor mother would not have left me on bread and water long."

They arrived at the little town of Rebais, and did

not trouble themselves to look out for a first-rate inn. The morning's work had helped to empty their purse. Jean had only twenty francs remaining, which he declared he would make last fifteen days. Démar laughed in his face, and Gervais said, "In that case, no more partridges for us."

They entered a miserable ale house, where they supped on an omelette and some cheese, shared one dirty bed in a garret between them, and the night was spent in quarrelling, instead of sleeping.

Next morning, after breakfast, Jean paid the bill; with all their management, it amounted to seven francs. Jean said to his companions, "You see, with all our economy, twenty francs won't go far."

"Well, then," said Gervais, "we may as well have one more good dinner."

Démar said nothing: he was watching a traveller who had just then entered the room, with a well-stuffed valise under his arm, which he threw on a form near the table, at which he seated himself. Every thing about him shewed that he was one without guile. He had scarcely entered, when he began talking with every body about himself and his own affairs.

"Come," said Jean, "what is the use of staying here?"

"I am rather tired," said Démar, "we are in no hurry; let us wait awhile; we may be the better for it."

"How?"

Démar would not say more, but threw himself on a form, and began smoking. Jean and Gervais walked out into a little garden at the back of the house, where chairs and tables were placed under the trees for those who wished to drink in the open air. In about a quarter of an hour they were joined by Démar who appeared very much agitated, and cast a suspicious glance about him from time to time.

"What the devil have you been about," said Jean, who was struck with his look.

"A little liberty," said Démar, in a low voice, looking over his shoulder.

"What do you mean?"

"Hush, speak low; I have not been idle, I assure you. I have played that silly traveller the best trick you ever saw — I thought there was a garden door; but I don't see it."

"Well, we can go out through the house; come."

"No, no; wait, said Démar, stopping Jean, who had turned towards the house; "I want to avoid going that way. "If this idiot should have perceived —— but he is at breakfast, and I hope ——"

"What have you done? Why do you shake so? Speak."

"We are lucky fellows; we have money enough. We may enjoy ourselves for a long time now. Here, do you see this pocket-book?"

"Good God!" said Jean, whose mind misgave him, "Tell me whose is this?"

"It belonged to that traveller who was prating there to every body. When you left the room, I sat down by him, and we drank a bottle of wine and chatted together. The idiot opened his valise to show me the presents he had bought for his wife; he boasted that he had touched a thousand crowns at Coulommiers. Then he took out his pocket-book to look for an address, and after fastening it, he intended to return it to his pocket, but it slipped under the table. I immediately covered it with my foot, and began to admire his purchases in order to take off his attention, and watching the opportunity, I picked it up without his noticing it: then bidding him good bye, I left him at table."

"Wretched boy! why this is a robbery," said Jean indignantly.

"No, you cannot call it a robbery — if a blockhead drops a pocket-book — "

"You saw him drop it, and you ought to have returned it to him."

"I am not quite such a fool as that, eh! Gervais?"

"Why," said Gervais, "in fact—if a pocket-book is on the ground, I don't see why one should not ——"

"I say, Démar, you must return it. If you keep it you are a rogue, and will never have any luck. You call it a little liberty taking a traveller's pocket-book!"

"I did not take it, I only picked it up."

"You must return it, I tell you. If this man should perceive his loss — if it should be found on you —— Good God! we should be taken up as thieves."

"Nonsense, nonsense! You look at every thing so gloomily. I will keep what I have got."

"Well, then, I'll go —— Good heaven! it is too late! look, they are coming to take us."

Démar and Gervais turned, and could just see through the trees three *gensdarmes*, who came into the garden, and stopping at the top of a walk, seemed looking about them.

Démar was petrified, he became pale as death, and was unable to move a foot. Gervais instinctively sought refuge under a table, and Jean, who shuddered at the very idea of being taken as the accomplice of a robber, withdrew precipitately from his companions and reached the bottom of the garden; without bestowing a moment's reflection how his flight might be construed, he vaulted lightly over a wall about four feet high. Finding himself in the fields, he ran right a-head without once stopping or looking behind him.

At length his legs failed him; he halted and looked around. On his left was a public road; behind and before him open fields; and a little wood on the right. He listened; all was quiet. A few labourers in the fields were the only animated beings in the

picture. There was no appearance of pursuit; yet, in every stroke of the flail, he thought he heard a step of a grenadier. He trembled, though innocent! What would have been his feelings had he been guilty!

Jean hurried into the little wood on his right, and throwing himself at the foot of a tree, he reflected on what Démar had done. "I was in the right in quitting them; for Dèmar is a thief, and I will never be the friend of a thief. Gervais is as bad; he was for keeping the pocket-book. No doubt they are taken up by this time. Those *gensdarmes* must have arrested them. Suppose they said it was I who planned this robbery; it would be just like Démar. Perhaps they are even now in search of me. Who would believe me when I said I wished to restore the money? My unhappy parents! what would they say to their son's being brought back to Paris as a robber? Ah, how sorry I am I ever knew Démar or Gervais. My father said they were good for nothing, and he was right; he knew them better than I did, though I saw them so much oftener."

Immersed in these melancholy reflections, Jean threw himself on the grass; he yielded gradually to the influence of fatigue; his eyes closed, and he soon slept soundly.

When he awoke it was dark night. He rubbed his eyes, but could distinguish nothing, and he could not recollect where he was. Groping about, however, he found the trees which had been his shelter

and soon called to mind the events of the day. He was soon reminded also that he had eaten nothing since the morning. He arose, saying, " I must be jogging; I shall never find anything to eat in this wood.

He was completely ignorant of where he was; he did not even recollect on which side he entered the wood or which was his way out. Jean was no coward, however; the darkness and solitude caused him no alarm whatever. He dreaded nothing but the shame of being arrested as the accomplice of a robber and his fear was that he might ignorantly retrace his steps to the spot he had so lately fled.

However there was no remaining where he was; a stomach sixteen years and a half old is not easily reconciled to a fast of twelve hours. Jean determined to trust to chance. He advanced holding out his hands to avoid the brambles, making in the direction where there was the most light, and hoping he might soon stumble on some path-way.

After walking some time, he, to his great joy, found a path which he had not followed more than two hundred yards when a light struck his eyes. His heart beat at the sight and he redoubled his steps towards this pleasing object, which he soon found, proceeded from the window of a small cottage.

Jean paused at the door, " I may safely knock," said he, " It's some countryman's house, who will surely give me a supper and perhaps a bed if I pay

him, and I am still worth thirteen francs. I had much rather sleep here than in a village. I shall be quieter, and run no risk of meeting those cursed *gensdarmes*, the very thought of whom makes me shudder. I'll knock."

Jean found the door, and knocked gently. He soon heard a footstep, and a child's voice cried, "Is that you, Jean?"

The young traveller was not a little surprised. An indefinite sensation seized him at hearing his own name pronounced in the dead of the night by an unknown voice. Nevertheless, there was something so sweet in the tone, that, yielding almost unconsciously to a natural feeling, he answered, "Yes, it's I."

The door was opened, and a little boy seven or eight years of age, with a pleasing face and interesting appearance, cried, "Ah! it is not Jean."

However, our traveller made his way into a room very meanly furnished, where a villager of some fifty years of age was seated near a table, having one of his legs raised on a stool.

"Who is it, then?" said he, turning his eyes toward the door.

"Sir," said Jean, stepping forward, "I have lost myself in the wood. A stranger in the country, I am looking out for some house, where I can learn my way, and where I may get some supper, for I am extremely hungry — but I have wherewith to pay."

The cottager smiled at Jean, whose youth and frank manner pleased him.

"And if you could not pay," said he, "do you think I would refuse you a crust of bread? I am not rich, but I don't want the will."

"No, we are not rich," said the little boy, "especially since our poor cow died."

"Be quiet, Jacques. Come in, young man; sit down and rest yourself. I will give you what I have. We shall have something better presently, for I expect my eldest son every moment; I thought it had been him who knocked. He is called Jean."

"So am I, sir."

"Ah, you are namesakes then; that is another reason why you should sup with us."

Jean seated himself at the table. Little Jacques put some brown bread and some cheese before him, and looked at him with the greatest curiosity. Whilst Jean was eating, the old man asked him some questions.

"Are you going far, young man?"

"To Paris, sir."

"Thirteen leagues off. And you have left your father?"

"No; on the contrary, I am going to see him."

"You have been on a visit to some relation, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"At Rebais, most likely?"

"No," replied Jean, "I have never been there. Is it far from this?"

" Not quite two miles."

" Good God!" said Jean to himself, " Am I no farther than that?"

" Is it long since you have seen your father?"

" Not quite two months."

" You must be very impatient to join him. Two months is a very long time to be separated from one's parents. They must be looking out for you every day."

Jean dropped his eyes, and stammered out, " Yes, they are expecting me."

The little boy, running to his father, said, " I will never leave you, shall I?"

" No, child, you shall always live with me, like your brother Jean; you are the support of your poor father."

" I am not yet strong enough to work in the fields; but I shall soon be able to dress the dinner, and you will see what capital soup I'll make; you must not be moving about with your bad leg."

The cottager kissed his son. Jean put down the bread he held in his hand. His heart was too full for him to eat.

" Come, you are not eating. The bread is none of the finest, certainly; but we shall sup presently. Ah, there is a knock. No doubt it is my son."

The little boy ran to open the door, and cried joyfully, " yes, it's brother Jean."

A young man about eighteen years of age, strong and well put together, but rather sun-burnt, entered the cottage, holding in the one hand his tools, and in the other a basket. He ran to embrace his father, and drawing from his pocket a piece of five francs and some change, he put the whole into the old man's hands, saying, "Here, I have just received my week's wages. My master is very well pleased with me, and has promised to raise my day's pay."

"But you keep nothing for yourself, Jean," said the cottager.

"What do I want with money? don't I sup every evening with you, and take my dinner with me in the morning? I am only sorry I can't earn more. You should have it all, father."

"Yes, and we might then buy another cow," said little Jacques.

"Come, come, let us to supper, my children. Here, my son, is a young man who will join us. He is on his way to Paris, to his parents."

"Yes," said Jean, heaving a deep sigh, "I wish I was a little nearer home. But, after all, thirteen leagues is no great way; I can walk it in a day."

The provisions which the young labourer had brought were placed on the table. The father seated himself between his two sons, and Jean's feelings were quite overcome when he witnessed the love which subsisted between the members of this little family.

"As I passed through Rebais this morning," said the eldest son, "I saw a rogue taken up."

Jean trembled; it could only have been one of his companions.

"What had the rogue done?" said the cottager.

"Fired a farm-house."

"The wretch!"

"They had been on his track for some time, and the *gensdarmes* came up with him at Rebais; I saw them bring him out."

"You saw him," said Jean, "what sort of a man was he?"

"Why, very ill-looking, and about forty years of age."

"And was he taken alone?"

"Yes, for it appeared he had no accomplices."

Jean breathed more freely. He could not endure the thought that his old friends were in the hands of justice. When supper was over, "If you wish to sleep here," said the father of the family, "you will have rather a hard bed, to be sure; but then it's my children's which you must take a part of. I was better off once; we have had our share of misfortune. The loss of my wife — my good Marie! — I became paralytic in this leg, which prevents my working. Our cow, too, is dead, which was a great help. But I cannot complain since my sons are left: and you see how they love me. They will never quit their father—will you, my children?"

"Oh, never, never!" said both the sons, throwing themselves in their father's arms; "is not it both a duty and a pleasure to stay with you?"

"And who would support you," said little Jacques, "now that you are scarcely able to move, if we were to leave you? A pretty thing it would be to see our father leaning on a stranger!"

The tears stood in the old man's eyes as he looked on his children, and Jean could no longer restrain his.

At length they all felt the want of repose. The inhabitants of the cottage threw themselves on their beds. Jean shared that of the eldest son; but sleep fled his eyes. Too many painful thoughts crowded on his mind, and his heart was full. He reproached himself with his flight, and pictured the grief which his parents must have felt at the sad return he had made for all their kindness. How different had his conduct been to that of this poor labourer's children; and how far removed from their sentiments were those of his late companions! All these ideas pained and troubled him, and looking on the young peasant who slept peaceably by his side, he said, "Once again with my mother, and my sleep will be as sweet as his."

The day soon broke, and the inmates of the cottage were on foot. They breakfasted. The eldest son took some bread and his tools, and embracing his father, went to his work. Jean learned the road

to Paris. Before leaving, he wished to give all he had to the master of the cottage; but he could not prevail upon him to take much. Little Jacques was sent to show him his road, and when they reached the highway, Jean put some money into his hand, saying, "Give this to your father; it will help to buy you another cow. I shall want but little more for I shall reach home to-night. At all events I do not deserve to be trusted with money."

The little fellow jumped with joy, and ran back, saying, "We shall have another cow!"

Jean, better pleased with himself than he had been the evening before, went gaily on, asking his way from time to time. He walked six leagues without stopping; then rested himself in an alehouse, where he spent the ten sous he had kept for his journey. He had still seven leagues before him, but he had good legs and a stout heart. He had no little difficulty, however, in reaching Paris, where he arrived at last, and took the road leading to his *quartier*.

Night had long closed in before Jean had reached the Rue St. Paul. His trouble and embarrassment redoubled as he approached his parents' house. He stopped, saying, "Should they not receive me kindly — or send me back!" All at once he thought of his godfather, Bellequeue, who had always been peacemaker between him and his father, and on whose extreme indulgence he knew he could rely. "I'll

go and seek him," said he; "he will forgive me; he will see my mother, and appease my father's anger."

Delighted at this idea, Jean went and knocked at the house where his godfather lodged.

CHAPTER X.

EVER since Bellequeue had deserted the fine arts (for now-a-days every one is an *artiste*), he had taken a neat lodging and a pretty little servant girl about eighteen, which arrangement, we may just hint, Mme. Durand did not exactly approve of. Bellequeue was still a bachelor; and, although he advised all his friends to marry, he had not thought proper to set them the example. Despite all his fopperies and polite attentions to the ladies, he had contrived to scrape together some thousand crowns a-year, quite enough for a single man, even though he has a young housekeeper. Notwithstanding he hovered on his fifty-third year, he was in high preservation. His complexion, to be sure, was a little more decided, particularly in the neighbourhood of his nose: his teeth were still white; his hair, which was always dressed in the same fashion, was most elaborately curled, and he never used any but the finest pomatum and scented powder. Altogether he made a capital turn-

out; and his three-cornered hat was as black and shining as his boots, which were highly polished with English blacking. Bellequeue might therefore play his part with the sex without exciting any ridicule. But if he squired the ladies of the Quartier St. Antoine, he was extremely correct in his conduct, and was always at home by eleven o'clock. Some said, indeed, that his little housekeeper took upon herself to scold him if ever he deviated from this good practice.

This young woman, whose name was Rose, was a lively brunette; her little eyes glittered again, and her nose, which the neighbours said was cocked, but which her master assured her was *à la Roxalane*, gave her a comic look, which was by no means disagreeable. Mlle. Rose was dressed more like a lady's maid, than a housekeeper to a respectable old gentleman. She sported pretty bonnets handsomely trimmed, and black silk aprons. Her stays were made by a first-rate hand, and she affected a little mincing step and gait, which by no means misbecame her; no wonder the evil tongues of the neighbourhood were on the alert. It was said that she lived with M. Bellequeue as *maid of all work*, having advertized for such a situation in *les Petites Affiches*. They had quizzed the old boy, and had gone so far as to tell him that no man, with any regard for his character, would take a servant of only eighteen, and particularly such a flirt as Mlle. Rose. Bellequeue had turned a deaf ear to all this; he thought that in

the autumn of life, a man may be excused if he pleases himself. One might manage as well with a servant of eighteen, as with an old woman of fifty. It is so much more agreeable on returning home, to see a smiling face than an old crone: and a servant well dressed, does credit to her master; and, after all, she was to live with him and not with his neighbours. In a word, he engaged the girl; and I think he was perfectly right.

Bellequeue had just returned home, taken off his black coat, and slipped on his dressing gown, and was beginning a game at draughts with Rose—a game which was quite new to the young thing, but her master was very patient and taught her the moves. He was about to crown a man, when the bell rang violently.

"Upon my word," said Rose, "they make free enough, to ring in that way!"

"They don't seem to stand on ceremony, certainly," said Bellequeue. "Go and see Rose—don't forget that I was going to crown."

"I'll settle these ringers," said Rose.

But there was no time for scolding; Rose had scarce opened the door, when Jean rushed in, and upsetting a chair and table, made his way into Bellequeue's room, and threw himself into his arms before he well knew who was coming.

"Here I am, godfather," cried Jean.

"Ah, good God! it's he—it's you, my dear Jean.

Hug me, you sad dog. Here, he is returned. I always said he would come back, and sure enough he has. The prodigal son has returned; and we must kill the fatted calf. Kiss me once more, my boy."

Bellequeue again pressed his godson in his arms. Mlle. Rose looked at Jean complacently, whom she knew very well, having lived upwards of a year with Bellequeue.

However, Jean, who was half dead with fatigue, withdrew from his godfather's arms, and sinking into a chair, said "Oh, I can no more."

"You certainly look very much tired, my boy."

"Monsieur Jean is covered with dust," said Rose.

"Did you come far?"

"Thirteen leagues to-day."

"Thirteen leagues! why it is a forced march. But not all the way on foot, I hope."

"I ran nearly the whole way."

"My poor boy! But how he has grown, and how well he looks! does not he, Rose?"

"Certainly, Monsieur Jean is grown quite a man."

"But won't you take something?"

"Willingly, for I am dying with hunger and thirst."

"And you don't speak. Run, Rose, quick; and bring what you have — all that's left from dinner. Stay, I'll go myself; you shall have a bottle of my best old wine."

Mademoiselle ran one way, and Bellequeue another.

In a moment a table was laid, and covered with cold meat, fruits, and bottles. Bellequeue himself filled to his godson; he sat down at table, and hob-nobbed with him.

"Here is to your health and happy return, Jean."

"Thank you, godfather, but tell me of my parents; tell me of my mother. They must have been very angry with me, wer'n't they? I feel now, that I was very wrong; but I have been well punished for my folly. My friends were bad characters, very bad characters indeed. I know it now, but I did not think so then."

"From the moment you admit you were wrong, all ought to be forgiven," said Bellequeue. "We will drink the oblivion of your fault."

"Yes, godfather."

"Take care, sir," said Rose, pulling her master by the skirts of his coat, "you will make yourself ill. Recollect that you have already dined."

"Be quiet, Rose, I will be careful. But I am so pleased with Jean's return. Ah, you were wrong, very wrong, my boy — you've grown full two inches I think. If you had breathed a hint of what you were about before you went — how much travel improves young people: Eh, Rose, he has quite got rid of his childish manner."

"And my mother, is she well?" said Jean.

"Very well, my friend: how delighted she will be! how she will kiss and hug you! Never a day passes without her talking about you."

"And my father, do you think he will scold me much? you must see him first, and speak for me."

Bellequeue made no reply; he exchanged looks with Rose, and his brow became clouded.

"You don't answer me," said Jean. "Won't my father see me? Won't he forgive me, do you think?"

"It is not that, my friend," said Bellequeue, in an embarrassed manner. "But I thought you knew — since your departure — several things have happened — do you know you will have been away two months to-morrow?"

"Well, what has happened?"

"My boy, in this world we should be prepared for every thing, and then we should be astonished at nothing."

"Come—my father! What has happened to him?"

"He has been dead upwards of a month."

"Dead! ah! good God! and perhaps I was the cause of it?"

"No, no; compose yourself, my dear boy. Your father loved you, but he took your absence much more philosophically than your mother, and every day he comforted her by saying, 'My son will rue the day he left us. He will bite the bridle, which will do him all the good in the world, and I have no doubt he will come back a very altered character.' But about a month ago he was carried off by an apoplectic stroke, although he was in the habit of drinking something every morning to guard against such little accidents."

"I shall never forgive myself for not having been with him in his last moments! Now I feel the full punishment of my fault; but the blow is hard to bear."

"Come, Jean, cheer up: of course we must expect you to cry after your poor father. It would be wrong if you did not, would'nt it Rose? Eh! why you are crying too."

"Yes, sir, I can't bear to see Monsieur Jean cry."

"I don't doubt it; in fact, if I gave way to it, I should cry myself; but I must be firm — I must command my feelings, for I must console Mme. Durand, when I return her son to her."

"You are right, godfather, let us go to my mother."

Bellequeue put on his coat again, and went out with Jean, who would not longer delay an interview with his mother. They soon arrived. It being very late, the shop was shut. Catherine opened the door. She screamed at the sight of her young master; and though they tried to stop her, she ran up stairs, crying, "Here, madame! here, here is M. Jean come back! M. Bellequeue has brought him back."

Seeing nothing else for it, Jean followed close on Catherine's heels, and was soon in his mother's arms.

"There," said Bellequeue, "did not I tell you I would bring him back again. He is quite a new man. Oh, you will find him very steady in future. He has promised me to be so."

Mme. Durand did not require this assurance to forgive her son. Jean, in pouring forth his grief for the loss of his father, did not spare himself.

At length, when the first moments sacred to sorrow and tenderness had passed, they begged the fugitive to recount his adventures. Late as it was, M. Bellequeue would not stir till he had heard the recital. Jean kept back nothing, except Démar's robbery, which had decided him on quitting his companions. He could not so utterly cast off his old comrades as to reveal a crime which, if known, would utterly disgrace their parents. "We quarrelled," said he, "and I left them. For a long time I had felt that I ought to return to you."

They asked no questions. They believed him, and embraced him again, and after having reinstated his godson in the house of his father, Bellequeue returned home, delighted with himself, and all the world.

The next morning, early, Jean went alone to his father's grave, and his mother, at his return, kissed him, saying, "I always said his heart was in its right place."

Young Durand's relations soon heard of his return. But no one came to congratulate the mother; for having blamed her for her extreme weakness, she had quarrelled with them all.

"We shall soon hear of some new scrape," said the Renards. "He will never be steady," said Four-

reau. Mlle. Aglaë predicted he would never be a lady's man; and as to Mistigris, he said, "What can you expect from a man who can't dance?"

Mme. Durand troubled her head very little about her relatives. Her son was returned; that was enough for her.

For some time Jean was very quiet, and stirred very little from his mother's side. The tender mother, somewhat alarmed at his extreme steadiness, began to fear he would fall ill; and was the first to suggest his amusing himself something more. On his side, Jean persuaded his mother to give up business, and to enjoy the quiet to which she was so well entitled. As her son had determined never to be an herbalist, Mme. Durand complied with his wishes. Thanks to Bellequeue, who took all the trouble on himself, the stock and shop were well sold.

The herbalist had conducted his trade well, and the year after the death of her husband, Mme. Durand retired from business, with a fortune of six thousand francs a-year.

Jean having been left nearly as much by his godmother, Mme. Durand said to every body, "My son will one day be worth twelve thousand francs a-year; with that and his figure, he will be fit for a duchess."

Jean, who was nearly eighteen years of age, was really a good-looking fellow. But, though tall and well made, he was totally devoid of manner. Spending most of his time in smoking-rooms and cafès, and

preferring the company of a little grisette, to that of a well-educated woman, Jean showed but too plainly the society he frequented. He was not altogether vulgar, but his tone was loud and his manner abrupt. He could neither turn a compliment, nor had he any small talk for the ladies. Every now and then a most energetic oath escaped him, and not bestowing any pains on himself, he said, "They must take me just as I am;" to which the fond mother would reply, "You are good enough for any body, my son."

Jean certainly could not be accused of coxcombry, and detesting it in others, had no patience with a man who stood admiring himself in a glass. Belle-queue would sometimes say, "But, my friend, one may be a little particular in one's dress without being a fop. One should show taste in every thing, and there is room for it in the arrangement of the hair. Besides, there is no coxcombry in getting one's clothes made by a good tailor."

"Nonsense," said Jean, "if a man is clean, that is all that is necessary."

As Jean knew nothing of literature, or the fine arts, or any pleasing accomplishment, and was perfectly ignorant of all useful knowledge, he was fain to say, "What the devil need a man who has twelve thousand francs a-year, care for all this stuff?" Poor Mme. Durand would chime in, "No, certainly, my dear boy. Besides, you are clever enough to take your share in conversation, without having studied these things."

On the other hand, Jean was a capital billiard-player, an amusement at which he spent the greatest part of his time, and he could drink his share without its having any effect on him. He kept himself in practice at the *traiteur's*, with several young people of his own age, and sometimes he persuaded Bellequeue to come and smoke a pipe or a cigar with him. He seldom went to the play, for he could not stay long in one place. As to paying court to any lady, that was quite out of the question; but he liked laughing and romping with little grisettes, feeling quite at his ease in such company.

Bellequeue took every opportunity of trying to give him a little polish: "You have a capital voice," said he, "but you don't manage it well. You learn nothing but drinking-songs, and you sing too boisterously. You pull your hat quite over your eyes, and you have a most shocking tie. You are upright enough, but you walk too stiffly."

"Liberty, godfather, liberty is every thing with me."

"To be sure, my boy, it is all very well to do nothing but what pleases ourselves, but that does not prevent one from curling one's hair: and you may just as well please to sing pretty little airs, as to roar out your drinking-songs, which make the glasses rattle again."

"Oh, it is so sickening to hear those tiresome songs, which set every body asleep—to see a fellow with a

lack-a-daisical air, and turning up the whites of his eyes —"

"The women like it, Jean."

"I am sorry for it; for I shall never please them then. I must do it naturally, or not at all—but its all one to me."

"If you were in love, you would not say so."

"In love! I'll take very good care never to make a fool of myself. Besides, I can tell you I have already been in love three or four times; but do you think I stood sighing and groaning and making compliments? No; when a girl strikes me I go up to her at once, and say, 'Curse me, but you are a devilish pretty girl—upon my soul, I admire you very much.' One runs away, and I let her run: another laughs, and we soon understand one another."

"Yes, but you have always made up to little milliners' apprentices."

"Well, and I suppose they are as much women as any others."

"Yes, but they are women who don't require much courting."

"If they did, they would not do for me."

"And you call that being in love, my poor boy?"

"To be sure I do; is not it?"

"Not at all; it's a very different affair."

"Whether or no, I shall never be otherwise."

Bellequeue, on his return home, would say to Rose, "Jean is a good looking lad; brave, honest, and well

made. What a pity that he will not rub off a little of his roughness; that's all he wants. If he would only study my manner of addressing a lady—of offering her my arm—"

"M. Jean is very well as he is," replied Rose. "His loud voice agrees very well with his candid manner; there is nothing unpleasant in his roughness. He is handsome, and does not seem to know it, which does not render him the less pleasing. Ah! if he listened to you, indeed,—you are a pretty example, making up to every woman, smiling to one, offering your arm to another—"

"Oh, Rose, that is going too far. I am polite; I come into a room well—that is all."

"Yes, yes, I know all your politeness, sir. You know every woman in the neighbourhood—always bowing to them. Leave M. Jean alone. He will learn to coax and deceive soon enough.

Bellequeue made no reply; but he smiled at himself in the glass, saying, "How devilish jealous she is become!"

CHAPTER XI.

TIME flew. Jean had passed his nineteenth year. He was intimate with several young men, but he considered them only as acquaintances. Démar and Gervais had taught him not to bestow his friendship lightly. Nevertheless Jean was often the dupe of a good heart. They borrowed his money, and he knew not how to refuse them. He was ever open to a melancholy tale, and emptied his purse into the hands of those whom he believed to be unfortunate.

But those who borrowed never offered to repay him. If he reminded any one of his debt he never saw him again; and more than once he encountered at a *café* or *traiteur's*, seated merrily over a bowl of punch or a bottle of Champagne, the half-starved wretch to whom he had given his purse in the morning. Jean was disgusted with mankind, and brought his complaints to Bellequeue, who would say, "My dear friend, you are too quick in every thing. You follow the first impression; whereas the world will soon

teach you that you cannot yield to a second or even a third without being often the dupe of appearances."

"What the devil do you mean by impressions?" said he. "A man of my acquaintance tells me, he wants money: he applies to me, because he knows I have it. I give it to him; because I am able. All this appears very natural, and it turns out that I have had to do with a rascal, who swindles and laughs at me. How was I to know that? If I come across him, I will break my stick over his back."

"Yes, and get sent to jail."

"What, then, must I suffer myself to be robbed, and say nothing?"

"No; but we must not give way to the first impression of anger. We must put our documents into the hands of a solicitor."

"What do you mean by documents?"

"I mean the papers which prove the debt."

"Papers! what papers, have I. When I lend five hundred francs to a friend, am I to say, 'have the goodness to write a promissory note—most likely you are a swindler, and don't mean to pay me."

"You see, however, my boy, that in dealing with the world some little precautions are necessary."

"The world! the world seems prettily made up! I should be a great fool to give myself any trouble about it."

"My son, all the bows, all the smiles, all the exchange of politeness which we daily witness, do not

express that we esteem or look up to those whom we address: quite otherwise. They mean; 'I am as knowing as you are—well acquainted with and accustomed to the world, and you will find it no easy matter to take me in.'"

"That is to say, we are to be as great deceivers and liars as others. None of your knowledge of the world for me! I shall always say what comes into my head; turn my back on those who bore me, and show to those who lie that I do not believe them. Liberty, godfather, liberty is the thing."

"I admire it as much as you possibly can; but there are liberties which we must not take. There are certain limits; for example, if you see a man badly dressed, you must not let him see that you laugh at him; that would be very unpolite. If you feel a strong desire to laugh, and you cannot turn your head away, bite your lips gently, and smile in such a way that no one can take offence at it."

"For God's sake, let me alone, godfather. Do you think I would bite my lips in that way, to prevent me from laughing at an absurd blockhead."

"Such is the custom, however, I can assure you."

"To the devil with your customs! I am very well as I am: my mother thinks so; that's enough. Let those who don't, come and tell me so. I am their man at sword, pistol, stick, or fisty-cuffs."

"Oh, I know you are up to every thing in that way."

"Well then, come, let us get a cigar."

Jean, who was in the habit of calling at Bellequeue's three or four times a day, did not always find him within. But Mademoiselle Rose was sure to be there and received him very graciously. We have already learnt that the *brusquerie* and somewhat free manners of the young man were not objected to by the little housekeeper. Jean chatted with Rose who was far from a fool, and in talking, he would often take hold of her hand, then her arm, then her chin, or some thing else, to which she would pay little attention; as Jean's candid and open hearted way of setting about things left no room for offence.

One morning that Jean called, and his godfather was out, he seated himself near the little girl, and said, "Rose, they say that I am rough and unpolished, do you think so?".

"By no means, Mr. Jean, I always found you quite the contrary. You are young and lively; it is all very natural. Besides, I hate your ceremonious people. Oh, how tiresome they are."

"They say I swear at every second word."

"What a falsehood; besides every man swears a little now and then. When one is agitated there is no refraining. I know some women who swear like troopers; but it is dreadful to hear a woman swear."

"They say also, that I stink of tobacco so that you may smell me a league off."

"Well, where's the harm of smelling of tobacco;

they can say you smoke, that's all; for my part I like the smell."

"My godfather says I walk badly."

"Ah, I suppose he would wish you to hop about like himself."

"He says I neglect my person."

"Because, I suppose, you don't stand two hours before a glass as he does. You are very well dressed; I hate coxcombs.

"He says I am ignorant of the world — that I must learn to lie and grimace."

"Pretty advice, indeed! he would spoil all your natural good qualities. Don't mind him, M. Jean, a'n't you old enough to take care of yourself?"

"And he says I don't know how to make love to a woman, and that I shall never make any woman in love with me."

"Ah, ah, as if you could not please without him — without his —— It's odd enough, if you —— besides you are no longer a child — all that will come of itself."

Whether Mlle. Rose was aware that Jean liked her, or whether he wished to show her his way of making his court to the ladies, the conversation was prolonged for some time, and Jean had been a full hour at Bellequeue's when he returned. As he had a latch-key, he let himself in without ringing, and walked into the parlour where Jean was still chatting with the little housekeeper.

Bellequeue broke down in an attempt at his pleasing smile. It struck him that his godson and his little servant were seated more than sufficiently near to each other.

However, Jean ran gaily up to him, saying, "I was waiting for you."

"I see you were," said Bellequeue, biting his lips. Have you been long — waiting?"

"M. Jean had just come in," said Rose.

"How can you say so, Rose!" said Jean, "I have been more than an hour here."

Rose blushed; she began to think that Jean was somewhat too frank, and that a little knowledge of the world would not be thrown away upon him.

"What were you talking about with Rose," said Bellequeue, after a moment's silence.

"M. Jean was telling me of his travels," said Rose.

"I — I did not tell you a word about it. I told you, you were an uncommonly pretty girl, Rose."

"Ah, in joke, sir."

"No, indeed, I was in downright earnest—and, godfather, I had just kissed her when you came in."

"No, sir, you did not kiss me."

"I didn't! that 's a good one. Look, godfather, I caught hold of her just in this way."

"I see," said Bellequeue, pushing between Jean and Rose, "I can perfectly understand how. Rose, you may go to your kitchen."

Rose went out, stealing a look at Jean to give him a hint, but he paid no attention to it.

Bellequeue gathered himself up, and approaching Jean, said, "My dear friend, I have always tried to impress upon you, that appearances must be kept up, and that there were certain liberties which could not be taken ——"

"What liberties have I taken, godfather?"

"I have hired as housekeeper, a respectable, steady, young woman"—

"How pretty she is!"

"As to her being pretty, that is a matter of taste. She is quite flirt enough, that is very evident."

"Oh, I take! You are fond of her, and wish to keep her to yourself."

"I don't tell you any such thing. Provided she does her work well, that is all that I want. But I won't have you coming here idling and making her neglect her business."

"If you are not fond of her, why should you care about my being so?"

"Because appearances must be preserved."

"And I suppose appearances would not prevent you from kissing her from morning till night if you chose."

"I tell you she is a well-conducted, respectable, young woman."

"Well, then, you need not be afraid of her listening to me."

"Nevertheless, you, must not kiss her: that ought not to be."

"I felt as if it was very much as it ought to be."

"My dear Jean, I have already told you that you ought not to yield to your first impressions."

"And my dear godfather, I have already told you that I laugh at your impressions, and that I will do just as I please. Will you come and smoke?"

"No, I thank you, I have been out enough for one day."

Jean took leave, and Bellequeue remained alone. He mused, and did not seem in his usual good humour. Rose came over towards him, but he said nothing. She whisked about the room; she sang; but all to no purpose. At length she went up to him, and in her softest voice, and showing her beautiful white teeth at the same time, she said, "Will you play a game at draughts?"

Rose knew her master well; already had his anger evaporated, and there was something in the smile of his little housekeeper, which he could not resist. However, he got up as grave a look as he could, and replied, "Rose, I am very angry with you."

"What for?" said Rose, innocently.

"Because you allowed Jean to take liberties with you."

"He took none, I assure you, sir. Do you believe M. Jean troubles his head about me? he who never thinks of a woman at all.—Stay a moment, there is something wrong, let me settle this little curl. —Jean is a rattlepate, and thinks of nothing but laughing."

"Am I better, now, Rose?"

"Oh you are quite a love; there is not a hair out of its place."

"Nevertheless, when my godson calls, and I am not within, he must be told ——"

"I know very well, sir, what he must be told. But what kept you so long this morning. You were at the perfumer's again?"

"I just stept in for a moment."

"There! did not I say so? When my gentleman is there, there is no getting him away."

"Rose you are pulling my hair; you hurt me!"

"So much the better; it would serve you right to pull every hair out of your head; it would teach you to be less gallant in future."

"What a delightful creature it is," said Bellequeue, placing himself before the draught-board. "However it won't do to leave her and my godson too much together."

Whilst moving his men, Bellequeue meditated how he could put Jean on some other pursuit. All at once an idea struck him. He jumped up from the table suddenly, and taking his hat, left the little housekeeper in the middle of the game."

"Eh, what, are you going out, sir?" said Rose.

"Yes, I have just recollected a very particular business."

"Why you have not finished the game!"

"We will finish it another time."

So saying, Bellequeue made the best of his way to Mme. Durand's, where he knew Jean was not then to be found.

"My dear gossip, I come to speak to you on business," said Bellequeue, sitting down by the widow. "On most important business, in which you are very particularly interested, inasmuch as it relates to your son."

"To my son!" said Mme. Durand, "speak my dear Bellequeue, has anything happened to him."

"No, no, make yourself easy; he is just now smoking or playing billiards, or it may be, doing both together. You see there is nothing alarming in it. But, madame, it is of what is to happen hereafter — of the future fate of Jean, that I wish to speak to you."

"Oh, it is only the future fate of Jean that troubles you! is not he rich? has not he a certain fortune?"

"No doubt, if he does not throw it away right and left: *cafès, traiteurs,* excursions to the country, all these cost money you know."

"My son is at the age to enjoy these things, and why should not he amuse himself?"

"What you say is perfectly correct. I should be the last man in the world to blame him. But my godson's heart is only too good, it makes him too complying. He lends here and there, and is never repaid; when he is in a cafè he pays for those who are out of cash, as his companions generally are."

"That proves his sensibility."

"It proves also that he has no foresight. If he allows himself to be gulled in this way she will be ruined by people who will only laugh at him. Besides, Jean seems getting tired of this idle life. How often does he come yawning to me in a morning, and saying, 'I don't know what the devil to do with myself to-day?' "

"Very true, he certainly yawns very often. Have you invented any game to amuse him, my dear Bellequeue."

"I have invented nothing; but I have found what Jean wants—and that is a wife."

"How?"

"We must marry him at once."

"Do you really think so?"

"Why not. Jean is full twenty years old, and his height and fine manly appearance make him look twenty-five."

"That's very true."

"Many young people have married much younger than that. I am sure it is exactly the thing — it will steady him. He will no longer run the round of the cafès. The money which he now lends to any one that asks for it he will keep for his children, and he will not yawn quite so often. For when one has a wife, egad! one has something to think about."

The good mamma reflected for some moments, and then said, "I begin to think that you are right, my dear Bellequeue: what an excellent husband Jean will make!"

"Excellent, I have no doubt."

"But we must look about for an equally good wife."

"I have had an eye to that."

"Indeed!"

"Just now, while playing draughts — with — my — housekeeper, I thought of my dear godson. You know how much I love him: I have long had this idea in my mind. All at once the Chopard family occurred to me, and I said, 'The very people we want; here is a wife for Jean.'"

"How! the Chopard family — give me leave" —

"You know M. Chopard is a retired distiller; you are acquainted with him?"

"Very little: M. Durand did not like him."

"Ah! because Chopard, who is a joker, once said to our poor Durand, 'You are but a *simple* man, and I am all *spirit*.' A mere joke. Chopard is a terrible hand at punning; there is no harm in it; and he is a perfectly honest man, and his wife is a gay, laughing creature."

"She is such a fool!"

"You know that is of no consequence; it is not the wife that Jean is to marry, but the daughter, Mlle. Adelaide Chopard — an only child — a lovely woman — and so well brought up: she made noyeau at eight years old, so must be perfectly competent to manage a family. She will have sixty thousand francs down, to say nothing of her expectancies.

The Chopards have at least ten thousand francs a-year."

"Indeed! are you quite sure?"

"I have known the Chopards a long time; I used to dine there twice a-week before I took my housekeeper. Their daughter is about nineteen, but looks twenty-eight, and so will match very well with Jean."

"And do they think of marrying her?"

"Yes, they have actually refused a rich wine-merchant, because Mlle. Chopard did not like living at Picpus: but I am pretty certain they would not refuse my godson."

"They would be hard to please indeed, if they did: you say the young woman is handsome?"

"Oh, extremely handsome; a well proportioned Grecian face; rather large, perhaps, but as she grows older, her cheeks will fall in; she will make an extremely fine woman."

"We must learn if Jean would like to be married."

"I think he would. If he saw it would give you pleasure, I am sure he would consent."

"My dear Jean! I should be so delighted to see him happy and well married."

"He can't do better than marry Mlle. Chopard, provided all parties approve of it; for the parents of the young lady would no more constrain their daughter, than you would your son."

"They are right; we must find out, then, what the young people think of it."

"Yes, but it is necessary for that purpose that they should see each other. Would you like me to take an invitation from you to the Chopards to dinner?"

"Is not that being a little too quick?"

"When a marriage is in question, the quicker it is set about, the better. Besides, I must feel my way with the Chopards, before I drop a word of our intentions."

"Unknown to the young lady, I beg of you."

"Understood, — I should wish to have begun by taking Jean with me, but there is no getting him to enter into society; whereas he cannot escape if we bring them here."

"Say nothing to him till he has seen the young lady."

"No; for it would be just like him, to go away before the Chopards came. After all, a dinner pledges you to nothing, and if Mlle. Adelaide does not please him, I have half a dozen others to propose."

"Settle every thing as you like, my dear Bellequeue, I leave it all to you."

"Agreed; and I pledge myself that my godson will soon be married."

Bellequeue bade adieu to Madame Durand, well pleased with the success of his project, and returned

home, saying to himself, "By marrying Jean to Mlle. Chopard, I shall be pretty sure of getting rid of him in the mornings, and he will not have quite so much time to spend with my little housekeeper."

It is thus, in almost all the actions of our life, our own interests are the first considered.

CHAPTER XII.

NEXT morning, after finishing his toilette, Bellequeue repaired to the Chopards, who lived in the Rue de Berry. The Chopards were extremely good kind of people. The husband was fond of making puns, and laughed for hours at an old bon-mot which he had already sported a hundred times. His wife's faith was great: she laughed as soon as her husband opened his mouth; and often, after bringing the tears in her eyes, she would ask him what he had said. Mlle. Adelaide was idolized by her parents, who had had no other child. Far different from Jean, who would not follow his father's business, the little Chopard had shown a strong taste for distillation. When quite young, she made several essays in brandying cherries and plums, and her astonished parents sent to the Exhibition of Arts and Sciences an apricot preserved by their daughter at the age of seven years. Strange to say, the apricot was not received.

However, Mlle. Adelaide was rather capricious

and sulky, somewhat exacting, and always headstrong. In her parent's eyes she was faultless. She had begun music and drawing, but made little or no progress in either. She had tried astronomy, then history, then botany, then chemistry. In a word, she had a smattering of all, but knew nothing, except a way of making most excellent ratafia. The Chopards thought their daughter all-perfect, and submitted to her judgment in every thing. In this way Mlle. Chopard had grown up to her nineteenth year. She was tall, and tolerably well made. Her person, though large, was not unpleasing. Her eyebrows were strongly marked, which gave a degree of harshness to her countenance. As she had the name of being an heiress, many young people had already paid their court to her. Adelaide was not easily pleased. She was so accustomed to flattery that the compliments of her suitors had no effect on her. And when her parents said, "Will you marry such a one," she would reply, "Ah no, he made the same speeches as all the rest."

Bellequeue found M. and Mme. Chopard *tête-à-tête*, which was just what he wished. He spoke of the charming Adelaide. Speak to parents of their only child — to an author of his works — to an old soldier of his battles — a coquette of her conquests — or a lover of his mistress, and they will listen to you for ever.

"She is astonishing," said Mme. Chopard. "Our

dear Adelaide knows every thing. She argues on all with most extraordinary facility."

"True," said M. Chopard; "whatever the subject, astronomy or music, medicine or liqueurs, she is never at a loss. In the most trifling things, M. Bellequeue, she shows her amazing sagacity. What do you think of her sitting down to vingt-un the other evening, though she had never seen the game before!"

"I could not have believed it," said Bellequeue.

"She enters with so much spirit into every thing," said M. Chopard, "that I sometimes think I am not her father, though every thing I have manufactured has been *spirited* enough. Eh! ha, ha! not bad that."

"Ah, ah, ah, for God's sake, M. Chopard, don't make me laugh so. It is true, our daughter has received a first-rate education; we spared nothing."

"Yes, she has had a dozen masters, and now she is the mistress. Oh, oh, oh! do you take, eh?"

Whilst Mme. Chopard was laughing at this last witticism, Bellequeue got in a word saying, "How comes it so fine a girl remains unmarried?"

"Oh, husbands are not wanting, but the lady is difficult. She is very hard to please. It is natural enough, you will admit, that a young woman, so well informed, would not willingly marry any other than a man of education — that is, a man who can be a companion to her."

"The devil," thought Bellequeue; "if they want a man of learning, I don't think Jean will exactly

answer: never mind, we can but try," and tapping M. Chopard on the shoulder, he said, "I think I know some one who would just suit your daughter; not exactly a man of science, but a fellow well able to talk to any woman. What think you of a handsome lad, twenty years of age, and an only son, who will have twelve thousand francs a year?"

"All that sounds very well; and who is the young man?"

"The son of the late M. Durand, herbalist in the Rue St. Paul."

"The son of poor Durand who was so fond of his simples? Ah, I recollect seeing him when quite young."

"But I think I have heard him spoken of as rather a bad character."

"The merest calumny, I assure you, Mme. Chopard. Jean Durand is lively, and perhaps a little giddy. He loves pleasure as most young people do; but he is as open as the day, and as modest as a young woman. Besides, he is my godson; and as I have never lost sight of him, I can answer for him."

"If that's the case, we might —— However, Adelaide will see, with half an eye, if he will suit her. Her tact is astonishing."

"What! is she as knowing in men too?"

"She is up to every thing, my dear friend. She is an uncommonly clever girl. I assure you her husband will have very little to teach her."

"Well, to come to the point. I am deputed by

Mme. Durand to invite you to take a family dinner with her to-morrow, and to bring the young lady. The young folks are to know nothing about it, and we shall be the better able to judge how they like each other. Mme. Durand would have called herself; but when parents are really desirous of marrying their children, there is no occasion for ceremony. Will you come?"

"Well, we will," said M. Chopard. "We will wait on Mme. Durand. If the young people don't take to each other, why there is only a dinner lost. We will take care it shall not be a lost dinner. Ha, ha, ha! a lost dinner!"

"Capital," said Bellequeue; "but I will go and let Mme. Durand know, that she may prepare for you."

As Bellequeue was bowing himself out, he encountered Mlle. Adelaide, who ran up to her father affectedly, and holding out a little jar, she said, "Papa, papa, look at my plums — an experiment I have tried — without sugar; see, how sound and firm they are — so very green."

"Astonishing!" said Chopard, handing the jar to his wife: "Look, Mme. Chopard."

Madame hung enamoured over the greengages. Bellequeue was called upon for his tribute of admiration.

"And are they really done by you, Mademoiselle?" said he.

"Oh! a mere trifle, sir. I can preserve a bunch of grapes quite whole."

"A bunch of grapes?" said Chopard. "Gad! she will finish by brandying every thing."

The father whispered Bellequeue, "I say, a wife who can preserve plums in this way, would take good care of her husband. Preserve, eh!"

"A treasure, indeed; we must try and steal it from you. Adieu! my dear friends, till to-morrow."

Bellequeue smiled graciously at Mlle. Adelaide, and withdrew to report progress to Mme. Durand. When the door was shut, Mlle. Adelaide said, "Is M. Bellequeue come courting?"

"No child, no; not him," said Mme. Chopard; "but, to-morrow, you will see some one."

"Hush, wife; you know we are not to say any thing. Let her see young Durand, without her knowing any thing of our intentions."

"True, M. Chopard. My dear child, we must not tell you any thing. Besides, you will see Mme. Durand's son to-morrow, as we are going to dine with her. We must leave the rest to chance."

"I will bet any thing," said Mlle. Adelaide, smilingly, "that M. Durand wants to marry me."

"Well, now, if that is not odd!" said Mme. Chopard. "We did not give the slightest hint. But there is no help for it; she foretels every thing."

"She takes after me, Mme. Chopard: when I was a child, I foretold every thing; and they said I must

deal with Spirits. 'If so,' said I, 'make me a distiller.' Ha, ha, ha! most capital that; I will sport that to-morrow at dinner."

On the other hand, Madame Durand waited impatiently for her son's return, as she wished to know his sentiments on marriage. As soon as he came in she said, "Don't you sometimes wish, Jean, that you were settled?"

"Settled in what?" said Jean, "I know nothing of business."

"You don't understand me: when one speaks of being settled, one means married."

"Ah! married, you mean! Devil take me if I ever thought about it; but I think I should cut a very ridiculous figure as a married man."

"Why, you are considerably upwards of twenty—and then you have such a sensible look."

"I have not much sense to boast of, however."

"Marriage will steady your character: when a man has a wife and children, he has an object—something to make him look forward."

"I should like it well enough, I dare say."

"With what pleasure shall I see you settled in your own house."

"Well, we shall see: do you talk the matter over with my godfather, and provided there is no dancing attendance, and paying compliments, 'gad, I don't care if I do marry."

"That's a good lad! Now, my dear Jean, don't

dine out to-morrow: I have a few persons—some friends, to whom I wish to introduce you."

"Ah, if you are to have company, and I must sit bolt upright, and speak when I am spoken to, and all that sort of thing——you know how it bothers me."

"No, no, there will be no ceremony—they are very pleasant people; you may say just what you please—and your godfather dines with us."

"Well, be it so; but I give you fair notice, that if I find them tiresome, I shall cut my stick very quickly."

The important day arrived. At four o'clock, Bellequeue walked into the room. He was dressed in black, with buckles in his shoes. As soon as Jean saw him, he said, "Why the devil are you dressed in that way, to come and dine with us? Why, you are puffed out and powdered, and are as fine as a new pin."

"One should be always a little particular in one's dress in going into company."

"Do you call this company?"

"What else? Besides, your mother expects all the Chopards."

"Who are they? I never heard of them before."

"Extremely respectable people—rich—retired from business."

"That's not what I mean; what do I care whether they are rich or poor; are they pleasant, merry people?"

"Oh, very merry; Chopard is a terrible joker."

"Does he smoke?"

"Why, as to that, you don't suppose a man lives to fifty without smoking? in fact, you will find him a jolly fellow; and his wife laughs almost as much as your cousin Aglaë. As for their daughter——"

"Oh! there is a daughter!"

"A magnificent girl! An astonishingly well-read woman, and so accomplished—she can make every kind of liqueur."

"Some sense in that, by my faith!"

"We shall also have Madame Ledoux," said Mme. Durand; "she grows old, but she is such a good woman."

"Ah," said Jean, "we shall hear enough of her husbands and children."

"No, she is getting too confused—she is losing her memory; but she is nearly seventy years old."

Before the company arrived, Bellequeue would fain have put Jean's hair in papers; but he would not consent, nor would he even oblige him by putting on another cravat.

The Chopard family were punctual; Mlle. Adelaide was in full dress—notwithstanding her heavy brows and square face, her appearance was rather striking, and she might be called a fine girl. Whilst compliments were exchanging, Mlle. Adelaide, for all her downcast looks, had contrived to steal a look at Jean, who, for his part, remained stuck in a corner of the room, and took no notice of the arrival of the com-

pany. His mother was obliged to call him, saying, "Let me introduce you to M. and Madame Chopard."

Jean stepped forward, and nodding his head, said, roughly, "Good morning to you," and then walked off to the window, whistling.

"Is not he a handsome fellow?" whispered Bellequeue.

"Very much so," replied Chopard.

"He seems fond of music," said Madame Chopard.

"Devoted to it," replied Bellequeue; "he whistles equal to a flute."

Mlle. Adelaide said nothing, but stole a glance every now and then at Jean: she was prepared for the compliments, and soft nothings, she had been accustomed to receive from her other admirers. Jean, however, remained whistling at the window, and did not condescend even to look at her, which not a little surprised Mlle. Adelaide.

Madame Durand and Bellequeue did their best to set conversation going. M. Chopard made a few hits; his wife laughed, but the daughter was silent. The arrival of Madame Ledoux caused some little stir: she excused herself for being late, and held open her arms to Jean, saying, "Why, he is grown quite a man! and the image of —— you know, neighbour, one of my children, who was a bailiff, I think—or an upholsterer; no, I had one a stationer: 'pon my word, I quite forget; never mind—your son is his very image."

At length Catherine announced dinner, to their great relief, for Bellequeue could scarcely keep up the ball, and M. Chopard was scratching his head for a new pun.

"Take care of the ladies," said Bellequeue, rising, and taking Madame Chopard's hand, while M. Chopard led out Madame Durand and Madame Ledoux. Mlle. Adelaide remained in the room with Jean, naturally supposing that he would offer his hand to lead her out; but Jean, turning from the window and seeing no one else remaining, contented himself with saying, "Well, don't you go to dinner?—for my part I am as hungry as a wolf,"—and very coolly walked out of the room.

Mlle. Chopard did not know what to think of Jean's want of politeness. Bellequeue seeing his godson enter the dining-room alone, hurried out to Mlle. Adelaide, to whom he said, "M. Durand is so very bashful; I engage he did not dare offer you his hand."

"Ah, he is bashful, is he? I should not have thought it."

"He is a singular young man—a very odd character; you see he does nothing like other people."

Mlle. Adelaide was seated next to Jean, who spoke very little to her: he took care, however, that she should want for nothing. From time to time, he said, "Is not that good?—do you like that?—Why don't you drink, then?—you are drinking nothing." To

these laconic phrases, Mlle. Adelaide replied in monosyllables. She expected every moment some little well-turned compliment from her neighbour; but her neighbour looked as if he never even dreamt of such a thing; and Mlle. Adelaide began to think that Bellequeue was right, and that Jean really never did anything like any other person.

M. Chopard warmed with his dinner: he had already made two good hits on the cucumbers, and found the bread exceeding good, liking everything, as he said, *well-bred*. Mme. Chopard was ready to burst with laughter; Mme. Durand tried to get up a smile; Bellequeue ate and drank like a man, who had no fear of marriage before his eyes, and Mme. Ledoux was every moment asking her neighbour what was said. Jean, sang as he eat, and Mme. Chopard said, "How very gay that young man is; he is all life and spirits."

As Jean liked his glass, he took care to fill M. Chopard's, who whispered Mme. Durand, "Your son has been extremely well brought up."

At the second course, Jean remembered what Bellequeue had mentioned of Mlle. Chopard, and turning suddenly round to her, he said, "I am told, you can make liqueurs."

Mlle. Adelaide bit her lips, and replied, poutingly, "I can make something more than that, sir."

"Ah, I dare say; a woman must have something to employ her. They can't do as we do, run from cafès to billiards."

"Oh, I can play at billiards."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, yes, we have a billiard-table at my father's country-house, where I often play. I also play on the piano-forte."

"They wanted to stick me down to the fiddle—"

"But music was too much for my nerves—"

"It gave me a pain in my ears—"

"I also learned to draw, and studied the antique models: I drew a Cupid, which was not thought bad."

"I once drew Punch, after a model, too."

"I have a taste for botany; I like going out in the fields."

"Ah, good God! don't talk about it; I remember that my father flogged me, because I would not learn the names in Latin. I have forgotten all but the rue."

"But I dropped that for astronomy. Ah! what a delightful study! to learn the names of the planets; to know when Venus rises, when Saturn sets—"

"He sets down when he is tired, I suppose."

"The polar star; the milky way—"

"Try some of that cream, I'll engage it beats all your milky way."

"But history is better than all. Oh, history is so interesting, so amusing—"

"Yes, my nurse used to put me to sleep with that."

"Those Greeks and Romans; the fathers killing

their sons — the sons killing their mothers — the brothers killing each other."

"What a devil of a set of fellows!"

"Iphigenia, who loved so well—Hector—and that Tarquin, who ran away with Helen—nothing can be more interesting than the siege of Troy."

"My daughter is letting herself out," said Mme. Chopard to Bellequeue; "she will not stop now."

Jean stared at Mlle. Adelaide, and began whistling between his teeth. M. Chopard filled Mme. Ledoux's glass, who had nearly drank enough. Mme. Chopard was sufficiently employed in laughing at her husband's jokes, and in admiring her daughter's speeches. Mme. Durand was delighted with her son's behaviour, who was, however, leaning with both his elbows on the table: but as the dessert had arrived, it passed off as a happy carelessness. Mlle. Adelaide began to take to Jean; for women have always a secret penchant for men who are not like the rest of the world.

They stayed a long time at table. M. Chopard and Jean drank and hobnobbed together, and Bellequeue saw with pleasure that the thing worked well. The ladies talked all at once, and after coffee, Mme. Ledoux assured them, she had had fourteen husbands, and three children by each.

Mme. Chopard, who was proud of her daughter's voice, turned the conversation on singing. M. Chopard said, "He liked it of all things at the dessert, as it kept the company longer together." Bellequeue

agreed with them, and led the way by singing, "*Femmes, voulez vous éprouver,*" in a languishing tone, smiling tenderly at the same time on the women. After the second couplet, Jean cried, "Why, godfather, you sing that as if you had been living on honey for the last fortnight." "It is certainly very tender," said M. Chopard; "but I like something very lively, such as, '*Rendez moi mon écuelle de bois,*' or, '*Dans un verger Colinette;*' one is never tired of those."

M. Chopard sang several couplets, which Jean accompanied by whistling and beating time on the table. Mlle. Adelaide was then begged to favour the company. After a great deal of pressing, she commenced an air; then another, because she could not recollect the words: after beginning four songs without finishing one, she declared she would learn one on purpose the next time; and Mme. Chopard cried, "This comes of knowing too much; it only puzzles. My daughter has learnt at least three hundred songs, and can never recollect the whole of one; she really knows too much."

It was now Jean's turn. He thundered out a drinking song. "That's very good in its way," said Bellequeue, "but I dare say these ladies would prefer some other song." Upon which Jean struck up "*La Béquille du Père Barnaba,*" but Mme. Chopard soon stopt him, saying, "I have heard that before; my husband used to sing it formerly," and she whispered Mme. Durand, "Adelaide would be shocked."

Jean then began, "*Rien Père Cyprien,*" but Mme.

Chopard once more interfered, saying, "We know that also."

"*Sacre bleu!*" said Jean, "if you won't let me finish anything, why the devil did you ask me to sing?"

"Very true," said Adelaide, "let Monsieur finish his song."

To prevent anything unpleasant, Bellequeue begged Jean to sing one of Bérenger's songs. A song was sung, they joined chorus, hobnobbed together, and all was piece and harmony again. Bellequeue fearing Jean might be again asked, and having no faith in his choice of songs, was the first to observe that it was getting late, and the Chopards arose and took their leave of Mme. Durand, making her promise that herself and Jean would speedily return their visit.

CHAPTER XIV.

On their return home, the anxious parents did not fail to ask their daughter what she thought of Jean. They were seldom in the habit of making up their own minds, till they had heard her opinion. Mlle. Chopard pronounced Jean to be a man very different to the general run. She admitted that he was somewhat odd in his manners; but she had sounded him, and found he could talk extremely well, and was never at a loss on any subject.

"He is a man of science," said Madame Chopard, "I guessed as much, the first time I saw him. He must have found his match in you, my child."

"Why, yes, we discussed several subjects most fully."

"For my part," said M. Chopard, "I like his frank open-hearted manner. He is not one of those who think only of themselves. He is a fine tall fellow too, and all young ladies are partial to high men.—Ah! that's capital, is not it?—*Hymen!* Ha! ha! ha!"

The fact was, Mademoiselle Adelaide was not displeased with Jean's appearance, and piqued at his

not paying those compliments she had been so much in the habit of receiving, she felt, in spite of herself, a certain interest in him; which, with the women, is often the commencement of a more tender sentiment.

On her side, Madame Durand tried to find out what her son thought of Mlle. Chopard. Jean seemed in a very happy state of indifference. He did not think much about Mademoiselle Adelaide, either one way or the other, but on the whole rather admired her; which was a point gained, and Bellequeue who well knew his godson's taste, did not fail to say, "With such a wife as that, my friend, a husband would have nothing to do from morning to night; she would be so capable of managing, and would make plenty of brandy fruits and every sort of liqueur."

"Nothing to do"——it was attacking Jean on his weak side.

He smiled at his godfather, and said, "Well, if you are as much interested as my mother in this business—with all my heart, Mademoiselle Chopard will do as well as any other."

Madame Durand caught her son in her arms, and Bellequeue went to the Chopards to hear their report of his godson. His mind rather misgave him, as he feared Jean's very ungallant conduct could not have been very pleasing to Mademoiselle Adelaide: he was not quite at his ease when he arrived at the old distiller's, whom he found alone, and whom he asked at once what he thought of Jean.

"Think of him," cried M. Chopard, "why, he is a delightful fellow; an original, but a really clever man."

"How!" said Bellequeue, who fancied he did not hear rightly.

"Ah, you pretend not to understand; but my daughter soon found him out: I tell you he is a man of science; my daughter says so, and there is no deceiving her."

"Oh, I don't by any means say to the contrary; but you see he sinks all this before us."

"Very likely; but he could not hide it from my daughter; and, when she has said a thing"——

"I understand, then, she does not dislike him."

"Very much the contrary; but the young man must come and see us; he must chat and talk with Adelaide."

"Of course! of course! I'll bring him here to-morrow evening."

"Do so, and let them amuse themselves. We must pretend to know nothing of what is going on. After all, marriage is but a lottery. I hope theirs will not prove a *lot-awry:* Ha, ha, ha!"

"Very good that, very good, excellent! Good morning, my dear Chopard; I think every thing is in a fair way."

"I think so, too: if my daughter does not draw a prize, I shall look *blank* enough: Ha, ha, ha!"

Bellequeue went away delighted. He returned home,

his eyes sparkling, and Rose perceived that something had happened. Young girls are, in general, curious, and the little housekeeper exercised some authority over her master: she insisted on knowing every thing he did; and immediately asked him, what made him look so pleased.

"Oh, nothing," replied Bellequeue, with a knowing look.

"That 's a fib," said Rose, "but you won't put me off in that way; I insist on knowing what you have been about; if you don't, I'll pull your hair out."

This threat made Bellequeue smile, and he muttered to himself, "How jealous she is—she is worse than a Turk; if she met me with a female, I don't know what would be the consequence."

"Well, sir," said Rose, "have you made up your mind whether to tell me or not?"

"My dear friend, I was going to tell you every thing; but you are such a petulant little animal."

"No matter what I am. Let us hear."

"Well then, I have just been settling a little business, which gives me great pleasure."

"Well; what is this little business?"

"Why—the marriage of my godson."

"The marriage of Mr. Jean!—You are going to marry him?"

"Don't you hear."

"A young man not twenty!"

"Twenty and a half, nearly."

"No matter. 'Tis not common sense: you must have lost your head to think of marrying a young man who dreams of nothing but amusing himself."

Mademoiselle Rose bit her lips, and seemed in a very bad temper.

For his part Bellequeue replied in a severe tone of voice, "Mademoiselle, mind your own business—and do not give your tongue quite so much liberty, I beg of you."

Rose tossed her head, and returned to her kitchen.

She said nothing more all the morning;—but this day the fowl was burnt, the cutlets done to a cinder, and the soup spoiled. Bellequeue made a very bad dinner. "Poor Rose," thought he, "I said too much to her. She must have felt it, or she would not have neglected the dinner in this way."

Leaving to a more fit opportunity the making peace with Rose, and quite occupied with the affair, the termination of which he had so much at heart, Bellequeue took his hat after dinner, and instead of sitting down to draughts with his housekeeper, he repaired to Madame Durand to recount to her the favourable dispositions of the Chopard family.

Madame Durand was not in the least surprised at the success of her son. "I knew," said she, "that Jean would turn their heads the instant they saw him. Mademoiselle Chopard ought to be very much flattered at being his choice."

"Certainly," said Bellequeue, "my godson is a

very handsome man: but you must admit that——as to the sciences—I can't conceive what could have made them take him for a learned man."

"Why," said Madame Durand, "do you think my son for a fool?"

"No," my dear gossip, by no means; but"—

"You are just like his father, who always said he knew nothing. For my part, I always said he knew every thing. Do you think a clever lad like him requires to have every thing beat into him. Where would be the use of talent, if one required to study, like all the rest of the world?"

"You are quite right in what you say; but"—

"But, my dear Bellequeue, I tell you my son would coax the heart of a princess, if he chose."

"I don't in the least doubt it, my dear gossip; but we are forgetting Mademoiselle Adelaide Chopard, who is not a princess, to be sure, but who I am certain will make my godson a very happy man."

"I don't doubt it, and I like the idea of this marriage excessively."

"Well, then, make Jean come with us to-morrow evening to the Chopards."

"Depend upon it, he shall come."

Bellequeue left Madame Durand, saying to himself, "If they insist on my godson's being a man of science, let him be so, with all my heart. The great thing is to marry him. I shall then be more quiet, and not be running about all day on other people's business. I could

sit down at my ease with Rose to a game of draughts; she would then have no longer any cause for jealousy, and it is to be hoped, would not spoil my dinner."

Madame Durand told her son of the intended visit to the Chopards, and that he had made a conquest of Mademoiselle Adelaide, who was quite pleased at finding him so well informed.

"You might easily persuade her, then, that a crow was an eagle; and I begin to think that this young lady, who is so knowing in preserves, is no great conjuror after all. You know very well, mother, that I can do nothing but drink, smoke, swear, and play at billiards."

"You don't know your own talents, son."

"You may say that; I did not know that I had even one."

"Well, but you will come with me to the Chopards, won't you?"

Jean always took fright at the very word visit. Ignorant of all the manners and customs of polite life, he found himself very ill at ease in the drawing-room: he could not resist, however, the importunities of his mother; besides, he found that no great ceremony was requisite with the Chopards.

The Chopards were prepared for Madame Durand and her son. They had invited a few friends to make up a party at vingt-un. Wax replaced the ordinary tallow candles; the chairs and sofas were uncovered, and the eyes were dazzled with a brilliant display of

old blue embroidered satin, which had only seen the daylight six times in upwards of fifteen years. The toilette was not forgotten. Mademoiselle Adelaide had bestowed no little pains on her head-dress; feeling, for the first time, an anxious desire to please, and, for the first time also, doubting her success. M. Chopard had not forgotten to arrange on a *console* about a dozen little jars, containing the boasted productions of Mademoiselle, his daughter; and which he never failed to produce in evidence whenever a matrimonial candidate presented himself.

Three neighbours had already arrived, and Mlle. Adelaide was beginning to pout, as no M. Jean had yet appeared, although it was seven o'clock. Presently, a bell rang, and the voice of Bellequeue was heard, who was escorting Mme. Durand. The parlour door opened, and the cook-maid ran before, in order to announce them; but Jean pulled her back by her apron, saying, "We can speak for ourselves; besides, don't you think they will know us again?" Twisting the girl around, he walked into the room, his hat still on his head, and going up to M. Chopard, and slapping him on the shoulder, said, "How goes it, my old buck?"

M. Chopard turned round, and perceived Jean in a great coat, dirty boots, coloured cravat, and no gloves. His mother and Bellequeue had, in vain, tried to make him dress himself. But as Mlle. Adelaide had pronounced Jean to be a man of science, and a cha-

racter, the old gentleman thought all was right, and squeezing his hand cordially, said, "Good evening, Professor;" then turning to his friends, he whispered, "Observe the negligent dress of this young man; he is very eccentric. Young men of science never trouble themselves about dress; they are above all that."

"In that case," said one of the neighbours, "he must be an extremely deep read man indeed."

Mlle. Adelaide was not altogether so well pleased with Jean's deshabille; however, she stood up to receive him, but he seemed never to have thought about her. He got sight of the jars, and turning to Chopard, said, "What, are we to swallow all these? Good cheer with a vengeance."

"Why, yes; marriage bells have a cheerful sound; but egad, my lad, I don't think you would fancy a *belle* without a prospect of good cheer. Ha, ha, ha!"

Bellequeue, who saw that Mlle. Adelaide was biting her lips, not a little annoyed at Jean's want of gallantry, whispered him, "Why don't you wish Mlle. Chopard good evening?"

"True," said Jean, aloud; "Devil take me if I had not quite forgotten her."

Jean walked over to the sofa, on which Mlle. Adelaide was reclining, and throwing himself lazily down by her side, said, "Well, my princess, what have you got to say for yourself this evening?"

Mlle. Adelaide, quite astonished to find herself so

familiarly addressed by a man whom she had seen only once before, knew not what to say.

M. Chopard, who had overheard Jean, whispered his wife, "Did you hear him call her princess? That is quite in a courtier's style. Don't let us seem to take any notice, but come away from the sofa, and leave them to themselves."

"Yes," said Bellequeue, "I rather think, the less we hear of what they say the better."

They busied themselves in getting up a game at vingt-un; and the sofa being at the other end of the room, the young people were left *tête-à-tête*, and could talk away as they pleased.

Mlle. Adelaide did not know what to make of Jean. Her habitual confidence forsook her, and being at a loss what to say, she dropped her eyes, and heaved a gentle sigh.

"Does your dinner disagree with you?" said Jean.

"By no means," said Mlle. Chopard, quickly. "A person may sigh without having over-eaten themselves, I suppose."

"Oh yes, to be sure. I heave a long breath myself sometimes; particularly when I feel weary."

"But I beg, sir, that you would not think I feel any ennui just now."

"And if you did feel tired," said Jean, "there would be nothing astonishing in it, sitting near a man you know so little."

"A well educated person, sir, never feels tired in company."

"Ah, that's the reason, I suppose, that I often feel so very much tired."

"You are only joking."

"No; may I be struck with lightning if it's not true!"

"All's well," said M. Chopard to Bellequeue, stealing a look at the sofa. "How interested they appear. I engage they are deep in some subject."

"They certainly seem very animated," said Bellequeue, who was so overjoyed, that he asked for more cards, although he was twenty-four and did not see that he was burst.

After a moment's silence, Jean, who generally went to the point, said, "By the bye, I think they wish to marry us."

Mlle. Adelaide turned as rosy as a milk-maid, and stammered "Really — sir — I don't know."

"Ah, you don't know. I thought they might have spoken to you as they have to me. But no matter, you know it now, and we can talk about it; for if we are really to be married, we had better get a little acquainted with each other. How do you like the idea?"

"Why, sir —— I think —— that is, I don't think —— really —— you take one so unawares."

"Where the devil is the necessity of wasting three hours about an affair of this kind? You like, or you don't like — that is all."

"But one can't say so all at once."

"Why not? for my part, I should like to know what I have to expect. To tell you the truth, I never thought about marrying at all: but my mother and godfather are for ever dinning in my ears, that it will be the best thing for me — that it will make me wiser and steadier. I think I am steady enough already: but, however, as they wish it, I am quite content to marry."

Such a declaration as this completely upset all Mlle. Adelaide's preconceived ideas: accustomed to be told "I adore you — I never can be happy without you," by all those who had previously aspired to her hand, she thought that to this, Jean would come first or last; and was, therefore, quite unprepared, and had no answer ready for this abrupt address.

Tired of Mlle. Chopard's silence, who sat, not knowing what to say or how to look, Jean squeezed her knee familiarly, and said, "Have I been talking Chinese to you?"

Mlle. Adelaide drew back quickly, saying, "Who do you think you are speaking to, sir? upon my word, I have never been accustomed to such liberties! No one ever addressed me in such a style as this before."

Jean looked the young lady full in the face and burst into a fit of laughter, which only augmented her confusion.

The old gentleman, whilst playing, said to Mme.

Durand, "Your son burns up like phosphorus. See how he makes up to my daughter — *vingt-un* on both, you pay me double, two farthings on each; that's a capital *coup*."

When Jean could stop laughing, he approached Mlle. Adelaide, and said, "Did you really think I came here courting?"

"By no means."

"I am ready to marry you, if you like; if not, there is no harm done: our parents wish it, but we will do nothing but what we like ourselves."

"But, sir, should not there be some little love before marriage?"

"I don't see the use of it; for my part, I should lie most confoundedly if I told you I was in love with you."

"How extremely gallant!"

"Perhaps you would rather I said what I did not think, and told you I was?"

"I should certainly wish that you might become so; it does not seem that there would be any great difficulty in it."

"Too much difficulty for me; and as to being gallant, and dancing attendance, I pretend to nothing of the kind. I go at once to the point, and abominate all affectation and prudery: you see me just as I am. — Well! you can think of what our friends wish; there is no hurry, take your own time. — Meanwhile I'll taste some of those bottles; I

shan't be sorry to see some of your skill in distillation."

So saying, Jean rose, and walking over to the *console*, took a bottle of preserved cherries. "I say, daddy Chopard, can't we manage to come at these? it was not only to gratify our eyesight, that you stuck all these in a row."

"Certainly not," said M. Chopard, rising from the *vingt-un* table, after whispering his neighbours, — "more of the young man's odd ways you see;" and desiring a servant to bring glasses, he opened a bottle, saying, "I know very well what you will say — there never were such brandied fruits as these; though a man had taken an oath against preserves, I am sure he would not be able to *preserve* his oath." Eh! eh! eh! famous! Mme. Chopard, try to remember that!"

Mme. Chopard laughed till the tears came in her eyes, and all the players quitted the table, for they thought the cherries well worth the game at *vingt-un*, particularly when played for farthings.

After the cherries, Jean proposed trying another bottle, and then a third; and as each was found to be superior to the preceding, and drew fresh compliments to Mlle. Adelaide, the Chopards were delighted, and would have willingly opened every bottle in the house. Mme. Durand, however, mistrusted her son, and begged they might resume their game.

They re-seated themselves at the table. Jean walked up and down the room, looking at the players or singing and whistling between his teeth. Mlle. Adelaide, still seated on the sofa, looked at him from time to time.

"Dear me, what a very singular young man! who would believe now, that he was in love and wished to marry me? I am sure he is in love with me, though he won't admit it. Besides, M. Bellequeue told papa so."

Seeing that she might sit for ever if she waited for Jean, she determined to go to him. She arose with a lively air, laughed loud at every word he said, and at length permitted him to squeeze her knees as he pleased; feeling it necessary to concede something to so very great an original.

The hour of parting arrived, and the heads of the families separated, well pleased with each other.

On their way Mme. Durand again asked her son how he liked Mlle. Adelaide; and Jean, who had been very well pleased with the little liberties that the lady allowed him, replied, "That he thought her a fine bouncing girl."

The Chopards did not fail to interrogate their daughter in a similar manner; and, although Jean had not been very gallant to Mlle. Adelaide — although he had not only spoken to her, but treated her very cavalierly, she replied, "I certainly like him sufficiently well to marry him."

When alone in her room, she said, "He has not paid me a single compliment, it is true, but I like him. Besides, I am convinced he loves me, though there is no getting him to say so."

Bellequeue, who was always afraid of Jean's changing his mind, tried to make him commit himself, so that he could not recede with honour. He ran backwards and forwards between the Chopards and Mme. Durand, and every time he saw Mlle. Adelaide he said, "My godson, thinks of no one but you" — and to Jean — "you have played the very devil with that poor girl! she is for ever dreaming of you: last night she thought you were changed into a turtle dove."

Jean laughed: Mlle. Adelaide smiled; and the Chopards said to Bellequeue, "If the young man is so very much in love, why does he not come and see us?"

"Singularity of character," said Bellequeue, "he can't bring himself to make love like the rest of the world."

At length, by dint of running backwards and forwards, Bellequeue brought them once more together. The lady blushed, and Bellequeue pushing his godson, who remained stuck in the middle of the room, said "take the lady's hand — it is the custom when one has serious intentions."

"With all my heart, said Jean, "if it is the custom;" and stepping up to Mlle. Adelaide, he took her hand and squeezed it as if they were old friends.

Bellequeue, slapping M. Chopard on the back, said, "It is settled, they are affianced!"

"Our dear children are affianced," said Mme. Durand, embracing Mme. Chopard: and M. Chopard cried, "Here is a true love knot; it's tight enough now."

Jean still held Mlle. Adelaide's hand, who felt no wish to withdraw it.

M. Chopard went for a bottle of apricots to celebrate the contract.

Jean dropped Mlle. Adelaide's hand for the apricots. They dranked, hob-nobbed, danced and sung. The evening passed off gaily. They embraced at parting, and all the way home Bellequeue kept saying to Jean, "You are now affianced, there is no retracting; you may now look on Mlle. Chopard as your wife."

"Be it so," said Jean, "but devil take me if I ever intended to affiance myself by merely shaking hands with a girl."

The thought of his contract, however, did not interfere with his sleep. As to Bellequeue, he returned home in raptures; and, whilst putting on his dressing-gown, he said, "It is all settled, they cannot retract: they are affianced."

"Who?" said Mlle. Rose.

"Why my godson, Jean Durand, and Mlle. Adelaide Chopard."

"A pretty marriage, indeed!" said Rose, taking her candle.

"Rose, a game of draughts—only one game," cried Bellequeue to his little housekeeper; but she would not hear, and shutting the door of her room, muttered, "Play by yourself, if you like it."

CHAPTER XV.

JEAN had been eight days contracted to Mlle. Chopard. They had settled that the marriage should take place in six weeks time, as Mlle. Adelaide (certain of Jean as a husband) was not sorry to have an opportunity of seeing more of him, for she still flattered herself she could render him gallant and submissive to her desires.

Jean had not taken the trouble to learn when the marriage was to take place, so little did he care whether it was early or late. He went to the Chopards because he found himself as much at home and at ease as in his own house, but he behaved himself towards Mlle. Adelaide as to any other person. Nothing as yet gave promise of his becoming more attached or attentive. On the other hand, the lady felt her liking for young Durand to increase every day; and the more she lamented in secret his not evincing his love, the more she felt she loved him.

The Chopards gave themselves little trouble on the

subject, persuaded that their daughter need only be seen to be admired. They imputed all his oddities to the singularity of his character; and every time he came to visit them, they did not fail to parade the bottles, and to enlarge on the talents of their daughter. Jean had no objection to this, and Mme. Chopard whispered her daughter, "Your intended eats the brandied fruits with the greatest pleasure. This young man loves you most sincerely, my dear child."

Mlle. Adelaide sighed; her mind misgave her that Jean did not love her half so well as he loved the brandied peaches.

Jean was on his return one evening from the Chopards; it was not more than ten, but the streets of the Marais were already empty. On turning into the Rue des Trois Pavillons, he heard the voices of women crying "thieves!" and, at the same moment, a man ran by, holding a shawl in his hand. Jean collared him, and, taking away the shawl, was dragging him along, when the robber said, "Have mercy on me, I am lost."

Jean thought the voice was not unknown to him: involuntarily he loosed his hold on the robber, who immediately took to flight, and Jean ran towards the two ladies who had called out "help!"

These ladies, who were elegantly dressed, and of a genteel appearance, were leaning against the wall, scarce able to support themselves; and seeing Jean

coming towards them, they screamed with fear, thinking it was one of the robbers, who had returned to his prey.

Jean re-assured the ladies, and, presenting the shawl, said, "Is this all the rascal took from you? *Sacre bleu!* I am sorry I let him escape. But his voice — it struck me — he was off before I knew what I was doing."

The ladies were profuse of their thanks. The shawl was a handsome cachemire, and well worth the acknowledgments they made.

"He took my reticule also," said one of the ladies, "but that is a trifling loss. There was nothing in it but a little money, a handkerchief, and a souvenir — the only thing I regret, indeed."

Jean was for running after the robber to get back the reticule, but the ladies would not hear of it. They begged him to have the goodness to escort them to the nearest coach-stand.

Jean offered his arm to the ladies, who accepted it; and on their way told him how the circumstance had occurred. They had just left a house in the Rue des Trois Pavillons, and would not take a servant, thinking two women ran no risk, at ten o'clock at night, in a quarter which was far from being a desert. They had intended taking the first coach they could find, but had scarcely gone twenty yards, when a man approached, and snatching the reticule and shawl, ran away with them.

The two ladies, whom Jean was escorting, spoke, first one and then the other, and sometimes both together, as often happens when people are agitated by any unexpected event. One of these ladies might be about forty; the other appeared very young. Both overpowered Jean with thanks, and then began to accuse each other.

"It is your fault, my dear, that this has happened to us."

"Rather yours, my dear friend; I wanted to go three-quarters of an hour ago."

"What could we do? we come so seldom to the Marais to see poor Mme. de St. Luce, and then we should have broken up her game at Boston."

"But she wanted to send for a hackney-coach, and you would not hear of it."

"Her servant is so old, and almost as lame as her mistress; I could not think of letting her."

"Well, we have got off very well."

"Yes, thanks to this gentleman: how frightened I was."

"And I, too; but I screamed out lustily."

"The loss of a shawl was no great harm, but I feared the wretch would have returned and killed us."

"Ah, sir, perhaps we owe our very lives to you."

To all this Jean replied, "*Parbleu!* what I have done is very natural — I am only sorry the rascal made off with your bag — I can assure you he had

no idea of returning: on the contrary, when I caught hold of him he was running as hard as he could, and I 'll engage he is far enough off by this time."

They now reached a coach-stand. Jean put the ladies in one, and offered to accompany them home if they had still any fear. They thanked him politely, assuring him again how much they felt indebted to him. To get rid of all this, Jean hastily bid them good night and walked away from the carriage, which then drove off.

Jean, who, when escorting the ladies, had turned his back on home, now retraced his steps, fully occupied with the adventure. But it was not of the ladies he thought. The robber's voice still rang in his ears, and called to mind that of one of his old school-fellows.

"Could it really have been Démar?" said Jean, walking quickly down the street in which he had encountered him. "Démar a robber! the trick he played when I quitted him too plainly showed his bent that way. Unfortunate wretch! he has probably made Gervais as bad as himself. Where should I have been now had I not left them as I did — and all was to have been in common between us. But what folly to take oaths at fifteen years of age! perhaps it would be better never to make any."

Whilst giving way to these thoughts, Jean found himself at the very spot where he had encountered the robber. Something sparkled on the ground: he

stooped and picked up a pretty little silk reticule with steel clasps and chain.

"I'll engage," said Jean, "this is the very bag the lady lost. How did we manage not to see it? Confound them, they talked so much, and so overpowered me with their thanks — we should have been better employed in searching about. Never mind, if there is an address inside, these ladies will lose nothing."

Jean opened the reticule, and found within, a purse containing twenty-five francs, a handkerchief, and a pretty souvenir.

"It's the very bag stolen from one of these ladies," said Jean, putting it in his pocket; "but whether from the old or young one I don't recollect; they spoke so often together. I think, however, it was the young one, for she owns the shawl, and no doubt the rascal who attacked them, took both together."

When Jean got home it was more than eleven o'clock: as Mme. Durand had retired for the night, Jean went at once to his own room, and drawing the bag from his pocket he once more took out the souvenir, which he could now examine at his ease.

The souvenir was covered with blue morocco, the four corners inlaid with steel, and it had a plate inscribed simply with the word 'Souvenir.'

"Very pretty," said Jean; "exactly the kind of catch-penny for a fine lady; and it struck me that

these ladies were of what they call high fashion. Mlle. Chopard must not flatter herself with having such knick knacks as these. What is the use of all this? That a man should have a pocket-book is all very well; but a woman — surely she has no occasion for taking notes like a newspaper reporter. But come, let us see if there is anything of consequence in the souvenir; I must look through it to try and find her name and address, as there is nothing of the kind outside. Let us run through the fine lady's memorandums. She little thought they would ever be disclosed to a stranger, I imagine."

Jean seated himself near a lamp on the table, and lighting a cigar, he opened the souvenir, and began reading as follows:

'Mme. Derville expects me at breakfast next week. I have promised to go, as this is the tenth time she has invited me; there is no putting her down; I must go in order to be done with it. I do not like Mme. Derville, she is vain and deceitful; she has a caustic wit, which spares no one. But in the world, if one only saw those whom one loved —'

"What fools these people of the world are," said Jean, "always doing what they don't like, because it is the custom. How I despise them! Why breakfast with Mme. Derville if she did not like it: but who knows, perhaps she called her her dearest friend. Let us see.

'Thursday a ball at Madame de Brémont's — must

not forget to order a trimming *en roses panachées*, Clotilda's was so handsome.—Madame Julian's head was extremely well dressed. I must order such another *toque ponceau.* — My bracelets must be new set; I see crosses are worn now.—My comb is quite out of fashion.'

" Ah, my God! here is a chapter on *colifichets.* It is frightful to think of a lady's toilette. It struck me she was a bit of a coquette; they are all so—But, Mlle. Chopard, if you bother me with your jewels, crosses, and combs, I shall beg you to go and set about your ratafia. If these tablets are all about dress, I shall soon have enough of it. I'll see, however ——

' What a very interesting little child: his name is Adolphus; he is only six years old, his mother is a widow, and has been ill these three months. Poor people! Fauxbourg St. Martin, No. 238. I will call there to-morrow.'

" Come, not bad for a coquette; she has a good heart at all events: I like her a little better.

' Madame de Brémont's ball was delightful: I stood up every dance: Monsieur Valcourt asked me rather too often; it makes one talked about: I begin to think he is in love with me—my dress was very much admired — I have also promised to give a ball to oblige the little St. Amands; the poor little girls! how fond they are of dancing: I shall invite their cousins, the Dormeuils and the St. Leons: as for

men, we shall have plenty of them — I will have no écarté, so that the dancing shall not be interfered with.'

" Ah ! she always says ' I will,' and never speaks of her husband; has not she one? but that 's no proof—ah ! here is a different hand ; verses I think ; a song perhaps—

' How look on thee, sweet Caroline,
And yet resist love's soft infection ;
Such grace and beauty you combine,
Each heart to you must yield subjection.
Since power supreme like this you hold,
And sprightly wit and sense unite,
'Tis cruel thus to be so cold
To those, who live but in thy sight.'

" Very fine, upon my word ! it is a downright declaration : I shall never be able to come up to any thing like this — what a pity ! I am sure my bride, that is to be, would bottle herself in brandy if 'twould make me do as much — there is something written underneath, but it is almost rubbed out. — ' *To Mme. Dorville, by her most sincere adorer.*'

" Madame Dorville—no doubt, that is the name of the owner of the souvenir ;—Caroline Dorville,—that is it ; now, to find her address. This does not say as much, but as they call her madame, I suppose she is married—and she receives these verses and declarations. I am not very jealous of Mlle. Adelaide—but when she becomes my wife, I shall not let every coxcomb address her in this manner."

Jean puffed out a mouthful of smoke, and recommenced reading.——'How delighted those poor people were to see me. I have restored to hope, perhaps to life, that poor creature—a mother, dying, broken-hearted at five-and-twenty years of age! Her son danced for joy, whilst the mother kissed my hand, and embracing her child, desired him to kneel and bless me —and a few louis sufficed to change this scene of misery. But I will do something more for her; I'll get work, or a situation, for this poor young woman. When I reflect how many poor people there are similarly situated, I blush to think of the money I have wasted in trifles. I am ready to burn this beautiful trimming, which has cost me three times as much as what I gave these unfortunate people.'

"Come, that is very good; we must not talk of her taste for dress after that. If she has faults, she has some good qualities to balance them—and there is many a one of whom we could not say so much.

'Sunday I dine at Madame St. Leon's. — A tea-party on Monday at Madame Dorfeuil's.—Bespeak a box at the opera on Wednesday.—To send my dressing-case to Monbro.—Three new romances, by Panseron at Frère's, Passage des Panoramas: I heard them sung at Madame de la Roche's, they are charming —a new air, with variations for the piano, by Hérold, a little difficult—but now-a-days every thing easy is played only by learners.—Madame de Rémond has just had her portrait taken; I never saw a better

likeness. The painter's address, M. Maricot, Rue Meslée, No. 28.—To ask Constance, the direction of her dress-maker.—Light blue silks much worn.'

"Ah, this is all stuff again. A little while ago she made very sensible reflections, and now she is thinking again of nothing but pleasure and dress! Ah, that is the way with them all — but all this does not tell me her address.

'Not to forget a piano for my country house, and to send word to my gardener to fill all my *jardinières* with fresh flowers.'

"Ah! a country house, is there? 'Gad! every thing is in first-rate style.

'What odd beings these men are! they all say I shall not remain a widow another year. Why not? I have no idea of marrying again: I am free and happy. Had I a child I should not have a wish ungratified.'

"We are a widow, are we? I might have guessed that; but she does not seem to regret the dear departed much:—but come, here is more of it.

'They all pay their court to me — even those who are bound by the most sacred engagements. The first only make me laugh; but I cannot restrain my indignation at the others. They say that woman is weak, but sure I am, I could never be brought to form a guilty connexion of that kind. But their self-love is so great: they think there is no resisting their wit, talents, and importunities — and unfortunately they succeed but too often. I will see Mme. de P. no

more: she is a charming woman, but there is no bearing her husband. I tremble every moment lest he should betray his absurd passion to his wife.'

"There is some good feeling here," said Jean; "every one, it seems, makes love to the beautiful Caroline. There may be some little mistake in this. Some women fancy a man caught if he merely hand them a chair. *Sacre dieu!* If all men were like me!"

'Hortense and her husband are coming to live in Paris: she has desired me to take a lodging for her. I am told there is a very good one in the Rue Sentier, and another in the Rue Richer, near the Fauxbourg Poissonière, almost opposite to me; I'll go about this.'

"Ah! here is what I want. How lucky! Rue Richer, near the Fauxbourg Poissonière: it is impossible I can miss finding the owner of the Souvenir. To morrow I will take it to Mme. Caroline Dorville. Reading her tablets has given me a curiosity to see her. It was so dark to-night; and, besides, I scarcely looked at her. But it would seem she must be fashionable, handsome, and at bottom good-hearted."

Jean replaced the Souvenir in the reticule, and went to bed, musing on what he had read.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE

MODERN CYMON,

FROM THE

"JEAN"

OF

C. PAUL DE KOCK.

"Notre gloire est souvent l'ouvrage d'un sourire."

LEGOUVÉ, *Mérite des Femmes.*

VOL. II.

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THE MODERN CYMON.

CHAPTER I.

NEXT morning, when he awoke, Jean thought no more of the two ladies, and the contents of the souvenir. He was full of Mlle. Adelaide, and the changes his marriage with that young lady would make in his mode of life. "After all," said he, "I will take pretty good care to have every thing my own way. I will smoke all day long if I choose. My godfather says she adores me; and a wife who loves her husband will soon get accustomed to the smell of tobacco."

Jean turned on his pillow, and a very different smell from that of tobacco assailed his nostrils. He could not divine from whence arose the sweet perfume of jasmin and orange flower. On looking about, his eye caught the little silk reticule lying on the chair by the bedside. "Ah, it is my fashionable

ladies' reticule," said Jean, rising: "these women must scent every thing. It is exactly like Daddy Chopard's *crême des fleurs d'orange*. By the bye, I must take her this bag. Suppose I send it: I dare say she will think I come in order to be thanked again. God knows I have had enough of their thanks. However, if I send it by a messenger, he may not make out the house, or leave it with some one who will keep it: after all, I don't look as if I wanted to be rewarded for my trouble, and as I don't know what the devil to do with myself, I may as well walk toward the Rue Richer, as any where else."

Jean did not see any occasion to tell his mother the adventures of the preceding evening. After breakfast, he put the little bag, with its contents, in his pocket, and set out in search of the residence of Mme. Caroline Dorville. When he reached the Rue Richer, Jean knocked at the first *porte cochère*, and asked for Mme. Dorville. The porter replied, "Mme. Dorville? I do not know her; she does not live here."

Jean turned on his heel, but the porter called him back, saying, "But, sir, who is the lady—what is she?"

"Is there a Mme. Dorville in your house?" said Jean, roughly."

"No, sir; but——"

"But what business is it of yours then, who she is, or what she is?"

Jean walked away, leaving the porter muttering, "That is a good one — he is ready enough to ask, and he won't answer a civil question: does he think people are to tell him every thing, and he to tell nothing himself?"

Jean tried another house. This time, a woman opened the door — she made the same reply, and bored him with the same questions. He turned his back on her, saying, "It seems curiosity is a part of their trade. I am as far as ever from knowing where this lady lives; must I knock at every door in the street? It seems, Mme. Dorville is not very well known about here — so much the better; I do not admire your ladies that every body knows."

But at Jean's third essay, the porter replied, "Yes, sir, on the second floor."

Jean ascended a handsome staircase, and rang as loud as he was accustomed to do at his godfather's, saying, "I suppose this fine lady is not up yet; it is only half-past ten — much too early for her." A young girl opened the door. Jean, in his usual rough manner, said, "Is this Mme. Caroline Dorville's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she within?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she up?"

The servant stared at Jean, and seemed a little surprised at his manner. However, she again replied in the affirmative, "Yes, sir, my mistress is up."

"I wish to speak to her."

"Your name, sir, if you please."

"She will not be a bit the wiser for that — she does not know me: but what's that to the purpose? can't I speak to your mistress without telling her my name? Such absurd ceremony!"

"But, sir ——"

"Go tell her, can't you, that there is a person who has something to give her."

The servant ushered Jean into a handsome room, saying, that she would acquaint her mistress.

Jean threw himself on an elegant sofa, and looked about him. The room was richly furnished — fine pictures, a piano, and a harp.

"All of a piece," said Jean, "quite a woman of fashion. All airs and affectation, no doubt: to be sure, Mlle. Chopard is not very handsome, and she makes a fool of herself when she sets up for a wit; still, I prefer a woman like that to one of these high-flyers with whom you must be always on your guard, for fear of offending their ears forsooth. Now this one thinks of nothing but dress, compliments, and visits."

Here Jean recollected the souvenir, and the visit of the young lady to the Fauxbourg St. Martin. He was struck with the possibility of a good heart and fashionable manners being united, and could not help saying, "I am a pretty person, indeed, to set up for a censurer of others — I, who do not know what to do with myself from morning till night."

Just then a door opened, and a lady of about twenty or twenty-one years of age walked into the room. This young lady was rather above the middle size; her figure was light and graceful, and the elegance of her manners added to the charms of her person. There was a pleasing gentleness about her, though her manner was exceedingly lady-like. Her large brown eyes sparkled with a brilliancy which attracted without dazzling, or compelling you to withdraw your gaze; on the contrary, their sweet expression tempted you to look yet again, and they were, indeed, such eyes as one loves best to meet. A Grecian nose not too large — a mouth not too small— a cheek, carnation-tinted, and well-arched brows completed a face, classically oval, and set off a high forehead, surmounted by a profusion of beautiful chesnut hair, which flowed in ringlets on each side of this enchanting countenance.

The lady approached Jean, who involuntarily arose. In a polite, but cold tone, she begged to know his business. Jean, instead of replying, stared at her for some time, and then said, "The devil take me if ever I should have known you again. It is true it was dark, and you had on one of those immense bonnets, under which it is impossible to know any one. I dare say you don't recollect me either."

The young lady looked at Jean, as if trying to recollect him, and then said, "I think I have heard your voice, sir, but I don't know ——"

"God bless me! madame, it was I who stopped a rascal last night in the Rue des Trois Pavillons, who had run away with your shawl."

"Ah, is it you, sir! Pray excuse my not recollecting——"

"No harm done, madame, you would never have heard any thing more of me if I had not found this little bag, just after I left you, which I have no doubt is the one the robber took from you, and which he probably dropped when I collared him."

"What, sir, you have had the goodness——"

"There is no goodness in the case, madame — the bag belonged to you and I have brought it back; that is all, and I have now the honour of wishing you —"

Jean bowed and was leaving the room, but madame Dorville detained him. As soon as she found in the very cavalier gentleman before her, her protector of the preceding night, her reserve gave way to a frank pleasing manner, and it was no longer in a cold tone of voice that she requested Jean to be seated and not to withdraw in such a hurry.

Jean was not much accustomed to comply with the requests of ladies, however, there was something so soft in the manner, and so engaging in the air with which she requested him to remain, that Jean stopped short, looked about as if he did not well know what to do, and at last plumped himself down by Mme. Dorville.

This lovely woman, who joined to her personal at-

tractions, a considerable degree of wit and knowledge of the world, saw with a glance, that Jean was not accustomed to society. Far from seeking to augment his confusion, she pretended not to remark it, in order to put him more at his ease; and, despite his habitual assurance, Jean, who had never been in such company before, felt great difficulty in expressing himself, and was any thing but comfortable, at finding himself seated so near the fine lady.

"And so you found the bag, sir?" said the young lady, who saw that if there was to be any conversation she must commence it.

"Yes, madame, yes; just as I left you—when I had boxed you up in the jarvey, I returned through the street where we met, and seeing something shining on the ground, I picked it up. I opened it and found the contents exactly as you described, and—"

"You have had the goodness to bring it to me yourself: really, I scarce know how to thank you."

"Not at all, madame, there was not much compliment in that. I am quite idle, no business — I fritter away the whole day, and do nothing from morning till night, which is sometimes most damnably tiresome."

Here the young lady changed colour, and drew away her chair a little.

"I preferred bringing you the bag myself, to trusting it to some blockhead who might not have found you out."

"But, sir, how did you discover my name and address?"

This puzzled Jean a little, who replied, "How did I learn your name? ——"

"Yes, for you asked for Madame Dorville — Caroline Dorville even. So that it seems you know my christian name, and yet I dont recollect having mentioned it yesterday evening."

"Very true, madame, it was not from you I learnt it, but as it was necessary to know it, in order to return your property to you — egad, madame, having examined your bag thoroughly to see if it contained any address, and not finding any, I opened your souvenir, and read its contents."

The young lady blushed and dropped her eyes. Jean took notice of it, and said, "Perhaps you are annoyed at this, madame, but I had no other means of making you out."

Caroline smiled slightly, and replied to Jean in a softened tone, "You could not have done otherwise, sir. I will admit that there were some little notes written on the spur of the moment—which—were not meant for the eye of a stranger,—and—you must allow it is rather odd, sir."

The pretty woman could not help smiling, and Jean, who thought she was alluding to what he had read, said, "Why yes, there are some things rather odd to be sure."

There was a moment's silence, the young lady

seemed lost in thought. Perhaps she was trying to recollect what was written in her souvenir. As for Jean, he was quite content, gazing on Mme. Dorville; then throwing his eyes on the pictures began whistling between his teeth, according to his old habit. The young lady stole a look at him, and smiled again. Jean had fixed a picture opposite to him, and kept muttering to himself, "That is very good, that is a first-rate thing—what the devil is it all about? A gentleman is taken ill in church."

"It is the Death of Tasso, sir."

"Ah! the Death of Tasso; I dont know the buck. He is all in black, I see; some physician of the neighbourhood, I suppose."

Mme. Dorville bit her lips, and could hardly conceal her surprise. Jean did not perceive it, and continued his remarks on the pictures.

"Ah! there is a merrier one—they are dancing—I dare say a fête, but from the dress of the gentry, I should suppose it is during carnival."

"That represents the nuptials of Thetis and Peleus."

"Thetis and Peleus! what ridiculous names for married people."

"They are Gods."

"Gods are they! some of them are devilish ugly then. *Bilious,* I suppose, is that old fellow below with a bald head; and that other fellow who has disguised himself as a devil with fiery tail and horns—

I suppose he is the mummer who plays first fiddle at the wedding."

"That is Discord, sir."

"Oh, discord, is it?"

"You are not acquainted, then, with the judgment of Paris?"

"The judgment of Paris? no. I know in our quarter one Paris who is a wine-merchant, but I never heard of his being a judge of any thing else."

The beauty could refrain no longer; she burst into a fit of laughing, and Jean turning very calmly round, said, "Do I make you laugh, ma'am?"

Mme. Dorville looked for a moment, and then replied, "Yes, sir."

"Ah, I have said something absurd."

"I don't say so, sir; but—stay, sir, will you excuse me if I am frank with you."

"Excuse you, to be sure I will! there is nothing I like so much as frankness, it makes one feel so comfortable — and you must have seen, madame, that I am by no means a man of ceremony: what were you going to say?"

"That I am astonished, sir, at your ignorance of things — with which every one is acquainted; and I am the more surprised from your having told me that you do nothing — that is to say, that you have no business which takes up your time."

"No, madame, my name is Jean Durand: I am an only son — my father was a herbalist in the Rue St.

Paul, and, I flatter myself, very much respected in the neighbourhood: he spoke Latin, and thoroughly understood the properties of all simples — he wished to make a man of science of me, but, egad, I could not stomach it: I was tired to death of sitting on a form at school, and always loved being as free as the birds of the air. In short, my father flogged me for not learning botany; whilst my mother kissed me, gave me money, and told me I had learned quite enough. My poor father died, not over well pleased with me, which I deeply regret. I have no one left but my mother, who has quitted business some time — I have twelve thousand francs a-year, which I spend, lounging about with one and another, or smoking and playing billiards: and now, madame, you know me as well as if we had lived all our lives together?"

Caroline was pleased with Jean's candour, and she replied, "You have followed your fancy — every one has a right to please himself."

"Yes, madame, and my pleasure consists in doing nothing."

"You have preferred a life — free — to the pleasures which are to be met with in good society, where a sufficient fortune enables one to take a certain rank."

"How, don't you think I can go into society when I please?"

"I don't say so; but you gave me to understand that you are annoyed by the customs and usages of the world."

"Why, what can I say: I find it such a nuisance to sit for two hours together talking of the most trifling things — to be obliged to dress — and to be jumping up every minute to make a bow — to be on one's guard against an oath slipping out. Is it possible, madame, you can like all this?"

The lady smiled again, and replied, "Every thing, sir, depends on the direction given to our thoughts: in childhood we are fond of pleasure: I was taught to find it in the study of music, drawing, and history; the conversation of persons who drew forth my trifling powers, was my delight, and I have been charmed in company by the wit of others, and have endeavoured to acquire that knowledge which will enable me to play my part respectably in the world in which I am to live."

Jean shook his head, and muttered, "Very true: it is just as you say — all depends on the direction of the thoughts; but — I think it will rain to-day."

The lady bit her lips again; Jean looked up at at the ceiling, and did not well know what to do. There was a pause. At length Mme. Dorville, rising and curtseying to Jean, said, "I shall ever feel grateful, sir, for the services which you have rendered my friend and myself. Whenever you find yourself in this neighbourhood, sir, I trust you will not pass by without looking in."

Jean took the hint: he rose and made the best

bow he could, stammering, "Madam — certainly — with the greatest pleasure — though to be sure — for my part — I beg you will not stir, I can find the door."

In the midst of these phrases, Jean, who in spite of himself felt very much embarrassed, made for the kitchen, and, instead of going out, was getting into a closet. The servant hastened to his assistance, and, leading the way, opened the door. Jean began bowing anew, putting his hat on and off three or four times, and did not breathe freely till the door was closed on him.

"What an infernal ass am I," said Jean, "to be embarrassed before a woman — I should like to know why, too! — for after all, whether a woman wears a cap or her hair, whether she has a silk or linen gown, she is but a woman; and yet I felt quite bewildered with this Mme. Dorville, who was very polite and really amiable. She is a little affected, perhaps, but not unpleasantly so — she looked so good-natured, notwithstanding her fine dress; and besides she is handsome, very handsome indeed — I must do her that justice. Her graceful figure, blue eyes — brown though, I think — I did not much observe the colour, but I felt they were very charming — Mlle. Chopard's large eyes are bursting out of her head; but compared with this lady's, they look more like glass than natural eyes — talking of this lady, by the by, I don't think she agrees with Mlle. Adelaide

that I am a man of science — she did not give me that idea at least, and I rather think that those who consider me very learned cannot be very knowing in any thing else than peach-kernels. — This lady has a very pleasing voice — I think one can talk much longer with a person of a soft voice; it does not fatigue you so — very different from Mlle. Chopard's voice; she might manœuvre a regiment in the plain of Sablons — it is a voice — I don't know how to describe it — it is odd! but there are voices which one likes to listen to, though they may say the most simple things."

Jean was surprised to find himself at home; he had been so occupied with the fair owner of the souvenir, that he had not perceived the length of his walk.

CHAPTER II.

WHILST Jean is thus occupied with the lady he had just left, let us devote a little time to her. The acquaintance of a pretty woman is always desirable, particularly when she unites the beauties of the mind with those of the person.

Caroline was the daughter of a rich merchant named Grandpré, who was so completely wrapped up in his business, that he had very little time to spare for his wife and child, although he was what the world calls a very kind father. But Mme. Grandpré idolized her Caroline, and, having received a very good education herself, she was very capable of superintending that of her daughter.

Caroline had all the necessary masters for music, drawing, and languages; but her mother's lessons, the praises she received for her progress, and her great aptitude for study, made her quickly surmount those difficulties which, both in the arts and sciences, are only to be overcome by great applica-

tion. Caroline became a first-rate musician : she sang delightfully to her own accompaniment on the harp or piano, and drew with great taste. Her mother was proud of her accomplishments, and often said to her husband, " What a dear child she is — she has a thousand talents; and, above all, she is so good and gentle."

" So much the better, so much the better," said M. Grandpré, " I will marry her well, I shan't be satisfied with less than thirty thousand livres a year."

Thus money was every thing with M. Grandpré, as is too generally the case. Madame Grandpré was not exactly of that way of thinking. She thought Caroline sufficiently handsome to be admired for her own sake; and she required that, besides thirty thousand livres a year, the future husband should be sufficiently good-looking to please the daughter equally well with the father.

Caroline, fifteen years old, thought but very vaguely of marriage, if she thought about it at all; and as to love, she only knew it by name. As she often accompanied her parents to balls and parties, no doubt she had been addressed by many young men in that flattering style which excites an emotion of pleasure in the coldest bosoms, and leaves innocence to suppose that there is yet something still more tender to be learnt; but though entering freely into all the pleasures of her age, Caroline as yet could look forward to no possible enjoyment of which her mother was not largely to partake.

About this time a considerable failure in the commercial world took place, and M. Grandpré was all but ruined by it: of all their fortune there remained only three thousand livres a year. There are many who would have been rich with such a sum; to others again, it would be abject poverty. Every thing depends on the rank we hold in the world.

M. Grandpré could not support this reverse; accustomed to extensive business and large speculations, and to all the advantages to be derived from wealth, he could not endure the idea of sinking into a simple citizen — no longer to excite a sensation on 'Change — no longer to have clerks to scold, letters to sign, and orders to give: all this was death to him; for those people who have no real ability, are unable to support a reverse of fortune. They learn their own weakness, and find it was to their gold alone they owed all their confidence, weight, and respectability; they fall prone to the earth, like those bladders which the wind no longer supports. Six weeks after the failure, M. Grandpré died broken-hearted.

Caroline was her mother's only consolation; she redoubled her cares, her zeal, and attentions: she would frequently say — "Mamma, as we have still a thousand crowns a year, we cannot be called poor: however, if you think it not enough, I can work; I can give lessons in music. Why not avail yourself

of those instructions which you have told me a thousand times would be a sure resource in adversity, and that none but fools would blush to employ them."

Mme. Grandpré embraced her daughter, saying, "We have quite enough to support us, Caroline, without calling your talents into exercise: if such exertions were necessary, I should never feel ashamed. Thanks to heaven, the prejudice which weighed so heavily against artists has passed away; with a thousand crowns we may still live respectably: no doubt we must alter our dress, and deny ourselves many little things to which we have been accustomed. If I feel any regret for our fortune, it is for your sake, my child, whom I hoped to have seen in a rank in life which you are so well calculated to adorn."

"Must not I feel always happy, having you: and what a sure resource have I in those talents which I owe to you. Ah! I feel persuaded, mamma, that they are true riches, for they charm our leisure hours, adversity cannot deprive us of them, and they furnish us even with the means of prolonging our existence."

The mother and daughter made their arrangements accordingly. Caroline was not mistaken in saying that she should be equally happy as when rich — at sixteen we are so easily pleased: a walk, music, with friends who still remained attached to her, a party to the play — all these were great pleasures to Caroline. True, in going into company she wore a much more simple dress, and the same bonnet

now lasted a much longer time; but a pretty girl often looks to as much, or more advantage, in simple attire, than when dressed in the height of fashion. Caroline was always greeted with a buzz of admiration when she entered a room, or stood up in a quadrille; she constantly heard, "How well she looks—what a sweet girl,"—and, without being vain, one always feels aware of whom these things are said. How could she then feel regret for the loss of any thing, when she read in every eye that she wanted nothing.

Madame Grandpré felt less philosophically on the subject, having outlived the age of illusion—or, because there is so much more requisite in old age to make us even moderately comfortable. It was painful to her to walk on foot, after having been accustomed to her cabriolet—to lodge on the third story, with very few rooms, after having been accustomed to the first, with a complete suite—and to have but one servant instead of four, as hitherto. She sighed as she climbed her staircase, and, from time to time, a murmur escaped her, which showed Caroline how much she regretted the loss of her fortune. Caroline would throw herself in her arms, and endeavour to make her forget. Madame Grandpré assured her daughter that she mistook the motive of her sighs; but Caroline saw only too well that her mother was but endeavouring to deceive herself. At length Mme. Grandpré, who, when rich, could not tolerate the idea of any other than a young and handsome man as a

husband for her daughter, now said, " Ah! she will never meet with a man worth thirty thousand livres a-year."

It is thus we change with circumstances, and we are called weathercocks: but if no change took place in our own situation, our own fortune, or that of our friends, it would be seen whether we are so very fickle as is generally supposed.

Caroline still went often into company with her mother, who hoped that she might make some desirable match, and that her rare talents and accomplishments might compensate for the want of fortune. Madame Grandpré was not mistaken. Although men are generally on the look out for fortune with girls, yet those who unite wit and beauty with that softness, that modesty, which is so pleasing, especially in a young person, are pretty sure of being soon married. It would be too bad, indeed, if money were alone thought of, and if virtues and graces went for nothing in an engagement so calculated to make us acquainted with the softest sentiments of our nature.

M. Dorville met Mlle. Grandpré: he was at first struck with her charming figure, and was afterwards no less captivated by the talents with which Caroline seemed trying merely to amuse her friends, without intending any display. M. Dorville was astonished to find so much grace, merit, and modesty united. However, he determined to study her character, to see if she joined to those capabilities of pleasing in

the world, those more sterling qualities without which there can be no happiness at home.

The result of his observations was always in Caroline's favour, and he determined to make her his wife. M. Dorville was a naval officer, about fifty years old, of an austere and cold manner, but of a good figure, and very gentlemanly appearance: he had fourteen thousand livres a-year, and a decoration which he had right well earned.

A sensible man of fifty years of age does not think of making love to a girl of sixteen: he feels he may make himself pleasing to her, and suitable as a husband, but he does not expect to inspire her with a very violent passion. M. Dorville, who was neither fool nor coxcomb, was far from deceiving himself on this head: he went straight to Madame Grandpré, and began where those who have honourable intentions generally end — by asking the young lady's hand.

Madame Grandpré was very much flattered by his proposal. M. Dorville bore an honourable name, and was worth fourteen thousand livres a-year; in every respect a good match for her daughter, and better than she had latterly dared to hope for. It was true, M. Dorville was on the wrong side of fifty, and very far from being young or handsome. But since she had lost her fortune, Madame Grandpré thought very little of these trifles. However, she would promise nothing to M. Dorville; she would leave it all to her

daughter: she let him see, though, that she would be well pleased to call him son.

When Caroline was informed that M. Dorville was a suitor for her hand, she made a wry face, and did not seem very much flattered by his preference. Madame Grandpré dwelt on all the advantages of the match which was to decide the fate of Caroline, and particularly on the reputation of M. Dorville for honour and probity. All this was very well in its way; but at sixteen the steadiest girl in the world thinks a little of love and Hymen, and in the day-dreams of her young imagination, her heart was not to be won by honour and probity alone. Caroline told her mother that she had no wish to marry—that she felt herself perfectly happy—and was content with what they had.

Madame Grandpré dropped the subject, but Caroline soon perceived that her mother was melancholy and discontented, and which she concluded was caused by her rejection of M. Dorville. Always affectionate, and ready to sacrifice her own wishes to those of others, Caroline told her mother that, after having well reflected on the subject, she was willing to accept the husband of her choice. In another month she became Madame Dorville.

Madame Grandpré took up her residence with them. If Caroline experienced for her husband none of those tender sentiments, the result of reciprocal love, she yet felt a most sincere friendship for him, and

enjoyed once more the advantages of an easy fortune. Madame Grandpré was two years witness of a union, in which the difference of age had never brought on a quarrel, and she died satisfied with the lot of her daughter.

A year after, M. Dorville, who was particularly fond of field-sports, fell a victim to the awkwardness of a friend, and received a ball intended for a deer. Caroline became a widow and her own mistress at nineteen, with a fortune of very nearly seventeen thousand livres a-year.

Marriage gives to youth a certain rank and position in the world. A widow of nineteen is more independent than an unmarried female of twenty-nine. With her fortune, beauty, and accomplishments, M. Dorville's young widow could not fail to find numerous admirers and aspirants for her hand; but after having passed the spring of life in pleasing others, Caroline determined in future to please herself, and not again to surrender her liberty but with her heart.

We are now acquainted with Caroline, and may add, that she was in her one-and-twentieth year; that an acquaintance with the world, and a certain position in society, had given her that amiable confidence which confers an easiness of manner and the full possession of the faculties, enabling a lovely woman to avail herself of all the advantages nature has so bountifully bestowed. Caroline was by no means a coquette, but she had no objection to please:

she did not lay herself out to attract men—neither did she repulse them. In a word, she was one of those charming women who are the delight of society, and whom other women find it extremely hard to say any thing against.

After Jean's visit, Caroline's first thought was to examine her souvenir. She knew there was nothing in them at which she need blush, but she wished to see the passages from which he had learnt her name and address. Caroline smiled on reading those parts relating to fashions and dress, and said to herself, "The young man must have thought me very trifling; for there is nothing fashionable about him—indeed too little. Pity, that naturally so good-looking—and by no means a bad figure—he should be quite uneducated. But such manners—such an address—such ignorance of the most common things!"

Caroline's eye caught the verses which were addressed to her. "Ah! he learnt my name from these, which M. Valcourt took the liberty of writing one day when I left my souvenir on the table. The gentleman could not learn much from these things. He saw, however, that they were addressed to the mistress of the souvenir; and my address—ah, here it is; this lodging for Hortense. He was not puzzled after all. In spite of his ignorance, I don't think he wants brains. Poor lad! he did not know how to get away; if I had not risen he would have staid here till to-morrow."

Just then the servant announced Madame Beaumont, and a lady of about forty entered the room. Madame Dorville ran to meet her, saying, "Ah, I am very glad to see you."

"My dear friend, I called to know if you had recovered from your fright; for my part, I scarcely closed an eye, though I made my maid sleep in my room, and looked five or six times under my bed, and in my wardrobes: when I did sleep, I dreamt of nothing but robbers, and that no less than three tumbled down my chimney."

"I slept as well as ever, I assure you. But you do not know the end of our adventure."

"What! is there more?"

"Stay—look, here is my bag, my purse, my souvenir. I have lost nothing."

"What do you mean?"

"All is brought back to me."

"By whom? the robber?"

"No, indeed; the gentleman who last night took my shawl from the robber, and escorted us to the carriage."

"Well!"

"Well, he also found my bag in repassing the street, and he brought it to me."

"How very odd! My dear friend, may he not be a spy, do you think?"

"What an idea! quite a young man, to whom we —to whom I, at least, am so much obliged. If you

had conversed with him, as I have, you would never have formed such an opinion."

"You have seen him, then?"

"Certainly; he came himself, and would give the bag to no one but me."

"How does he look by day-light? I was so agitated yesterday, that I scarcely looked at him."

"Why, pretty well."

"He appeared tall."

"Yes—tall enough."

"Rather a vulgar look, I think."

"Not exactly the look—but the dress—the manner—and he smelt of tobacco."

"Oh, dreadful! and you could sit down and talk with him?"

"My dear, surely the smell did not diminish the service he had rendered me."

"No, certainly not; but I do detest smoking—it is so completely the guardhouse."

"You never saw such a singular young man—he has no knowledge of the world; he can neither enter a room, nor leave it; but there is a frankness about him which pleases: he at once told me all his history. His name, Jean Durand; his father, who was in trade, is dead; he lives with his mother, and is worth twelve thousand livres a year."

"Twelve thousand livres a year! and not know how to enter a room: I can't forgive him."

"He confessed to me that he would never do any thing, nor learn any thing."

"What an acquisition in company!"

"You may suppose he thinks of nothing but his pleasures; he can only smoke, swear, and play at billiards."

"What a savage you must have found him."

"No, indeed, he was very polite, except an oath or two that escaped him."

"He would have made me quite nervous."

"Why, after the service he had rendered me, and the pains he had taken to bring home my bag, I thought I could do no less than ask him to call whenever he found himself in this neighbourhood; but I am well persuaded he will never avail himself of the invitation."

"So much the better for you, my dear friend; what could you make of such a man? He was of great use last night, no doubt, which we thanked him for—and there is an end of it."

Caroline made no reply, and they thought no more of Monsieur Jean.

CHAPTER III.

JEAN found Bellequeue at home, who came from the Chopards' to invite him to spend the evening there.

"You must go, my dear friend," added Bellequeue, "for now you are affianced to that superb girl, there are little assiduities due — little attentions necessary."

"Godfather, I have already told you, that I know nothing of gallantry. I am ready to marry the superb girl; but I shall pay her no little attentions, because it is not in my nature to do so; and besides—and besides—besides—I don't know: I should be tired to death making love."

"Always joking. Ah, you rogue, you are hiding your game."

"I don't hide anything, I assure you."

"Yes, but you do though: all the Chopards say so; and Adelaide herself says, that you have a great deal in you, but that you won't let it out. But no matter; you like her, and she adores you; that is the

main point. You will have a most magnificent wife. And what a stock of liqueurs! What are you thinking of, my friend?"

"Nothing, godfather.

"That sometimes happens to me. Well, we meet at Chopard's this evening."

Jean thought of Mme. Dorville the live-long day—the little souvenir—of the visit which he had made the pretty woman, and of the conversation he had had with her, and from time to time he said, "In the world, in what is called good society, how much time is spent in talking sillily, or of trifling things! That must be very tiresome. Yet, I don't know how it was—I was not at all tired this morning, and time passed very quickly. I must have been there upwards of a quarter of an hour. I should have been there still if she had not got up; but, I suppose, it is not the fashion to pay long visits."

In the evening, Jean went mechanically to the Chopards. Mlle. Adelaide tenderly reproached him for having been three days without seeing her: she even gave him a little tap on the arm. Jean let her tap, and made no reply. Mlle. Adelaide pinched him, and he spoke not; but with his eyes fixed on the ground he heaved a gentle sigh. Mlle. Adelaide said to herself, "He is taken—it is all over—he is over head and ears in love—I knew very well what would happen."

Jean's sigh made Mlle. Chopard ridiculously gay.

The parents concluded that the young people were very well satisfied with each other, and Bellequeue, who was always there to spur on his godson, heard Mlle. Adelaide whisper her mother, "My intended is all I wish this evening."

"He seems duller than usual," said Mme. Chopard.

"To be sure he is, mamma—so much the better; it is his love which makes him melancholy and absent. Oh, I will lead him such a dance! it is my turn now," and Mademoiselle. was backward and forwards, running from one to the other. She laughed aloud as she chased a fly about the room, and played all sorts of baby tricks.

Jean looked at her from time to time in a way that did not much resemble admiration, and at length seemed to forget her altogether.

Chopard said to Bellequeue, "My daughter is on the high rope. What folly! What coquettry, and all to manage her intended. She already knows her power well; she is as wild as a young colt—but she has not the same objection to a bridle—*bridal*—ah, capital pun that! Mme. Chopard, recollect that."

Jean took no share in the conversation, he could think of nothing but the preceding night's adventure. He endeavoured to laugh and talk as usual, but in spite of himself he became absent, and his thoughts wandered. M. Chopard asked him, what he was thinking about; and Jean, who felt a secret pleasure

in talking on the subject, related all that had occurred in the Rue des Trois Pavillons.

They were all in raptures at the courage of the young man—"To stop a robber alone," said M. Chopard, "when he might have been armed!"

"You ran a dreadful risk," said Mme. Chopard.

Jean shrugged his shoulders. Bellequeue alone thought the conduct of his godson quite natural.

"You must admit," said Adelaide, "that the ladies could be no great things to be walking alone at that time of night."

"True," said M. Chopard, "you were very wrong in exposing yourself for such——"

Jean looked angrily at the bride expectant, muttering, "Mademoiselle, I can take care of myself;" and feeling very much annoyed at their remarks on the ladies, he said nothing of his visit to Mme. Dorville, but hastily bidding them good night, he took his leave.

Several days passed. Jean did not feel his spirits so good as heretofore. He went as usual to the cafè and billiard-table, but found no amusement, and his stay was short. When at the Chopards, he was sometimes a quarter of an hour without speaking a word. Mlle. Adelaide was more than ever convinced that it was his love for her that made him silent and melancholy; and Madame said to her daughter, "My dear child, had not we better hasten the marriage? your intended will die of love."

"So much the better—so much the better," said Mlle. Adelaide, "I sighed; it is now his turn; let me enjoy my triumph."

"True, very true," said M. Chopard, "she sighed first, he is groaning now — and it will be her turn to groan next, Ha, ha, ha! — my fourth to day."

Jean could not understand himself, what it was that ailed him. He often thought of Mme. Dorville, and could scarcely forgive himself for thinking so much of a woman of whom he knew so little. "She is very handsome," he often said,—"oh, she is charming — but what is that to me, who will never see her again. If I choose though — for she invited me to visit her—but what should I do there—in those fine rooms, where all is ceremony—where one must speak, sit, and get up according to rule. Psha, don't think of it — I was never born for such company as that."

Nevertheless, Jean thought of little but the fine lady; he burnt with desire to see her again — he did all he could to dismiss her from his mind. His old haunts had ceased to please, and one morning he repaired to Bellequeue's where he had not been for a long time.

Bellequeue was not within, having gone out to pay some visits in the neighbourhood; for being no longer jealous of his godson, whom he thought completely occupied with Mlle. Chopard, the *ci-devant* perruquier had ceased to watch his little housekeeper, and left her alone without any uneasiness.

It was Rose, then, who opened the door: she drew back, saying, "How! is that you, M. Jean?"

"Yes, Rose, it is I —"

"Well, who would have thought of seeing you!"

"Is not my godfather within?"

"No, sir; of course you only came to see him," said Rose, pettishly.

Jean paid no attention, but walking into a room, seated himself in an arm-chair. The little housekeeper followed, settling her hair and arranging more symmetrically the points of her collar.

"Do you know, M. Jean, you have not been here since — since ——"

"Yes, I know — some time ago," said Jean, in an absent manner, and not noticing Rose's little airs.

"It was the day when my master returned so suddenly whilst we were talking. You got me well scolded: why did you say you had been kissing me? those things ought never to be mentioned, and one is not prevented from doing it again if one chooses."

Jean made no reply for some moments, then said, "Psha! what trash all this is."

"How! trash! why my master was as red as a turkey cock—but what do you care?—when one's head is full of other things, one thinks no longer of what one thought of before — because you are going to be married you are so serious I suppose: upon my word, I should not know you again — you, who used to be

so lively, always laughing and joking — Mlle. Chopard ought to be very proud of having turned your head so completely."

Jean looked at Rose, then muttered, "Mlle. Chopard turn my head!"

"Why, every body says so: besides any one may see with half an eye that there is something the matter with you. You ought to be very happy, however, as you are going to marry your beauty — it is very odd though — how astonished I was when I heard of this marriage, yes — I don't know why — but I never could have believed — I know Mlle. Adelaide is a very fine woman; rather too much of her perhaps—but beauty is all a matter of taste. There are some people who says she walks like a man — has a large nose — bull eyes — square chin, and bushy eyebrows. But, what matter? that has nothing to do with happiness."

Jean payed but little attention to Rose; all at once he cried, "Ah, if you did but know how handsome she is!"

"Good God, sir, don't I tell you I know it!" said Rose pettishly; "but I must say I don't see any thing so very extraordinary."

"You know her!" said Jean, with surprise.

"Certainly."

"No, Rose, you do not know her."

"That 's a good one, I don't know Mlle. Chopard!"

"Who the devil is speaking of Mlle. Chopard?" said Jean, stamping on the ground.

It was now Rose's turn to look surprised. "What! sir, were not you speaking of her when you said 'How pretty she is?'"

"No, Rose, no; it was another person—a young lady."

"A young lady!"

"Yes, and it is she who is so charming."

"Who is this young lady?"

"I will tell you all about it, Rose."

So saying, Jean caught hold of the little girl and seated her on his lap.

"Well, sir, what are you about, pulling me in this way—a man too, almost the same as married!"

"Be quiet, Rose, and listen to me; I am not in a humour for trifling."

"I see as much!" said Mlle. Rose, pouting a little; but she remained on his knees whilst Jean related his acquaintance with Mme. Dorville from first to last.

Rose listened very attentively; she was quick, and seeing the pleasure Jean took in speaking of Mme. Dorville, she asked him a thousand questions about her.

"She is then a very pretty woman, sir?"

"Oh yes, Rose, a face that strikes immediately—and you know that I am not easily struck, and, besides, take very little notice of all this, unless indeed —— there is something rather remarkable."

"And is she young?"

"About twenty, I suppose."

"Tall?"

"About the middle height, but such a figure — so graceful!"

"Was she well dressed?"

"Yes, elegantly."

"What gown had she?"

Jean moved impatiently, which made Rose jump up.

"Do you think I amused myself by handling the stuff of her gown?—I tell you she is a lady — of fashion, in a word."

"You did not mention your visit to this lady to the Chopards?"

"No, why should I?"

"Certainly; you are the master of your own actions, and it is very kind of you to worry yourself — did you go again to the lady's house?"

"No, do you think I could go again, Rose?"

"Why not? did not the lady invite you? — You rendered her a service, and she will be very happy to see you again; it's all very natural, and I think you will find her a very agreeable acquaintance."

Jean, delighted, hugged Rose in his arms and kissed her over and over again, which the little housekeeper submitted to very patiently, crying, "Will you have done then — if my master was to come home, he would think that — whilst God knows nothing could be more innocent!"

Jean kissed Rose once and again, and rising suddenly, cried, "You are right, I 'll go and see Mme. Dorville."

"Go, sir, go," said Rose to Jean, who ran off as hard as he could. The little girl rubbing her hands, said, "Oh, I am delighted at this, I see how it will be. Ah, M. Bellequeue, you will make up matches without consulting me: very good, we shall see—M. Jean is no more in love with Mlle. Chopard than my thumb—so much the better; I can't bear those Chopards—pretending to treat me like a common servant."

Jean returned home. When once he had taken a determination, he was uneasy till it was executed; he had resolved to go that very day to Mme. Dorville's. But he recollected the elegance of the lady of the house, and, for the first time in his life, Jean thought of dressing himself. When last in the Rue Richer, he had been as slovenly as possible; this time he determined to be otherwise, and then, said he, "I shall feel at my ease, and I see no reason why I should be dressed like an ostler. I will show this lady that, when I please, I can dress as well as other people."

Jean put on a pair of new pantaloons, well polished boots, and a white waistcoat, but failed when he came to the cravat; never having taken much pains before, he found it a harder task than he expected. He rumpled three without success, and stamped on the ground in despair. His mother heard the noise and hastened to his room.

"I can't tie my cravat," said Jean, with a desponding look.

"Stay, stay, my dear boy, don't be impatient; let me do it for you."

The good mamma chose one of the best starched, and fastening it tightly round his neck, she tied it in a large bow in front. Unfortunately bows were quite out of fashion; but Jean was as ignorant on the subject as his mother. He put on his best blue coat, and stopping before a glass, which he had never done before in his life, he passed his hand through his hair, and arranged it a little on one side. Then taking his hat, he went out, leaving his mother lost in admiration.

"He is in love, indeed, poor fellow! Mademoiselle Chopard may well be proud, for she is the first for whom he ever dressed himself."

Jean took a cab, in order not to splash himself, and that he might arrive the sooner. He soon reached Madame Dorville's in the Rue Richer, settled with the driver, and jumping hastily out of the cab, he entered the house. His heart beat high; he felt in a way he could not describe, and his limbs shook as he asked the porter if Madame Dorville was within.

"Walk up, sir, Madame is within."

"She is within," said Jean, ascending the stairs. He felt almost sorry that it was so; although he had come for no other purpose than to see her.

"How will this lady receive me?" said Jean, walking up slowly. "Most likely she will think it odd, though she invited me to return—what shall I say to

her?—First I will ask her how she is—that is easy enough. I am sure I am dressed quite well enough for the occasion—besides, I know very well—*Sacre bleu!* what a cursed ass I am to be upset in this way when merely paying a visit—why should I feel thus?—An't I worth this lady, and all her acquaintances put together—Let us see."

Jean was before the door; he rang, the servant opened it.

"Madame Dorville?" said Jean, raising his voice in order to gain courage.

"Madame is within, sir—Your name, sir?"

"Jean Durand."

The servant opened the door of the drawing-room and announced M. Jean Durand. It was just two, the most fashionable hour for receiving and paying visits. There were already with Madame Dorville, Madame Beaumont, two fashionable looking women, and a foppish young man, good looking, but who seemed to know it too well.

When M. Jean Durand was announced, Caroline seemed to be trying to recollect who it could be. The fop rose, and the ladies turned their heads towards the door, to see this gentleman whom they had never heard of before, and whose name and surname sounded somewhat strangely.

Jean was as red as a turkey-cock, though meaning to be quite at his ease. He had his hat in one hand, and his gloves in the other, thinking it would look

more knowing than to put them on. As the servant had announced him, he felt he must proceed, though he scarcely knew which leg to advance. Summoning all his courage, he swang himself into the room; but at the sight of so many strange eyes fixed on him, Jean was bewildered, and quite forgot where he was. He drew back a step; in vain he sought Madame Dorville, and bowing at random, knocked his head against a bookcase — starting back, he upset a chair, and his feet became entangled in the carpet which he dragged after him, and with it several articles of furniture.

The dandy hastened to his assistance, saying, "Don't move—for God's sake stop—let me help you."

It was no longer in Jean's power to move, he was petrified. His hat and gloves fell from his hands, and he did not attempt to pick them up. The stifled laugh of the ladies rang in his ears, but he saw nothing.

All this was the work of a moment. Caroline who had recognized him, rose, and went towards him. The dandy took the young man by the hand, and liberated him from the carpet. Madame Dorville smiled graciously at Jean, and asked after his health.

Jean tried to re-assure himself, and bowing, stammered, "Good God, Madame, I beg you a thousand pardons if I have upset"—

"Oh! sir, don't mention it; pray be seated."

Caroline offered a chair to Jean, who threw himself in it with all the feelings of a ship-wrecked sailor,

when he gains the land. However, his hat and gloves were still terribly in his way, and he changed them alternately from the right hand to the left.

"How very kind of you, sir, to recollect my address," said Caroline, endeavouring to put Jean at his ease by engaging him in conversation.

"Madame, I have never forgotten it," replied Jean, "and I should have called much sooner if I had thought—if I could have believed—"

"You have probably been in the country," said Caroline quickly, who saw that Jean would never get through his sentence.

"No, Madame, I have remained here."

"When do you leave town, my dear friend?" said Madame Dorville to one of the ladies, in order to make the conversation general, as she saw that the ladies were struck with Jean's appearance, and that M. Valcourt, the dandy, could not take his eyes off him.

"I really can't say," replied the young lady, affectedly, "I have so much still to do in Paris. Not a moment I can call my own—so many visits to pay—purchases to make—and my husband takes no trouble whatever—it is too bad."

"Madame de Walen was in a pretty rage yesterday. What do you think of her husband bringing home a dozen persons to dinner without giving her the least notice—people of consequence too—academicians and men in office.—It is really too much. Two or three people might be excused, but twelve—"

"M. Beaumont served me so once; and what do you think I did? I went out and left him to entertain his company by himself."

"Ah! you wicked creature!"

"But Madame Beaumont has a very strong mind," said the fop, balancing himself on his chair. "She is equal to the part of your Athalias or Agrippinas."

"Oh, no, indeed! I am much too nervous."

During this conversation, Jean looked up at the ceiling, then at his feet, crossed and re-crossed his legs, and did not know what to do. M. Valcourt was amusing himself all the time with Jean's figure, dress, and particularly his immense bow. The ladies exchanged very significant looks with each other.

Caroline, always kind and good-hearted, alone took any pains to make Jean feel at his ease; though she feared, that engaging him in conversation would but make him betray his deficiences. For his part, Jean would fain have spoken, but knew not what to say; he, however, stole a look at Caroline whenever he could do so, without encountering her eyes.

"You were not at Madame Dorsan's last *soirée*," said one of the ladies. "You, too, who are so fond of music—you had such a loss—they sang such sweet things."

"For my part," said the fop, "I heard nothing very extraordinary; do you mean that immense girl, who so cruelly murdered the air in *la Gazza?*—or the gentleman who thinks he has a fine counter tenor

because he takes so much snuff, and is never without a cold? or Madame Quinville and her young brother, whom she puffs as a first rate singer, that she may sing second with him?—And Mademoiselle Herminie on the harp!—oh! what martyrdom! always the variations on Robin des Bois—and you know her taste—no style—no execution whatever. As for the gentleman who strummed the guitar — you must admit it was in the style of Good King Pepin."

"Oh, M. Valcourt, you are too bad! you run down every thing!"

"I—not at all: I merely tell the truth. In fact, there is nothing so unbearable as bad music. I am sure this gentleman agrees with me."

This question was addressed to Jean, who, since his entrance, had listened with opened mouth, but had not ventured to say a word. He turned towards Valcourt and said, "Bad music! Egad, I don't know bad from good. I am very thick-headed at all that."

The fop smiled disdainfully; the ladies looked at each other, and Caroline hastened to say, "There are many people who are not fond of music—besides every one has not time for it. By the bye, who has seen the new piece at the Vaudeville? I hear it is very good."

"Yes, not bad. There are some well turned couplets in it; though I don't think much of the denouement."

"Have you seen it, sir," said Valcourt, who seemed determined to draw Jean out.

"I seldom go to the theatre," said Jean, trying to put on a good face. "One must be seated so long—in the same place: it makes me as dull as ditch-water."

The ladies made a slight movement of surprise. Valcourt looked at them, and bit his lips. Jean, who conceived it must be quite fashionable to balance himself on his chair like the fop, threw himself backwards and forwards, humming a tune at the same time, to show how perfectly he felt at home. But this graceful exercise being quite new to him, he executed the movement with too much spirit, and fell with his chair against a window which he smashed in atoms.

This accident increased Jean's confusion: the ladies and Valcourt whispered together. "Here is a gentleman determined to make his way — a most agreeable companion in a drawing-room — What an odd figure!—And his dress — pray ladies oblige me by admiring that bow — What singular expressions he uses — Where the devil can Mme. Dorville have picked up such an acquaintance?"

Caroline waved Jean's apologies, and replied—"It's a——I am to blame, sir—I should have told you that those chairs were easily upset — however, you are not hurt; that is the principal thing."

Jean moved himself as far from the window as he could, by which means he was brought close to the ladies. Caroline, who guessed he was the subject of

the whispering she heard, turned to Madame Beaumont, saying, "By the bye, my dear friend, I ought to have introduced this gentleman to you. You also must thank him for the services he rendered us the night we were attacked by the robber; for though I was the only one who lost any thing, yet you came in for a full share of the fright."

"What! is this the gentleman?" said Madame Beaumont; and Jean rose a little in the opinions of the rest of the party by this explanation.

"Yes, my dear friend," rejoined Caroline, "this is the gentleman, who though alone, stopped the robber, and afterwards escorted us to the carriage. You must recollect how frightened we were, and that we thought ourselves but too lucky in the protection which this gentleman was kind enough to afford us."

Caroline said this with a slight degree of emphasis. Madame Beaumont inclined her head, and expressed her thanks; to which Jean replied, "It is not worth talking about, madame; I should have done the same for the first comer." M. Valcourt smiled ironically.

"Good heavens! what is this, my dear Caroline?" said one of the ladies who was seated near Jean, "don't you smell something—if it were winter, I should say your chimney was smoking."

"Why really — I do smell something like smoke," said Madame Beaumont.

"It is not exactly the smoke you mean, ladies,"

said Valcourt, "what you smell is the smoke of a pipe."

"Of a pipe!" said the three ladies in disgust.

"Oh, *sacre!* there is no doubt of it," said Jean. "It is I who smell of it. The infernal tobacco poisons one's clothes,—I did not smoke to-day, however."

There was no reply, but looks any thing but gracious were exchanged. Caroline herself seemed to partake of the general contagion.

Shortly after, the two ladies jumped up together, embraced Madame Dorville, saying, "Adieu, my dear, we must save ourselves;" and they disappeared without vouchsafing a look at Jean.

He remained on his chair, no longer balancing, but sitting bolt upright, following every movement of Caroline with his eyes.

The coxcomb soon rose also; he walked once or twice up and down the room, looking at himself in the glass, and whispered Mme. Beaumont. He kissed Mme. Dorville's hand, and made his adieu, smiling in the most gracious manner.

Jean watched all this whilst seated on his chair, to which he seemed nailed. Mme. Dorville had seated herself by Mme. Beaumont. The conversation languished, as the ladies only exchanged a word now and then, and Jean did not dare open his mouth. He could not take his eyes off Caroline. He said to himself, "Since all the company are gone, I ought

to be moving also;" and still he could not bring himself to stir.

At the end of five minutes, Mme. Beaumont said, "This smell of smoke is dreadful for the head."

"Yes, true, when one is not accustomed to it," replied Mme. Dorville languidly.

Jean was as if struck with a thunderbolt. He started up, and bowing to Caroline, "Excuse me, madame; if I had had the least idea how disagreeable this smell is to you, I should have left long ago."

"But, sir, let not that take you away," said Caroline politely, but coldly.

"I beg pardon, madam, I see very well — I now perfectly comprehend that with you one must ——"

Still speaking, Jean reached the door, his eyes fixed on Mme. Dorville. All at once, plaintive cries are heard. Jean had stumbled over a pretty cat, whose tail he had almost crushed.

"I am most damnably awkward to-day," said Jean in utter despair; and, whilst the lovely woman was stooping to take up her cat, he threw himself into the anti-chamber—all but upset the servant who was going to open the door for him — and at last found himself clear of Mme. Dorville's house.

Jean returned home perfectly miserable. He threw himself on his bed, but could not remain a moment in the same position; then seeing on his table the pipe which he generally used, he seized it in a rage, and dashed it in pieces.

CHAPTER IV.

Bellequeue had called on Mme. Durand, and she told him of the extraordinary toilette her son had made before going out, and of the very particular care he had taken with his cravat. There was no resisting this evidence; and Bellequeue had now no doubt that his godson was really very much in love.

"You see," said he, "what a capital hit it was of mine — this marriage. Jean will become a charming man."

"He was always that."

"Yes, but he will be still more so; he will please more in company. I have observed that he is already weaning himself from billiard-tables and cafès."

"I have observed the same."

"A proof of love — you will see Jean will become quite gallant."

"That would surprise me."

"Why, Mlle. Adelaide has told her father and mother in confidence, who have whispered it to me,

that she would before long bring her intended to her feet."

"Yes, but, poor fellow! I won't have him teased too much."

"Don't be uneasy, you know very well that marriage soon puts an end to all this sighing."

"Much too soon, sometimes."

"It only wants three weeks of the day named by the lovely bride that is to be — it will quickly pass in soft looks, tender pressures, gentle sighs — how delightful is the time of courtship! — Ah, my dear gossip, it is not the honey-moon, it is true; but some folks swear it is as much superior to it as is the sun to the moon."

Bellequeue returned home, already thinking of his wedding-dress, as he intended to figure amongst the dancers. He placed himself before a glass, trying to make out some of the pretty steps he had seen at M. Mistigris' ball.

Mlle. Rose gave a wicked look at her master, and asked him what he was doing.

"I am trying to recollect a step or two for Jean's wedding-day."

"Oh, the wedding takes place soon?"

"Three weeks hence."

"You have time enough, then, to practice your steps."

"Little enough; there is no saying — Jean is so terribly in love that he is very likely to hurry the day."

"Oh, M. Jean is in love with Mlle. Chopard?"

"Yes, my dear, so much in love that he is quite changed — it makes him melancholy. No later than this morning he dressed himself out in a way — his mother even believes, though she did not positively assure me of the fact, that Jean rubbed some pomatum in his hair — that makes you laugh."

"Oh, it was not at that — something I was thinking of."

"Ah, you are annoyed at these young people agreeing so well together — you said that the marriage was so ill-judged."

"Oh, I assure you, I don't — I don't care about it — what business is it of mine?"

"A woman's self-love, that must always be in the right — no matter, I must be off to my tailor's."

"What to do there?"

"To order a pair of black kerseymere pantaloons, made tight, and to button at the ancle, for Jean's wedding-day."

"If you take my advice, sir, you will wait awhile before ordering your tight pantaloons."

"Why?"

"Why, wait, and you will see; who knows what may happen?"

"Ah, you monkey, you still want to persuade me that Jean does not idolize Adelaide Chopard — I will go order my pantaloons."

After he had broken his pipe, Jean went out; and,

having no object in view, he walked on as chance directed, still thinking of his morning visit to Mme. Dorville.

" She did not invite me to call again," said Jean, sighing; " No doubt she had enough of me — what blunders I committed! and how odd too! — in vain I tried to gain confidence — I could neither advance or recede — I knew not what to do with my arms, my mouth, or my nose — I am sure I must have made the most horrible faces whilst trying to sit at my ease — my eyes alone — ah! I well know on whom they were fixed — she seemed even still prettier this time than the last; and yet she did not smile on me half so often — there was something cold in her manner which went to my heart — but her voice, always so soft and so touching — I should have pleasure in listening to her, even if she scolded me — good God! what a fool am I, always thinking of this woman whom I shall never see again — I have no excuse for going back; she did not ask me. — Oh, it is all over— I must think of something else — it is useless to trouble myself about a person whom I scarcely know — about a woman, a coquette — no doubt she has had a hearty laugh with her friends at my expence; and that fine gentleman, too, who tittered to himself: if I had but been sure he was laughing at me, I would have caned him soundly — to tell the truth I was awkward enough: when I wished to speak I could find nothing to say — they must have thought me as

stupid as a goose; but what do I care? I shall never see these people again — I should like well enough to see Mme. Dorville sometimes; but after all, what good would it do me? besides, I have no longer any excuse for calling, and I feel so ill at ease there — if she were alone I think I should do better—that is, I should know what to say to her."

After walking about a considerable time, Jean went to a restaurateur's and ordered dinner, but his appetite failed him, and he could touch nothing. He repaired to a theatre to distract his attention. All in vain; he took no interest in the business of the stage — his thoughts wandered; discontented with himself, he left the theatre, saying, "I'll try the Chopards; at least I shall not be alone there; they will speak and I must reply, and it may put this woman out of my head, which I find it at present almost impossible to do."

It was near ten when Jean reached the Chopards, there was company, and he had been expected all the evening. Bellequeue went, in order to see Jean in full dress; a due report of which he had made to Mlle. Adelaide, who, as the time slipped, knew not what to think of the non-arrival of her intended.

Jean appeared just as the party was about to break up.

"A pretty hour to come at," said Mlle. Adelaide, pettishly.

"We were beginning to be uneasy about you, my dear friend," said Bellequeue.

"We could manage the apricot and cherry without him," said M. Chopard, "and now we have got the pear—*pair*—ha, ha, ha!—Well brought in that."

"And pray whence do you come, sir?" said Adelaide.

"From the play, mademoiselle."

"The play! what an idea! going alone to the play! And was it for the play you dressed yourself so handsomely?"

"No, I assure you."

"You see," said Bellequeue to Adelaide, "he did not dress himself for the play."

"Upon my word he is quite magnificent to night," said papa Chopard, walking round him, "he has a look—quite chivalrous."

"And what did you see so very engaging at the play, sir?"

"Upon my word, mademoiselle, it would puzzle me very much to tell you. I was so absent—my mind was so taken up with other things, that I actually came away without knowing what they were playing."

Mlle. Adelaide appeared perfectly well satisfied with this explanation; whilst Bellequeue whispered the Chopards, "Well, what do you say now: is not it just as I told you?"

"Egad, yes; I was very much in love with Mme. Chopard it is true, but I confess, the evening before we were married, I went to see *Le Pied de Mouton*,

and got by heart the song beginning '*Gusman ne connaît plus d'obstacle,*' and which, by-the-by, I sang at our wedding party. You recollect, wife, don't you, the emphatic manner in which I gave—

"Tu dois t'attendre à des miracles,
Et pour toi qui n'en ferait pas."

"M. Chopard hold your tongue, Adelaide is listening."

"Well, what harm; is not she going to be married? she will soon sing her song; oh, oh, oh!"

Jean did his best to be lively. He joined in the conversation — said every thing that came in his head, made wrong answers to what was said to him, and did not seem to know extremely well what he was about. But his company were well pleased with him. At every mistake he made they laughed aloud, exchanged looks, and whispered; and Mlle. Adelaide was decidedly of opinion that Jean had never before been half so amiable.

On leaving the Chopards, Bellequeue proposed that they should go into a smoking-house.

"I smoke no more," replied Jean, quickly.

"You smoke no more!" said Bellequeue, looking with astonishment at his godson. "Since when, pray?"

"Since——to day."

"What! you, who are so fond of smoking?"

"I am fond of it no longer."

"Did it make you sick?"

"No, it is not that—but I have observed that ——in general—women dislike the smell of tobacco —and—I will smoke no more!"

Bellequeue was almost overcome with this proof of love; and after tenderly squeezing his godson's hand, he returned home, saying, "I never could have believed it: he is over head and ears in love. He smokes no more!—is it possible a man could make a more delicate sacrifice? He smokes no more! How lucky it is that I ordered my tight pantaloons."

Several days passed. Jean did his best to drive away the thought of Mme. Dorville, but her delightful image was ever present to his imagination. He determined to go no more to Caroline's. Yet every day he took more pains with his dress — he endeavoured to imitate the young men of fashion whom he met, and strove to walk more uprightly. He no longer passed his time in smoking-houses and billiard-rooms, but was now to be found in those promenades frequented by people of fashion. Whenever he saw at a distance an elegant looking woman, of the height and appearance of Mme. Dorville, he ran towards her, hoping it was herself he was about to meet, but he was always disappointed. He often walked in the Rue Richer. He would pass and repass Mme. Dorville's house, casting a disconsolate look at the windows, and then, withdrawing with a sigh, would return melancholy to his home.

The change which had taken place in Jean's mind, the care he now took in his dress, contrasting so

strongly with his past carelessness, and the difference they perceived in his taste and manners, could not but increase the mistake of the Chopards and Mme. Durand.

Mlle. Adelaide, at the bottom of her heart, thought that love had made her intended rather too melancholy; but she was so proud of the effect of her charms, that whenever the young man sighed, she looked around her with an air of triumph. And Mme. Chopard would say to her husband, "The poor lad! I quite feel for him! What would become of him if he did not marry our daughter?"

"He would evaporate like spirit of wine not properly corked!"

Bellequeue said to Jean one evening, "Only have a little patience; in ten days you will be master of the beautiful Adelaide. Make your mind easy — I will take upon me all the preparations, and do all that is necessary. Do you think of nothing but your own dress, and all will go well."

Jean, returning home, reflected seriously on the marriage which they were forcing on him, and for which he now felt nothing but repugnance. But how break off an affair so far advanced? His mother, the Chopards—all relied on his engagement.

"In ten days! — much too litttle!" said Jean; "had I but time to reflect — to forget. Perhaps, when married, I shall think no more of —— but I will not marry so soon — to-morrow I will go and tell my godfather so."

Next morning, Jean went over to Bellequeue's, but he had already gone out, being completely occupied with the wedding preparations.

Rose was alone. Jean had not seen her since the day he had visited Mme. Dorville, for he knew very well that when they met he must recount to her that which he would willingly forget.

Rose was delighted to see Jean; for her master always told her that the marriage was approaching, and she could not understand it.

"Well, M. Jean, tell me the news, I beg of you," said the little servant, following him into the room: "I hear of nothing but your marrying Mlle. Chopard — I can't believe it, for I know very well you are not in love with Mlle. Adelaide; you have too much taste for that. However, here is M. Bellequeue making all his preparations for the day; he has ordered a pair of tight pantaloons — rather running a risk at his time of life; but he says it is the fashion, and he has still a very good leg."

Jean made no reply; he seated himself, and seemed lost in thought.

"Well, sir, you say nothing to me; I, who am your confidant; I, whom you love — to hear talk sometimes."

"What shall I tell you, Rose?"

"If it is true that you are to marry Mlle. Chopard in ten days."

"They wish it, but I have no great desire myself."

"Well, then, and why do you marry—at your age —with your figure and fortune, to take a person you don't like!"

"But, Rose, they say we are contracted, because one evening I tapped Mlle. Adelaide's hand——"

"Did ever any one hear the like?—to be contracted to a lady because one taps her on the hand. Many is the tap I have got, and never was contracted yet. It is all the doing of M. Bellequeue and the parents."

"You think, then, that I am still at my own disposal, Rose?"

"Why not?—a pretty thing it would be to sacrifice yourself to please other people. Marriage is for life; one should look before one leaps, and——the lady that is so very handsome; have you never seen her again?"

Jean sighed, and answered, "Yes, I have seen her once—the day that I left you so suddenly."

"You have not been there since?"

"No."

"You seemed to think her so handsome!"

"Ah! I am still of the same way of thinking."

"Why not go again, then? Did she give you a bad reception?"

"No, not exactly; but I thought I saw—oh! if you knew how awkward I was at her house!—how confused!—I did not know how to behave!"

"One is awkward the first time; then one becomes accustomed——"

"No, Rose, no; I thought myself that every where I should have the same confidence — I never dreamt that any thing could intimidate me; nevertheless, I perceive that in the great world, in what is called good society, I am quite bewildered, and have the appearance of a fool."

"Nonsense! it can't be: you are too modest!"

"There were ladies there, who looked at me—then made signs to each other, laughing disdainfully. A young man, who never took his eyes off the bow of my cravat——"

"Had they nothing to occupy themselves with but that?"

"In the world, Rose, I see very well that they are occupied with a crowd of nothings, that I should never be able to get into my head!"

"Are you not very well as you are?"

"I begin to see that I might be much better — I smelt of tobacco — I saw that that displeased."

"These fine people are very nonsensical."

"At length I withdrew, and she did not ask me to return."

"One can't say that every time; when said once, it is enough."

"Oh, no!—the coldness of her manner on my taking leave — it is true, when I trod on her cat, I got away as quick as I could."

"Oh! if you trod on her cat also!"

"It is all over, Rose—I shall never see her again."

"Don't see her again, if you please; but that is no reason that you should marry Mlle. Chopard, whom you don't care a straw about."

"This marriage may divert my thoughts——"

"Marry to divert one's thoughts! Here is a bright idea! But if this should not divert your thoughts, you will not be less the husband of a woman whom you do not love; because you love another."

"I love another! Why, Rose, I never told you any such thing!"

"Can't I find it out without your telling me? d'ye think I don't see very well what is the matter with you?—you are in love with this beautiful Madame Dorville—in love to distraction! It is that which makes you so different a man to what you were."

"I in love! you are deceived, Rose! You know very well I never was in love."

"That is the reason you suffer so much from it the first time."

"I think the lady handsome—because she really is so—but I never had the idea——"

"I tell you you are in love—over head and ears in love! I don't mean to say that you won't soon get over it; most men do—but, in a word, you feel very differently toward her and Mlle. Adelaide."

"Good God, Rose! what a comparison! Mlle. Chopard tires and annoys me more and more every day."

"And yet you will marry her! Why, you have not common sense!"

"You say true, Rose; positively I will not marry her!"

"You are quite right."

"To-morrow I will call again on my godfather, and make him acquainted with my determination. But don't be mistaken, Rose — I assure you I feel no particle of love for this lady, at whose house nothing shall ever tempt me to call again."

Jean withdrew, and the little housekeeper jumped about for joy, saying, "He'll not marry Mlle. Chopard! and my master is in for his tight pantaloons!"

Events, however, do not always follow in the way that we have arranged them. On returning home, Jean learned that his mother was in bed very unwell. Before evening a violent fever had come on; Jean remained in close attendance on his mother, and thought no more of his marriage. In a few days the malady made rapid progress, and in spite of all the cares of the most affectionate tenderness, Mme. Durand expired in nine days from the commencement of the attack.

Jean felt the most profound sorrow for the loss of his mother. Bellequeue shared his grief, and for a long time mourning and melancholy interfered with all matrimonial projects.

CHAPTER V.

During the six weeks which followed the death of his mother, Jean scarcely stirred out; always sorrowful and profoundly grieved by the loss he had suffered, he refused all amusement; solitude alone seemed pleasing to him.

Bellequeue respected a grief so natural; but at the end of this time he endeavoured to dissipate Jean's melancholy, and thought the best means for the purpose would be to speak to him of his intended.

"You have not been to see the Chopards since your mourning," said he: "they respect your grief, and cannot but feel touched at your sorrow; but now, my dear Jean, there can be no harm in going to see your friends, and those whom you esteem: I know very well that you will not yet speak of love! Adelaide is too reasonable to expect it, but the sight of her will best console you, and, for her part, she is most anxious for the meeting."

"There is no hurry," replied Jean, coldly.

Bellequeue did not exactly understand this answer from a man who appeared so lost in love.

The Chopards were astonished at not seeing Jean; and Mlle. Adelaide expected him from day to day. They applied to Bellequeue, who answered — "My godson carries everything to an extreme. I see he fears the sight of his beloved will make him forget the death of his mother too quickly."

"That proves his profound sensibility," said Mme. Chopard.

"And the violence of his love for our daughter," added M. Chopard.

"Nevertheless," said Adelaide, "I don't like being so long without seeing my intended. Good heavens! he need not mention love; and I know very well that marriage is out of the question for the present; but I must see him, M. Bellequeue — see him I must."

"I will soon bring him to you, my dear child. Are you aware of all he has given up for your sake? — he smokes no more!"

"Given up smoking! oh how delightful! — but I never forbade him."

"No matter; he told me he perceived it was unpleasant to the ladies."

"What an attentive husband you will have, child: — not smoke! But take care you don't make him *fume* in spite of himself when you are married — Ha, ha, ha! capital pun."

"Ah, papa!"

"He not only does not go the divans, but he plays no more at billiards, and he has given up the cafès, and all those young men who used to borrow his money. As for his dress and appearance, you would not know him again. All this is your work, lovely Adelaide! it is you who have effected this metamorphosis."

"Like Diana, who changed her love into a *deer*."

"There is no bearing you, father, with your horrible puns."

Ha, ha! I can't help it — I plead guilty to a little wit, and must use it — your box — I am up to snuff, eh!"

Bellequeue had made his escape during the laugh, promising to reappear shortly with his godson. Jean, tired to death with his solicitations, agreed at length to accompany him to the Chopards.

He was received with a degree of solemn stiffness which they thought requisite on the occasion. Mlle. Adelaide had taken great pains with her dress, in which black predominated, in order to show how much she sympathised with the feelings of her lover. Mme. Chopard never once spoke of preserves or liqueurs; and M. Chopard promised faithfully to abstain from puns: they all behaved with the strictest decorum. Bellequeue himself spoke but in whispers; and took care not to make the least noise when he walked across the room. All this gave the party the appearance of a phantasmagoria.

Jean had quite enough of it in an hour's time. He rose and bowed coldly to Mlle. Adelaide, who heaved a most astounding sigh: when bidding him adieu, she held out her hand, which he never thought of kissing, and she was obliged to let it drop, saying — "How terribly overcome he is!"

"Farewell, then, my dear friend," said M. Chopard, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder; "we have had nothing to-night because you know — circumstances—all natural enough: but Adelaide has prepared a certain something, which we will say a few words to before long."

Jean made a general bow, and retired. When he was gone, Bellequeue said — "How well every thing went off."

"The poor boy is in very great grief," said Mme. Chopard: "I am sure he did not whisper a single soft thing to you, child."

"No, mamma, not a word."

"How dreadfully he must have constrained himself," said M. Chopard — "after all, one cannot but praise him; one should never repress one's natural feelings."

Some days after this party, without acquainting Bellequeue, or consulting any body, Jean left his lodging in the Rue St. Paul, for a much handsomer one in the Rue de Provence: he exchanged the oldest and worst part of his furniture for more modern articles, and furnished his new domicile handsomely.

He engaged a valet in place of Catherine, for whom he fitted up a little shop, as she wished to go out of service.

Although Jean smoked no more, and employed a good tailor, his appearance and manners still savoured strongly of his old customs. One cannot shake off, in a week, habits contracted in youth. Jean still swore but too often, and made use of expressions long since disused in polite company. But he had youth and fortune — was confiding and generous: less than this would have launched him favourably in that world where we often encounter beings who, under a varnish of politeness and good breeding, are far less estimable than the rustic in wooden shoes.

Jean, who had hitherto fled from company, and ridiculed the manners and restraints which it imposed, now wished to mix with the world. He would not admit to himself the reason of this change. He was no more amused than before with plays, public gardens, promenades, and concerts, yet he mixed in all to accustom himself to a mode of life so new to him, and in the secret hope of once more meeting a person whom he adored, and of whom he never ceased to think, although he would not admit that he felt any attachment toward her.

In the mean time the Chopard family were on the look-out for Jean; Mlle. Adelaide was dying of love and ennui; distillation was neglected; the arts and sciences abandoned; the young lady's temper became

quite unbearable. More than a month had rolled away since Jean had paid his melancholy visit, and the intended re-appeared not: it was most unaccountable.

"Of course one naturally grieves for the loss of a parent," said Mlle. Adelaide, "but there is reason in all things. If my intended has done nothing but cry and sigh since his last visit here, he must be as dry as a mummy — and I should not like to marry a shadow."

"Our daughter is right," said M. Chopard; "Jean is too romantic. As Adelaide says,—the middle of the road is the safest, and he will get into the ditch."

"I insist, father, on his coming here; I will see him, and know what he is about; I can no longer live in this uncertainty."

"Don't be uneasy, child," said Madame Chopard, "you know how much this poor Jean is in love."

"He shows it in an odd way, never calling—and M. Bellequeue, we see nothing of him either."

"He must be ill."

"Why don't you call on him then, papa?"

M. Chopard yielded to his daughter's wishes, and repaired to Bellequeue, who for the last five weeks had been laid up with an attack of gout. He passed his time in playing draughts with his little housekeeper; and not seeing Jean, concluded that he was completely occupied with the Chopards.

Rose ushered in M. Chopard, and being curious to know his business, took care to be backwards and forwards.

"Well, my friend, you have fixed the day, I suppose," said Bellequeue; "Madame Durand has been dead more than three months, and I admit that young people, so much attached as they are——"

"No, my dear friend, not exactly—but I wish to know, in the first place, why we don't see you?"

"A little touch of the gout," said Bellequeue, holding up his leg; "but it is almost all over, and I hope to dance at your daughter's wedding. The dear lad has forgotten me—but I forgive him, for I suppose he never leaves you?"

"Not exactly that, either; on the contrary, I have called to ask if you know what has become of him, for we have seen nothing of him since the evening you brought him."

"Good God! you don't say so?"

"To tell you the truth, I fear he has caught the English malady—you know—what do they call it?—the *spleen;* and my daughter thinks so too."

"The devil! you have quite confounded me. If he gives himself up to grief—this cursed gout that prevents my stirring—but, my dear Chopard, you must go to see him—it is absolutely necessary."

"Why, as his intended father-in-law, I think I may call; there will be no impropriety."

"Quite the contrary; nothing can be more na-

tural: go, and return, and tell me how you find him."

M. Chopard withdrew, leaving Bellequeue very uneasy about his godson, and Rose laughing in her sleeve at what she had heard.

The old distiller wended his way to the Rue St. Paul, and inquired at Jean's house for M. Durand.

He was answered, that M. Durand had moved upwards of a month, and that he was now residing in the Rue de Provence, Chaussée d'Antin.

M. Chopard was confounded for a moment. "Oh!" said he, "I see how it is—our lover has taken a lodging suitable for them when married: he thinks nothing too good for his wife—and is gone to the fashionable neighbourhood, Chaussée d'Antin. He meant it as an agreeable surprise, but I find out every thing."

M. Chopard directed his steps towards the Rue de Provence, where he soon found Jean's residence. He admired the house—the staircase, and said, "How delighted Adelaide will be! gilded rails—how magnificent! on every landing-place a statue in a niche! —upon my word, she will be well *niched!*—Ha, ha ha! capital: I must not forget to tell that to Mme. Chopard."

Having reached the third story, M. Chopard rang, and Jean's servant opened the door.

"Is young Durand within?" said Chopard.

"No, sir, my master is not within."

"The devil!—he has gone out then; he does go out sometimes?"

"Every day—master is very seldom at home."

"No matter; I will go in: I shan't be sorry to see his rooms."

The servant, who read nothing like evil intentions in the round, fat, contented face before him, allowed M. Chopard to enter—but followed him from room to room.

"The devil! what elegance—extremely well furnished. When I said he meant to surprise——Have you heard your master talk of surprising any one?"

"My master said nothing of it to me."

"Well, for a lover, he is very discreet. Let us see—this is the dining-room, of course; fifteen people could not dine comfortably—but, after all, being only for his own family.—Ah! here is the parlour, which I see is turned into a bed-room."

"My master has no parlour; he does not see any company."

"Not now; but he will by-and-bye. What is that?"

"That is a little dressing-room."

"And then——"

"That is all, sir, with a room above, in which I sleep."

"All! you don't say so; why it is not half large enough: and the kitchen?"

"There is none, sir."

"No kitchen! the man is mad; the most necessary thing of all."

"But my master is a bachelor."

"I know very well he is a bachelor now, but he won't long continue so: taking a lodging without a kitchen! what the devil can he be thinking about? Tell me, my friend, your master is still very melancholy, is not he?—thinks of no amusement—takes no pleasure?

"Excuse me, sir, quite the contrary: he is out constantly—goes to balls and plays—rides on horseback—dresses himself at least twice a-day—and has not a moment to himself."

M. Chopard stared with astonishment. "'Gad! this is the most singular grief I ever heard of; I don't understand it: but Adelaide will soon find a key to his conduct. I will go and tell her the news."

M. Chopard returned, and related to his wife and daughter what he had heard. Madame Chopard looked her surprise, but prudently said nothing, in order to take her cue from her daughter. Adelaide made no reply for some moments, but seemed overpowered with her feelings, and at length said, in a stifled voice, "Mother—for God's sake unlace me!—I can scarcely breathe."

"Ah! good heavens! my daughter is suffocated."

"What has she been eating—a third breakfast?" said M. Chopard.

"No, sir, it is M. Jean's conduct which overpowers me."

"Ah, no wonder," said Madame Chopard, "M. Jean's conduct is frightful."

"It is even extremely unpolite," said M. Chopard, pacing up and down the room with an indignant air.

"I know very well," said Adelaide, "that the trouble, the grief, occasioned by the death of his mother, must have driven many things out of his head —and that his heart was excusable."

"Certainly, certainly," said Madame Chopard; "and under such circumstances—poor young man!—he is very much to be pitied."

"I believe he has a good heart," said M. Chopard, drawing his handkerchief in a tender mood; "I never doubted the goodness of his heart."

"But not come near me for a month! not a word or line—to me, his intended bride, almost his wife—and for what? to run from one public place to another, spending his money with I know not whom,—'tis too much—it is not to be borne—it passes all bounds—it is a total forgetfulness of all propriety."

"Oh much too gross," said Madame Chopard; "it is actually unpolite and unpardonable,"

"The conduct of a shoeblack," said M. Chopard, with a menacing look.

"And yet he loved me—you all saw the change love worked in him. He smoked no more—his attentions were most refined."

"And his melancholy, daughter—that tender melancholy, which spoke so plainly the passion you inspired."

"In a word," said M. Chopard, "love has quite turned his head."

"Papa, things cannot remain in this state. Let me but have M. Jean at my feet once more, and, oh! how I will treat his love!—Good heavens! with what disdain will I treat his love!"

"Quite right, daughter," said Mme. Chopard, "you, who unite so many attractions, will never want a husband; and you will find many as good as M. Jean Durand."

"Many much better," said M. Chopard, "for after all, I don't see anything so handsome in the young man—and his face—"

"Excuse me, papa, his face is good, and he is extremely well proportioned."

"Yes, he is very well made," said Mme. Chopard; "there is no denying that."

"And of a most gentlemanly appearance," said M. Chopard.

"But, papa, he must return—he must explain himself. I cannot remain as I am—I am in a false position."

"Quite right," said M. Chopard. "Egad, poor child! she does not know what leg to stand on. For my part, I think it is necessary—What do you think we had better do?"

"In the first place, papa, you must go to M. Bellequeue: tell him the conduct of his godson; and beg of him to see M. Jean and learn his intentions—his future intentions."

"You are right; he must be made explain what are his future intentions—is not it?—stay—*future*—that is almost a pun. By the way, Bellequeue has the gout, and can't walk well yet."

"Well, papa, then let him take a coach!"

"The dear child! she has always an answer ready."

"Well, daughter, should you not marry Jean Durand, there is many a man will be too happy——"

"Yes, papa, but it is M. Jean whom I wish to marry."

"Well, daughter, you shall marry him," said Mme. Chopard; and M. Chopard said to himself, as he set out for Bellequeue's, "Nothing can be clearer; as she insists upon it, of course he must marry her."

CHAPTER VI.

JEAN had his own reasons for lodging in the Rue de Provence. There he was quite close to Mme. Dorville, and he hoped that living in her neighbourhood, he might meet her sometimes. Not a day passed without his going through the Rue Richer: twenty times he was on the point of entering her house, but something restrained him. He could not bear the thoughts of a bad reception: a secret pride told him, that even love ought not to submit to contempt; education is not necessary to teach one that.

It was the middle of summer. Not meeting Caroline, either in the public walks or drives, Jean concluded she had left for the country, and he impatiently looked forward to the arrival of winter, which would once more bring her to Paris.

Jean had formed an acquaintance with a young man, named Gersac, who lived in the same house. This young man was one of those who passed their lives in amusement, and he had frequently offered

to take Jean with him to parties; for as his thousand crowns a year were far too little for his wants, Gersac often availed himself of the purses of his friends, and that of Jean was never closed against him. He at least, however, acted frankly and openly. He borrowed, but said candidly, that he did not know when it would be in his power to repay. He was the first to admit, that he had no order or regularity; and that he spent more than he was worth. One who admits them so readily, excuses more than half his faults.

Gersac was giddy and dissipated, but he was gentlemanly and clever, and his rattling manner covered his errors. He had seen Jean's character at a glance, and was pleased with his frankness and originality.

"My good fellow," said he to him, "you have hitherto lived in another world, and are as yet too new to that which you wish to know. But it is in you; you have money; and you cannot fail of soon attaining your point. You wish to be a young man of the world, fit to make your entrance any where; leave it to me; I will make a man of you."

Jean smiled, followed Gersac's advice, and had already accompanied him to two or three little parties, where he scarcely dared stir or open his mouth for fear of making blunders.

One morning, Gersac came down to Jean's room, and said, "I will take you with me this evening to a large party. A concert—a ball—with punch, and I know not what, and all in first-rate style. It is given

by an old bachelor, who rolls in riches, and who would die of ennui, if we had not the goodness to make him give five or six fêtes in the course of the year, and take there all the best company in Paris. As there is a handsome garden attached to his hotel, we always keep one of these fêtes for summer. You will come, won't you?"

"With pleasure, though I still feel very awkward in company."

"No, you are much better; your address is improved. You lost your money nobly at the last party I took you too. But, why don't you speak—why don't you join the conversation?"

"I dread saying something absurd."

"Psha! you are too bashful. Besides, don't you know there is a great deal of absurdity talked in fashionable life? The only difference is, that said with confidence and pretension, it often passes for wit."

"I don't think mine would ever pass off that way."

"The music and singing—"

"I know nothing about them."

"No matter, you should always speak as if you did. One must always have an opinion: say, how charming! how divine! if you are mistaken, it is better than saying nothing."

"It is always this dam——this fear of saying something foolish, that restrains me."

"By-the-bye, you must never swear; you must

take care of that: excepting, perhaps, 'Deuce take me!' which you may say lightly and carelessly—never wet your thumb when you play cards: for shame, that is dreadful! Most luckily you lost five hundred francs the last time you did it, or you would never have been forgiven. This evening, you will see a very first-rate party—charming women—artists—bankers—a crowd of people."

"You alarm me."

"On the contrary, you will be more at your ease amongst three hundred people, than with twelve."

Jean promised to follow Gersac's instructions, and after dressing himself elegantly, he repaired with his introductor to the gay party, which was assembled at a handsome hotel in the Fauxbourg St. Honoré.

The party was large; Jean felt far from being at ease, though in a crowd one is secure from observation. Gersac went through the formality of an introduction; he led Jean up to an old man of seventy, who muttered the usual phrases, to which Jean replied with a profound bow. The old gentleman passed on to another person. Gersac whispered, "That is all, you now know the master of the house, and you may mingle in the pleasures of the evening without taking any more notice of him. I shall leave you now. I can't always be stuck at your side, it would be absurd. But go walk about, play at cards, amuse yourself, and don't stand as stiff as a poker; we shall soon meet again."

Gersac walked away, and Jean was left to himself in a magnificent saloon, in the midst of two or three hundred people, who passed and repassed, looking at him sometimes with a smile, and sometimes whispering their companions. The brilliancy of the lights, and the different dresses—the noise of that war of words which was every where raging about him—the sound of the music—the enquiring looks of some young people, and the more mischievous regards of some pretty women, all helped to bewilder Jean, who scarce knew where he was, or what he ought to do: for, surrounded as he was, there was not one with whom he could exchange a sentence, as Gersac was already lost in the crowd.

Jean tried to reassure himself, and, hat in hand, (for Gersac had told him, that in large parties he ought never to separate himself from his hat), he walked about the sumptuously furnished rooms, where play, conversation and music, severally offered their attractions to the crowd, which filled them.

The entertainment was given on the ground-floor. and several of the rooms opened into the garden, in which many of the company were walking. Jean had several times made the tour of the rooms. Whenever he met the master of the house, he bowed profoundly to him; who, with an astonished look, passed close by without stopping.

Jean drew up respectfully, or retired bowing, whenever a lady passed near him; he was surprised

that his salute was not returned, and that no notice was taken of his politeness. Tired of walking about the rooms, he went into the garden, where there were different games; swings, and running at the ring, soon occupied a portion of the company. Jean looked on from afar, he dared not join in any amusement. His hat under his arm, he endeavoured to stifle the yawns which surprised him amidst all this pleasure.

From time to time Gersac passed and said, "Are you amused?"

"Not much."

"Why don't you do something? play—take a share in what is going forward."

"I don't know any one."

"No matter, chat and make acquaintances—come my man, get a little life in you."

So saying, Gersac left him, and Jean renewed his melancholy walk, saying nothing, and doing nothing.

All at once, ennui, and even restraint disappeared; another feeling took possession of Jean. The blood rushed to his heart, he remained immovable and agitated. He no longer saw what was passing around him. One object only filled his eyes. A well known form crossed the room: it was Caroline herself he beheld.

"She is here—how fortunate!" was his first thought. Still he remained in the same place as if he feared his eyes had deceived him. Caroline soon disappeared in the crowd, and Jean ran towards the room where

he had seen her. He pushed forward without paying any attention to the throng which encompassed him. He jostled, elbowed—no matter, on he went. He trod on the foot of a lady, tore the coat of a gentleman, and almost upset an old marchioness; but he stopped not to make excuses, and paid no manner of attention to the people about him, who cried," Good God! sir, what do you mean!"—" Who is this gentleman?" —" What a pretty way of walking in a ball-room!" —" He upsets every one"—" Who can this strange gentleman be?"—" He looks as if he thought the house was on fire."

But on Jean went, thinking of but one alone. At last he found her in the music room. She was seated near a young lady, and several gentlemen came up to speak to her.

Shall he, too, speak to Madame Dorville? he dare not. He wished that she might see him, and passed and re-passed before her; but the circle around Caroline prevented her remarking him. He seated himself melancholily in a corner of the room, from whence at least he could contemplate her in quiet. Fain would he have been amongst those who were near her; he envied the smiles which she directed to others, and was lost in admiration at the graces she displayed, and the charm which she threw around her.

The concert commenced. Several persons per-

formed on the piano and harp; but Jean heard them not: all his soul was in his eyes, which he never took from off Caroline. But a young man approaches Madame Dorville, he takes her hand and leads her to the piano, at which another person is seated. Jean follows all their movements; he looks with anger on the young man who chats and laughs with Caroline. But what are his feelings when he hears him address the most tender protestations to the lovely woman, who, in the most dulcet sounds, replies, she shares his love.

Jean's forehead is covered with a cold sweat. He clenched his hands, bit his lips, and was several times on the point of dashing towards the piano to annihilate the being who dared talk of love to Madame Dorville.

"How extremely well sung," said a lady, seated near to Jean. "What taste—what feeling—don't you think so, sir?"

This was addressed to Jean, who made no reply: he heard nothing but the singers.

"It's a duet in *les Aubergistes de Qualité*, is it not, sir?" said the same lady to Jean. Receiving no answer, she concluded that the young man was deaf and dumb.

The duet over, Madame Dorville returned to her place: she was again encircled and complimented by her friends.

Jean began to understand, that what he had heard was nothing but a song; but he felt all the happiness

that might be derived from singing in that way with Caroline, and he bitterly regretted that he knew nothing of music.

He could restrain himself no longer: speak to her he must. He arose, and advancing suddenly toward the chair in which Mme. Dorville was seated, he stopped before her.

Caroline raised her eyes to the person who seemed to have planted himself opposite to her. With surprize strongly painted in her countenance, she recognized Jean: she addressed him in a friendly tone of voice, "What, is that you M. Durand?"

"Yes, madame, it is I," replied Jean in an agitated voice; "you little expected to meet me here!"

"No, I certainly did not, for I think you told me you did not like company — parties."

"True, madame, I once thought so, but I have dam—— greatly changed since — since—some time."

"So I see," replied Caroline, throwing a hasty look on Jean's dress.

"Madame, you have been singing most divinely," said a young man, walking up to Mme. Dorville, before whom Jean still remained standing, "it is quite enchanting, quite ravishing, upon my honour — it is perfection itself."

"Ah, you are too good, sir," replied Caroline, smiling.

"No, I am only the echo of the whole room — I am sure this gentleman was just saying as much."

Jean looked at the young man and stammered, "No, sir, I was not speaking about it to madame."

"I don't think you are very fond of music?" said Caroline to Jean.

"Yes, madame, I am very fond of it now."

"A man must be a savage who would not be delighted to hear you," said the coxcomb, turning on his heel and fluttering away, to pay his homage elsewhere.

Jean was delighted at the gentleman's departure; for, though standing before Caroline, and not knowing what to say to her himself, he was yet unwilling that any one else should come to speak to her.

Caroline looked at Jean as if expecting he would address her; but he contented himself with looking and sighing, and twisting, into all manner of shapes, the unfortunate hat he held in his hand.

"I think I see crape on your hat," said Caroline, suddenly, "have you lost any friend?"

"Yes, madame — I lost my mother about four months since."

"Your mother! Ah, how I feel for you: I can understand that you seek in company a relief from your grief."

"Oh — it was not relief I was seeking, but I —"

"Ah, Mme. Dorville, what still in Paris!" said a gentleman, who came and placed himself between her and Jean.

The latter looked angrily at the person who pre-

vented his talking with Caroline, but he never left his place.

"I returned yesterday from the country, merely to spend eight days in Paris, and several ladies of my acquaintance almost forced me to come to this party."

"These ladies, in bringing you, have made the party complete: upon my word, we see you too little in the world — uniting so many accomplishments as you do, it is really a robbery on society not to embellish it with your presence more frequently."

Caroline smiled at this compliment; the gentleman kissed her hand gallantly, and withdrew.

Jean made a wry face, but did not move.

"Have you been here before?" said Caroline, after a moment's pause.

"No, madame, this is the first time; and I was beginning to feel very tired, when I saw you."

"I can understand — when one is a stranger in the room — but don't you play?"

"I have played three or four times at *écarté*, but take very little interest in the game."

"At least you must be pleased at the sight of so many handsome dresses — so many fine women — there are several here,"

"Several! ah, I have seen but one — but she — but that one ——"

"Mme. Dorville, you will sing again, won't you?" said a little gentleman, who had an eye-glass in his

hand, and came bowing to Caroline; whilst Jean said, "May the devil choke all these cursed babblers!"

Caroline excused herself for not singing any more, and the little gentleman went off in search of some one more complying.

Mme. Dorville looked again at Jean, who said, sulkily, "It appears it is impossible to say two words following here."

"In the world," replied Caroline, "many words are exchanged without much being said."

Just then, several ladies joined Mme. Dorville, and Jean was at length obliged to yield his place; but he got a chair and seated himself behind Caroline, as if determined to mount guard over her.

A large circle was soon formed around the amiable woman, who replied to each with wit and grace, and they took as much pleasure in listening, as in looking at her. Several persons drew their chairs towards hers — the conversation grew general — they spoke of the fine arts, news, literature, and the theatres. Many men, without wit, swelled her train, because they saw her much admired by men who possessed that quality. The conversation became lively, witty, and amusing. Caroline was pleasing without affectation; and if now and then a little satire escaped her, yet she never sought to shine at the expence of her best friends.

Jean took no share in the conversation. Seated a

few steps behind Caroline, he listened to what was said, but never opened his mouth. Some people stared at him with astonishment. "He is a keen observer, no doubt," said others: there are not a few who mistake silence for observation.

Caroline looked at Jean from time to time, in a way which showed she felt for his situation, as she alone could divine the cause of his silence.

The orchestra, directed by Tolbecque himself, now commenced playing, and his delightful quadrilles drew the dancers in crowds to the spot. Caroline was for a moment alone, she said to Jean, with a softened voice, "Why did not you take part in our conversation?"

"I venture to speak before all those people!" said Jean, who could no longer contain himself — "what am I but a brute, a curs — a wretched blockhead? Could I hazard a word without betraying my ignorance? Would you have me speak of things of which I know nothing—to make myself the laughing-stock of all your fashionable friends? Ah! how bitterly I feel my want of education; since I have known you, madame I am aware of my own deficiencies: once I was satisfied with myself — too well satisfied perhaps. I thought that money was enough — that a man who was neither humpbacked nor bandy-legged, and had an open heart, had all that was wanted; but now ——"

"How is this, fair lady? Do you not join the

dance?" said a young fashionable, presenting his hand to Caroline: "what are you thinking about? They are looking for you — every body is asking for you — oh, you must positively come."

Caroline yielded to the entreaties of the young man, she arose and accompanied him, taking leave of Jean with her eyes.

He stamped impatiently, as he watched Caroline's departure, and remained looking on the ground; there were only a few isolated couples left in the room, who paid no attention to him.

"What torture!" said Jean, "not to be able to speak a moment to her without interruption. Ah! she would much rather dance than listen to me — let me shake off this weakness, and act like a man."

Just then Gersac passed through the room, and perceived Jean, seated in a corner lost in meditation. "What the devil are you doing here?" said he.

"Why — I was reflecting."

"One does not come here to reflect; very often indeed, to get rid of reflection — why don't you mix in what is going on? Why don't you dance?"

"I can't dance."

"Play, then — do any thing, rather than remain stuck up there like a bear. There is a profusion of punch and ices; have you taken any?"

"No, I don't wish any."

"And I insist on your taking some punch — you must shake off this gloom — what the devil is the

matter with you this evening? The principal thing in company, is to look pleased: nothing can be more unfashionable than to look sulky, we only indulge in that at home."

Gersac passed his arm through Jean's, and drew him with him — made him drink several glasses of punch — pointed out the pretty women, and related several anecdotes of the day, and at length, pushing him to an *écarté* table, he said, "You are now up to the thing, try your luck, and no doubt fortune will favour you."

Jean seated himself to play by way of doing something; but his mind wandered, he thought only of Caroline, and paid little attention to his game, or to the remonstrances of the people betting on him.

"For God's sake, mind what you are about — you are committing us all terribly — that is not the card at all."

Jean lost; he betted, was again unfortunate; he soon lost all he had about him, and arose, out of temper with the game. Gersac returned; "Well, what luck?" said he.

"I have lost twenty louis."

"So much the worse, but you will win them back some other time."

"I shall not try, for I am sick of your *écarté*. As if it was not enough to lose my money, but I must be overwhelmed with the reproaches of those who betted on me."

"It is always the way."

"If I had not with great difficulty restrained myself, I should have knocked your betters' heads together."

"You would have been set down as a clown — a man without education. Here, take some punch, it is delicious. I have won five hundred francs."

"Ah, I don't wonder then, at your finding the punch so good."

Jean, however, took another glass, and the noise, the heat, the sight of so much company, constantly circulating through the rooms, warmed his blood. He felt less embarrassed in the midst of the crowd ; and Gersac said, from time to time, "You will do very well—Oh, I knew I should make something of you in time — you are fairly launched."

Jean directed his steps towards the dancing-room. He soon descried Caroline, though encircled by a number of young people, who admired the grace with which she danced, and were striving for the honour of her hand.

Jean followed Caroline with his eyes; he too admired her, but felt there was no such happiness in store for him. He drew near the quadrille, jealous of all those who were about Caroline. He cast angry looks around, and seemed seeking some pretence for a quarrel. From time to time he encountered Caroline's glance ; there was something tender and consoling in her eyes, which prevented his giving way

to his tumultuous feelings. Her soft looks threw a calm over his agitated spirits, which enabled him to restrain himself.

Several quadrilles succeeded — Caroline was not left a moment alone; when she did not dance, a swarm of young men gathered around her. Jean stood aloof, but never lost sight of her; his appearance formed a strange contrast with the brilliant scene. Gersac passed him and whispered, "For God's sake, do something—you look like Don Quixote at the wedding of Gamacho. Why the devil don't you dance?"

"I don't know how."

"What matter! no one dances now a-days; you can walk, can't you?"

Gersac left Jean hesitating. They were arranging an English country-dance, and Jean beheld Caroline led out. The blood rushed to his face, and he looked about for a partner, saying, "*Sacre bleu!* I will no longer stand here like an idiot; I dare say I shall do as well as others."

The pretty girls were already engaged. No one was seated but a lady of fifty, who was sinking under a load of flowers and ribands, and who, from the commencement of the ball, had been looking out for a partner in vain. Jean walked up to this lady, as he cared not who he danced with, provided he was in the same set with Caroline.

The lady gave her hand to Jean, accompanied with

a most tender look, which was completely lost upon him. "I have almost forgotten the country-dance," said she, placing herself opposite to him.

"For my part, madame, I never knew it."

"Oh, it is easy enough, we have only to do as we see others do: we shall find no difficulty."

However there was a little difficulty, for Jean, whose eyes were never off Caroline, paid no attention to what was said to him. He confused the figures—trod on his neighbours' toes—turned a stranger instead of his own partner, and when it was their turn to lead off, he dragged her after him so suddenly, and so entangled his legs with hers, that they fell together in the middle of the room.

The ladies screamed; and Jean's partner, who knew that at fifty, one can never fall gracefully, determined on getting up a faint, in order to look more interesting. The lady was removed, and the dance put an end to. Jean was far from being in a fainting humour: he was almost furious at the idea of cutting such an absurd figure before Caroline. He relieved his overcharged bosom with an energetic oath, which he could no longer restrain, and dashed out of the house, upsetting, right and left, all those who opposed his passage.

CHAPTER VII.

BELLEQUEUE, far from feeling any doubt as to Jean's conduct, of whose change of lodging even, he was ignorant, feared that his melancholy might have taken a more alarming character, and, whilst playing draughts with Rose, could not conceal his uneasiness at the misanthropy of the young man—so strongly evinced by his withdrawal from all society.

The little housekeeper smiled knowingly at her master's speech, and replied, "Who told you so? who told you that M. Jean had shut himself up in that way?"

"What, Rose, don't you know what Chopard told me?"

"Yes sir."

"For more than five weeks that I have been laid up with the gout—your move, child—I was fully persuaded that my godson never left the Chopards, and that the sight of Adelaide had softened his grief:

well, far from it—Jean has never put foot in Chopard's house—"

"I huff you, sir; you might have taken."

"True, you are right—has never once been to see his intended—a woman, who so completely turned his head, that his character and tastes were changed from black to white."

"Suppose M. Jean does not go to your Chopards, that is no proof he does not go elsewhere."

"Where should he go?—he is no longer fond of billiards or smoking: he does not even play at Siam."

"He may be fond of something you know nothing about."

"And I, who was so delighted at getting well again—who fully expected in a short time to be able to wear my tight pantaloons—don't you think they will become me, Rose?"

"I huff you, sir; you might have taken three, and you have only taken two."

"It is this confounded Jean running in my mind."

A stop was put to the game by a ring at the door. Rose went to open it, and ushered in M. Chopard, who looked as if something extraordinary had happened.

"Well, my dear Chopard, what is the news? you have seen Jean, no doubt; what did he say to you? what reason did he give for not going to you?"

"As for news, I have some, certainly," said M. Chopard, wiping his face; then, looking significantly

at Rose, he made a sign to Bellequeue, signifying that he wished to speak to him in private,—who, therefore, turned to his housekeeper, and said in a very soft tone of voice, "Rose, my dear, leave the room for a moment."

Rose tossed her head, and walked out with an angry look at Chopard, slamming the door after her.

"So M. Chopard can't speak before me," said she; "a rascally seller of ratafia! but he can't hinder me from listening."

Rose went round and placed herself at a glass door on the other side of the room; a green curtain was drawn over it, behind which every thing said in the room could be heard, as one of the panes was broken, which Mlle. Rose, for her own good reasons, would never get mended.

"My friend," said Chopard, "I begged you to send away your servant, because I wish to speak to you on family affairs—relating, indeed, to my daughter's affections; and you are aware——"

"Oh, quite right; I was just about to tell her myself."

"That's a fib, master mine!" said Rose, behind her curtain; "you never would have told me any such thing."

"My dear Bellequeue, I have been with our young man."

"Well?"

"In the first place, he no longer lives in this neighbourhood."

"You don't say so! what, moved without letting me know!"

"He lodges in the Rue de Provence, Chaussée d'Antin."

"The fashionable quarter! the rogue is making a start."

"Oh, yes, he is making a start."

"It is nothing but love that has put this into his head."

"I don't know if it is love; but this I know, that there is no kitchen to his new lodging; and I know also, my friend, that love without a kitchen is—— 'gad it's a fire without flame!—not bad! eh?"

"Ah, very true—that sort of fire is all smoke."

"Well, then, I went to the Rue de Provence, in search of our young man. The house was handsome —suitable; I made a pun on the staircase—I don't exactly recollect it now—"

"No matter; you can tell it me another time; go on."

"Well, I at last reached Jean Durand's: he was not within."

"How contrary!"

"Yes; but you see I know what's what. I set his servant talking."

"What! has he a man-servant?"

"Yes; a jockey, in the shape of a valet de chambre."

"He is going it in style!"

"Well, as I told you, I set the domestic talking, whilst I examined the rooms—in which, as I said, there was no kitchen. How do you think, my dear friend, the young man passes his time?"

"In grieving?"

"By no means:—in running the round of plays, parties, balls, and concerts, and dressing himself half a dozen times a-day."

"Gracious me, is it possible!"

"Yes, my dear Bellequeue — your godson——I thought I heard a laugh — it seems to come from behind that green curtain."

"Oh, you must be mistaken—I heard nothing."

"Well, my dear friend, don't you agree with us, that M. Jean's conduct is very extraordinary?"

"It quite passes my comprehension."

"It also passes mine and my wife's comprehension; but, as my daughter says, 'it can't stop here.'"

"Make yourself easy, my friend, I will see the young man myself to-morrow."

"That is it; at present my daughter is in a false position—she says so herself."

"She is perfectly right."

"This young man must speak out: he must do one of two things — either marry my daughter, or not marry her, eh?"

"Nothing can be fairer."

"It seems to me, that is the point we must start from."

"My dear Chopard, I cannot believe that Jean has any other intention than that of marrying the beautiful Adelaide—you saw yourself how much he was in love with her."

"No doubt, I remarked it."

"A young man who formerly never bestowed a thought on gallantry—and whom, in so short a time, we have seen become fond of dress, using pomatum, curling his hair, forsaking tobacco, wearing gloves, and sighing!—now, what could have effected these changes but love? who was he about to marry? your daughter;—well, then, all this love cannot have evaporated without cause."

"No, certainly, that is just my way of thinking."

"Jean is somewhat odd and rather giddy—"

"All your learned men are so."

"He runs about to plays and parties to dissipate the grief he feels at the loss of his mother."

"Just what I said to Adelaide."

"Probably he wished to surprise his mistress with more elegant manners, and a more fashionable appearance."

"I think you have hit the right nail on the head."

"But to-morrow I will see him, and I will not leave him till we have fixed the wedding-day."

"That is right—and you will come and let us know what he says."

"It is most probable that I may restore giddy-pate to your arms."

"To our arms—good—that will be quite a scene. Well, my dear Bellequeue, I leave it all to you: Jean knows the talents, the graces, the amiability of my child. He can scarce flatter himself he will meet with two such women. By-the-bye it would not be amiss if you were to tell him, that she has found a way of preserving gooseberries and grapes whole, in brandy —a thing never seen before."

"I'll slip that in whilst we are talking."

"Well, I must return to the ladies. Poor dear Adelaide is so agitated—so extremely nervous."

"Soothe her, my friend—I will answer for my godson."

"We rely on you—Oh, I was forgetting—my daughter, who thinks of every thing, desired me to tell you that if your gout prevented your walking, you had nothing to do but take a coach."

"I had some idea of the kind myself—Adieu till tomorrow."

M. Chopard returned home, and Bellequeue meditated on what he should the next day say to his godson.

Jean left the ball in utter despair. Mme. Dorville could not but think him an awkward fool who was completely out of his place in good society. He thought he still heard the smothered laughs which assailed him from all parts of the room when he fell with his unfortunate partner. He had seen the scornful looks and whisperings of which he was the object.

Bad as was all this, it might have been borne passing well, had Caroline not been there: but to become an object of scorn and ridicule before that person whom one most wishes to please, is a punishment, the remembrance of which is not easily effaced.

Jean reached his home, and shut himself up in his room without saying a word to his servant, who judged from his master's appearance, that he had not been much amused at the ball. During a long sleepless night, Jean never ceased thinking of Caroline, and no longer sought to deceive himself as to the nature of his sentiments for her.

"Rose was right," said he, "I am in love — I never loved till I saw Caroline — I was utterly ignorant of what love was—I thought I had experienced the passion, and that there was no loving better than I had done. It is only now that I have learnt the nature of one's feelings for the woman one adores. I think but of her; I can occupy myself with nothing but her. Every thing which tends to turn my thoughts from her, wearies, displeases, is unsupportable to me. I have heard that, at my age, love is the sweetest of all passions, but since I have felt it, I have been like a madman—without a moment of quiet or happiness. Yesterday, however, on seeing her, I was almost delirious with joy; my heart beat as if it would have flown to her! But short, indeed, was my glimpse of happiness! Those men who surrounded her—who spoke to her—her amiable manner of answering them—nearly

overcame me. I to become in love with a woman of the world!—a fashionable woman—who looks on me as a savage—who will never love me—Damna—— swearing again! I must give up swearing, if I am ever to talk to her."

Next day, Gersac came to see Jean, and asked him how he had been pleased at the ball.

"Pleased," replied Jean, looking at Gersac sullenly, "yes, I behaved so remarkably well!"

"Why, what did you do? You mean, your loss at écarté?"

"Oh, no! I think not of that; I merely play by way of doing something, and care no more about it; but my awkward appearance, and bashful manner——"

"Psha! you are too modest, you begin to do extremely well; there are a thousand persons of not half your worth, who get through the world by dint of their assurance and self-sufficiency, which serve as a veil to their emptiness and folly."

"And what have you to say on my dancing? Of course, I was not the ridicule of the room?"

"Certainly not; they only laughed at your partner. Had you been dancing with a young and handsome woman, all the sins would have been on your shoulders: luckily for you, you had half a century of flowers and feathers. She did roll about so oddly! ha, ha, ha! Upon my word, my dear fellow, it is impossible to be serious when one thinks of it. But

they all looked at her, and no one thought about you. I searched for you every where, but you went away so abruptly.

"I thought every eye was fixed on me and hurried away."

"You are such an odd fellow! But come with me this evening, and I will take you to another large party; you need not dance the country-dance, that's all."

"No, thank you. I will never again go into society until I feel myself in my proper place, and capable of joining in conversation without dreading that some vulgarity will escape me every time I open my lips."

"What stuff! you will never learn the manners of good company, but by frequenting good company."

"I tell you, I feel I have much to learn first."

"Why, you are young and rich; get a little polish of high life, and that is all you want."

"My dear Gersac, I would fain possess something more than a mere polish."

Seeing that he spoke in vain, Gersac quitted Jean, who was soon lost in reflection; when some one rang again, and Bellequeue was introduced to his godson.

"What! is it you my dear friend?" said Jean to Bellequeue, who looked about him in admiration.

"Yes, to be sure it is; and well I came; for, God be thanked, you would have let me die without troubling your head about me."

"Ah, forgive me, I was wrong, I admit; I had so many things to trouble me—have you been unwell?"

"A slight access of gout, nothing more — I have almost forgotten it — I feel quite light to-day: and my leg, you see—it is not in the least swollen, is it?"

"I should say not."

"I must sit down, however: Oh!—I came in a carriage — you cost me a pretty sum of money, you good-for-nothing fellow; but I flatter myself it will not be thrown away. May I take the liberty of asking why you have removed?"

"My dear godfather, my old lodgings reminded me too much of my loss; and, besides, this quarter suits me better."

"It is a handsome quarter, I admit, but ours is not to be despised for all that."

"I am very far from despising it, but ——"

"Never mind, we will skip the chapter of lodgings: I call about something much more important. Tell me, will you, why you have never been to the Chopards since the evening I accompanied you there. We hear of your running to balls, playhouses, every where but to see your intended. I must admit that I cannot understand your conduct; and even the lovely Adelaide herself is beginning to be alarmed. It is now more than four months since the death of your mother, and high time that you should name a day for your marriage: you know very well that all the preparations were made before Mme. Durand's illness: I had settled every thing—had my dress quite ready. Why, if you delay it much longer my

pair of tight pantaloons will fall a sacrifice to the moths."

Jean made no reply: he arose and walked about the room in a state of great agitation. Bellequeue, who was ensconced in an arm-chair, followed him with his eyes.

"My dear godfather," said Jean, at length, stopping before Bellequeue, "I have an avowal to make to you."

"An avowal—some present, I'll bet, that you wish to make your beloved, and you don't know how to present it."

"Not at all — it will cost me much to tell you — for it will give you pain to hear — but it must be done, and the sooner the better."

"Well, then, my dear boy, explain yourself, and don't keep me two hours with your ifs and ands."

"In a word, then, I will never marry Mlle. Chopard!"

Bellequeue started back, and almost upset himself and his arm-chair, but recovering, he said, "You will not? What do you mean? surely I have not heard you aright!"

Jean repeated in a decided and distinct tone, "I will never marry Mlle. Chopard!"

Bellequeue started bolt upright, and, striking his forehead with a theatrical air, exclaimed, "Why, this passes all belief! These are the blows which overwhelm us quite! You will not marry her! — your intended bride — the lovely Adelaide — to whom you are affianced!"

"Oh, as to being affianced, my dear godfather, that was all your own doing. A man does not become affianced to a girl by merely squeezing her hand."

"Excuse me, sir — on the contrary, sir — he is very much engaged — and when a day has been named for the wedding — when the parents already look upon you as their son — when the daughter places all her affections on you — do you still think, sir, that there is no engagement? do you think that you will be allowed to trifle thus with the peace of a family, and a tender heart of nineteen?"

Anger had almost made Bellequeue eloquent; he paced the room as if he never had the gout.

Jean took his hand and said, "My dear godfather, I confess my errors, and I feel perfectly, that I have been guilty of many to the Chopard family."

"Well, then, marry the daughter, and there will be no more said."

"No, I will never marry the daughter, because I could never make her happy, and should be miserable myself."

"Miserable! with a woman whom you love."

"I — I love Mlle. Chopard! I assure you I never cared about her."

"And I, sir, tell you, that you adored her! What, did not we all observe the change that love made in you? Your different mode of dress — the playing — smoking, that you gave up, and your sighs and me-

lancholy looks — was all this nothing? or only to mock us?"

"Oh, no, I swear —"

"That your love should so soon have passed away, is what I cannot understand — but that of the young lady is not to be extinguished in the same way. You have inflamed the young girl — very natural — and a young heart feels deeply, you see."

"I know it but too well."

"Certainly, Mlle. Adelaide Chopard will never want a husband — such a superb girl — so extremely well shaped — so clever — who preserves gooseberries in brandy whole — and who makes noyeau as if she had lived all her life at Martinique: these are things not to be met with every day, sir."

"Well, my dear godfather, she may brandy any thing she pleases, but I cannot marry her. I admit, I should have said so sooner, but I knew not how to go about it."

"I tell you, sir, that you must marry her; you have gone too far to recede. And I, sir, I, who have acted for you — have you no idea that I am compromised in this business? It was I who went to ask the hand of the superb Adelaide for you."

"I never asked you to do so."

"No, but you were not sorry for it afterwards."

"Because then I had not reflected."

"And why the devil have you reflected now?—you should have married — that is all — you might have reflected after."

"I think it is much better to reflect before."

"You cannot surely have heard any thing touching the young lady's reputation: she is as pure as snow!"

"Certainly not; I render every justice to Mlle. Chopard, but I tell you, I fear that I never can render her happy."

"But when I tell you that the girl dotes on you—that she dreams of you—thinks you all politeness—learned—"

"Learned!—I, learned!—would that it were true! But no: I would learn nothing—do nothing; and I am rightly punished; I am an ass; that is all."

"You an ass?"

"Yes, an ass—a very ass!"

"No matter; ass or not, that does not prevent the charming Adelaide from loving you, and from being quite satisfied with you as you are. Come, my friend, be reasonable, don't embroil me with the Chopard family; with people where I am always welcome—although I don't often avail myself of it, as Rose does not like my dining out. But remember, this marriage was arranged and settled in the life-time of your mother."

"My mother would have been the first to have broken it off, if she thought it was unpleasing to me."

"I tell you they depend upon you, and you must marry. A man cannot go to people's houses courting

their daughter so long, drinking their liqueurs, and then be off in this way ; such conduct cannot be tolerated, sir ; and what would you have me say to Chopard — to his wife — to the tender Adelaide, who sent me to see why you came not ?"

" Say ? say any thing you please : make an excuse for me : marry the girl yourself, if you like."

" Fifteen years ago, sir, no man should have said that to me twice. M. Jean — for the last time — you will not marry Mlle. Chopard ?"

" No, godfather."

" Positively ?"

" Most decidedly."

" Farewell, you are no godson of mine."

Jean endeavoured to restrain and pacify Bellequeue, but he was outrageous. He thrust his three-cornered hat down over his eyebrows, and descending the stair-case as quickly as his leg would permit him, jumped into the hackney coach, and desired to be drove home, where he arrived, saying, " How can I announce this to the Chopard family ? how break it to the tender Adelaide ? Rose only can tell me how to extricate myself from this scrape. Had I taken her advice, I should never have troubled myself about it. Certainly a single man like me has no business to meddle in any thing without consulting his gouvernante."

CHAPTER VIII.

BELLEQUEUE was once more at home. He threw himself into an arm-chair without calling for his *robe de chambre;* he did not seem to be aware even, that his three-cornered hat was still on his head. Rose saw at once, that something very extraordinary must have taken place between the godfather and godson; and hastening to her master with a plaid dressing-gown and bonnet, her new-year's gift, she said, "What is the matter, sir? you seem quite upset — have you had another attack of gout?"

"Ah, Rose, if you knew —— I am in despair, my dear friend."

"But what is the matter? come, tell me, I dare say you are making mountains of mole-hills."

"Why Jean — Jean, the base fellow! has almost turned my brain."

"Well, that is the last thing I should ever have thought of! — to have heard M. Jean called base! But you don't tell me—what has the poor young man done?"

" Poor young man indeed! you are always taking his part: he has conducted himself in the most disgraceful manner."

" You don't say so—what, has he been gambling? has he lost his fortune?"

" Worse, much worse than any thing you can imagine: he actually refuses the hand of Mlle. Adelaide Chopard."

Rose stept back a little, and burst into a hearty fit of laughter. " And this is the mighty business, is it, that has half frightened you out of your wits?"

Bellequeue said sullenly, " I did not think, Rose, that you would have laughed at any thing so unpleasant to my feelings. I don't like it: I am very much hurt at your conduct."

Bellequeue really appeared so much annoyed, that Rose became serious in a moment, and said, " You may recollect, sir, I advised you, from the first, to have nothing to do with this marriage."

" Very true, Rose, I recollect it well; but ——"

" But — but — I still see no reason why you are to make yourself ill, because your godson changes his mind."

" Because, Rose, ——"

" You are not obliged to marry Mlle. Chopard."

" Of course not."

" Is it your fault that a young man of twenty-one finds out that he does not love the girl he was going to marry?"

"I don't say so."

"After all, is M. Jean to make himself miserable for life, by marrying a woman he does not love, to oblige Mlle. Adelaide?"

"Why certainly —"

"Why surely you love your godson — the child you saw born — better than this grenadier of a girl, who always seems as if she was walking on stilts!"

"Why ——"

"Besides, will your making yourself ill for these Chopards, to whom you are under no sort of obligation whatever, at all advance the business, or make M. Jean alter his determination?"

"Egad, no, certainly not: you open my eyes, Rose."

"I am very glad of it."

"As you say, very truly, my making myself ill wont compel Jean to marry Adelaide; but what annoys me is — what the devil I am to say to the Chopards."

"Just simply tell them the answer M. Jean gave you."

"It will be a mortal blow for the unfortunate girl."

"Psha! leave her alone; her shoulders are broad enough to bear it.—Stay, you have not yet taken off your hat and coat — one should never put off a disagreeable thing: go at once to the Chopards, and the business will be over."

Bellequeue rose with a determined look. "You

are right, Rose, this must be settled: I will go at once to the Chopards — oh, my leg!—I am not quite firm on it; and you have sent away the coach; I never can go on foot."

"There is no want of coaches in this neighbourhood; let us go down, sir, and I will get you one in a minute."

"This is a pretty costly job, Rose."

"Ah, sir, that comes of match-making! Come, sir, lean on me."

She did not give him time to change his mind, but hurried him down as fast as possible: she left him at the foot of the staircase, ran out, and soon returned with a coach. As he was stepping into the jarvey, he felt his courage fail him, and scratching his ear, said, "Suppose, Rose, I don't go till to-morrow: I rather think this is their dinner hour, and it would not be very pleasant——"

"No, no, sir," replied Rose, "it is not more than half past one—no one dines at that hour. Come, be firm, and finish the business. One would think that these Chopards were sultans, that no one dare speak to. Ar' n't you ashamed of yourself, sir?"

So saying, Rose pushed her master into the carriage; the coachman shut the door, and she gave him the address, saying, "Drive fast, and you shall have something to drink."

Coachee mounted his box, and whipped his horses with such spirit, that poor Bellequeue found himself

arrived before he had well settled whether he would go or not.

"Good God! here I am," said Bellequeue, as the coach stopped. Recollecting the advice of Rose, he took courage: he got out, telling the coachman to wait, and to leave the door open, and the steps down, that nothing might interfere with his retreat. Drawing his three-cornered hat over his brows, at the risk of destroying all his curls, Bellequeue ascended to the Chopards.

All the family had been impatiently awaiting Bellequeue's appearance. Mlle. Adelaide had swallowed three glasses of sugared orange-flower water, and the mother never ceased repeating, "Compose yourself, child, our friend Bellequeue has promised to bring your intended with him."

"Yes, certainly," said Chopard, as he walked up and down the room, "Bellequeue is stirring himself in the business: very natural he should. in a love affair of this kind; he is a hearty fellow."

Here Chopard turned and bit his lips, muttering to himself, "*Heart-y* — I made a pun in spite of myself. It is not exactly the time, certainly; but a man of wit can't always command himself."

At length some one rung. "Here they are!" cried Mme. Chopard.

Mlle. Adelaide hardly knew with what look to receive him; and whilst she was doubting whether her countenance should show more love than anger, the

door opened, and Bellequeue stood in the room. He held his handkerchief in his hand, and nothing favourable was to be gathered from his melancholy physiognomy.

"You are alone, M. Bellequeue," said Mme. Chopard, with an astonished look.

"Yes — yes, madame— I am alone," replied Bellequeue, with the tone and look of a man who has all his life played the part of the confidant in a tragedy.

"M. Jean has not condescended to accompany you?" said Adelaide, in an agitated voice.

Bellequeue, who had prepared his pocket handkerchief, in the hope of squeezing out a tear, now blew his nose, and returned it to his pocket, saying, in an embarrassed and conscious manner, "Young Durand, my godson — Jean, that is to say— has not come with me, it is true; and yet I had a carriage by the hour; I have even one below at this moment: for my leg— I feel a little gout; we shall have a change of weather, I am sure."

"A new moon to-morrow," said M. Chopard, taking a pinch of snuff with an air of satisfaction, as he had always two or three puns ready on the new quarter; but Mlle. Adelaide angrily interrupted him, saying, "Good heavens! papa, surely M. Bellequeue has not come here to talk about moons and hackney-coaches —I can no longer bear this state of suspense. What did M. Jean say to you? Why does not he come? Why have not we heard from him? Speak, M. Bellequeue, speak, I entreat you."

"Very true," said M. Chopard, sullenly, "this is no time for joking,—What has the young man to say for himself?"

Bellequeue finding himself pressed on all sides, once more drew his handkerchief, and squeezing his eyelids together with all his force, in order to render them moist, at length murmured "It is very painful ——it is indeed, I may say, most agonizing to me, to be the bearer of unpleasant news—but my dearest friend, I am not my godson—were I so—very different——" Bellequeue then stopped and blew his nose, as if completely overpowered by his feelings. But Mlle. Chopard cried, "To the point, M. Bellequeue, to the point, I entreat you; I am prepared for the worst."

"Well then, I will tell you all," said Bellequeue, returning his handkerchief into his pocket: "Some wild freak—some devil rather, must have possessed this young man. Jean does justice to the virtues—to the charms—to the real merit of the lovely Adelaide—he spoke so well of her—so well indeed——"

"Well, M. Bellequeue?"

"Well; after praising her to the skies, he declared that he could not marry her."

"He will not?"

"I don't say that he will not—but he cannot—because he does not feel deserving of so great an happiness."

"Oh! mamma, I faint," said Adelaide, sinking in an arm chair.

"My daughter will lose her senses," said Mme. Chopard, running to Adelaide; "M. Chopard! something, I beg of you!"

"Yes," said M. Chopard, running about distractedly; "what will she have—an apricot—a plum—cherry?"

"I will send a medical man," said Bellequeue, and availing himself of the confusion, he hurried out of the room, ran down the stairs, at the risk of breaking his neck, threw himself into the coach, crying "Home—where we came from, as hard as you can drive:—once there, I will roll myself in flannel, and swear to the Chopards that I have the gout in my stomach."

Mme. Chopard, armed with a smelling bottle, and her husband with a pot of preserves, approached their daughter; but Adelaide rose suddenly and striding across the room, she cried, "The business cannot end here—M. Jean must have given some reason—or, at least, he shall give one."

"No doubt," said M. Chopard, trying to keep up with his daughter, "he must speak out."

"But where is M. Bellequeue? Can he possibly have left us in this way?"

"He is gone for a physician," said Mme. Chopard; "here, child, smell to this."

"I will smell to nothing, I want no physician—give me Jean—him alone I want—I die unless I marry him."

"Dear child! how her heart beats," said Mme. Chopard, supporting her daughter: "Ah! M. Chopard, this is love indeed!"

"The very essence of love," replied the father. "What a honeyed life her husband would have led! The man knows not what he rejects."

"Papa, I beg of you, go at once to M. Jean," cried Adelaide, trying to become more calm; "you must feel that an affront to me reflects on you."

"She is right, M. Chopard, it reflects on us all."

"At least, M. Jean will explain himself—give us some good reason—whilst M. Bellequeue has told us nothing but stuff."

"True," said Chopard, "Bellequeue told us nothing else."

"Besides, all through he has conducted himself very badly in this business."

"Very badly."

"Surely you could speak to M. Jean without him; go, papa, go seek this young man, who loved me so truly, and whose conduct is now so shocking. Were I a man, I would soon bring him to reason. Go, papa, act like a man; I cannot say more to you."

Adelaide squeezed her father's hand, and entered her room to give herself up to those feelings which agitated her. M. Chopard remained with his wife, whom he eyed in a very undecided manner, muttering, "Yes, I will let him see that I am a man, and if the fellow will not marry my daughter—he shall tell me why."

"Take care, M. Chopard; don't let your feelings carry you away, I entreat you."

"But when my blood is up—suppose I were to take the gooseberries and the plums without stones—it may open his eyes to his folly—at all events it cannot fail to touch him. My conceptions are always so good.—Mme. Chopard, help me with these two jars under each arm—Now I'll go, and if the young man does not come back with me it will not be my fault—I'll attack him at all points."

M. Chopard set out with a jar under each arm, and arrived bathed in perspiration at Jean's lodgings, who, since Bellequeue's visit, had remained within, a prey to his thoughts.

The servant went to announce this new visitor; but M. Chopard followed so closely, that he was in the room with Jean before he could make any reply to his valet.

"It is I, my dear friend," said M. Chopard, extremely embarrassed by his jars, and looking about to see where he could put them. Jean motioned the servant to withdraw, and hastened to present an arm-chair to M. Chopard, who having furnished two consoles with a jar each, seated himself, and began wiping his forehead.

"Oh, how close it is."

"What! M. Chopard, did you walk with all that?"

"Yes, my dear friend, my mind was so engaged, that I never once thought of calling a coach."

"You appear very warm, won't you take something."

"Why, I don't care — a small glass of cherry-brandy — provided you will join me."

Jean ordered two glasses, and just moistened his lips by way of pleasing M. Chopard, who cleared off his glass, saying, "Capital cherry-brandy. It is very fine. I used to like rum better, but I have given it up since I had the rheumatism; you will scarcely guess why?"

"No, sir."

"Because I do not like *rum-attacks* — Ha! ha! excellent! — rheumaticks."

Jean tried to smile, and M. Chopard recovered himself, saying, "Devil take it! I did not come here to make puns — my boy, we have just seen your godfather, Bellequeue; he tells us that you will not marry our daughter — there must be some mistake, for that is quite out of the question. Adelaide is quite ready to fulfil her engagement — and of course you cannot think of drawing back. I said to myself, 'I will go and see Jean, and I am quite sure we shall soon understand each other; for he is a good lad — who likes his glass' — and I availed myself of the opportunity to bring you those two little new experiments of my daughter's; you shall give me your opinion of them: suppose we taste them?"

"No, sir," said Jean, with a grieved look, to M. Chopard, who appeared to think more of his jars than

of the subject of his visit. "I can scarcely express, sir, how sorry I am that you should have taken the trouble to call. I ought rather to have waited on you. I feel how much I have to answer for—how very wrong I have acted towards you and Mademoiselle, your daughter."

"Psha! what occasion for ceremony between friends? come and dine with us to-morrow; we will make the corks fly, and talk about the wedding-day."

"It must not be, sir; what my godfather has told you is the result of very deep reflection, and it is with the greatest grief, that I feel myself compelled to repeat it to you. I do all justice to the charms, the accomplishments of Mademoiselle, your daughter; but I may not be her husband, for I could not make her happy."

"Yes, my dear friend, but you would make her happy—why she told me so not more than five minutes ago. What the devil more could she want in a husband? You are tall, well-built, good looking."

"Ah, sir, I feel that there is something else necessary to win the heart of —— a woman."

"What something else do you mean, my boy? is it——"

"I mean, sir, there must be a reciprocal love; without love, it would, I think, be a melancholy thing to be tied for life—"

"Ah! you are speaking of love; that is just what I want to bring you to: my dear friend, you are made for each other. Adelaide is caught—she does not deny that you have overcome her pride—and never ceases

singing '*Tu triomphes bel Alcindor*,'—dwelling on the note, you know — she has got it all by heart. As for you, my boy, we all have observed the change which the passion worked in you. It was as plain as the plums in that bottle — without stones by-the-bye — which you must admit —"

"I repeat it, sir, you are mistaken as to my feelings; I have acted very inconsiderately — very blamably, no doubt — but I am sure you will allow, sir, that at my age it is much better to acknowledge one's errors, than to aggravate them by compromising not only one's own happiness, but that also of another person."

M. Chopard, who saw that Jean stuck to the point, rose with a very discontented look, placed his hat on his head, and walked up and down the room, still looking at his jars with a corner of his eye. At length, stopping before the young man, he bit his lips, and said, "Then, sir, all this goes to show, that positively you will not marry my daughter."

"It is but too true, sir."

"Then, sir, I must let you know that I came here for satisfaction. Oh, I am not one of those fathers without firmness—easy good-natured souls, who put up with anything—I am not one of those fathers, sir, I am a man of spirit! — *spirit*," muttered Chopard, "that came quite of itself."

Jean looked at Chopard, with astonishment, and replied, in a submissive manner; "I cannot but feel,

sir, that you have a right to act in this way. If you positively exact it from me — if the assurance of my regret will not content you—it is for you to order, sir—I am at your service, and ready to give you satisfaction in any way you please — sword — or pistol—choose your weapon."

M. Chopard started back four paces, and putting on a more friendly look, he cried, " You quite mistake me, young man—you did not understand, my dear young friend, what I meant by satisfaction. Swords and pistols are out of the question—they are bad arguments: but when you determine not to marry my daughter, you must have some motive—plausible—in fact, some good reason to give. That is the satisfaction I was seeking, and I think you cannot refuse it to me."

" Excuse me sir—pray excuse me: if I thought—"

" There is no harm done, my dear friend."

" You wish me to tell you—"

" Yes, my boy, you will much oblige me, for I should then know what to think."

" Well, then, M. Chopard, if you insist upon it—indeed, I feel that you have a claim upon me—learn, then, what I did not tell my godfather;—in fact, the reason I did not marry your daughter, sir—is—that —I love another, sir."

" Oh, you love another, my boy?"

" Yes, sir, yes: in vain have I strived to conquer a passion which will most probably render me miser-

able for life; I cannot triumph over it. This love came — I scarce know how; but the object that gave birth to it is ever before my eyes. With these feelings, sir, would you have me become the husband of your daughter? How could I offer her a heart beating but for another?"

"No, my friend, certainly not—and I would not consent, even if you yourself were to beg me on your knees. Well, now at last here is a reason—a most capital reason indeed — and I am sure Adelaide will be quite satisfied. My dear boy I can only wish you every kind of happiness: as for these jars, I believe I may as well—just now, in fact, you are not capable of appreciating their contents."

"Oh no, sir."

"Well, then, I will take them with me—some time hence, perhaps—Farewell, my dear friend, I must return to my daughter, who impatiently expects me."

M. Chopard replaced the jars under his arms, and took leave of Jean, who accompanied him as far as the staircase.

As soon as M. Chopard was out of sight, Jean said to his servant, "Pack up my things, I shall move—I shall leave this lodging to-morrow.

"What, sir, to-morrow? why you have not given notice!"

"No matter, I'll stay here no longer—I will be alone, and not be broken in upon, in this way, every moment. I will receive no more visits; and that no

one may find out my new address, you will say that I have left—for Italy—that I am going to travel some time."

The domestic bowed, and Jean went out to look for another lodging, to which he could move immediately.

In the mean time M. Chopard had arrived safe with his jars. Adelaide, who, in her anxiety, had placed herself at the window, to catch the first glimpse of her father, ran down to meet him. Mme. Chopard followed, saying, "Here is M. Chopard; now we shall hear how he treated M. Jean."

"Well, papa, you have seen him?"

"Yes, most certainly I have seen him—and I flatter myself I have seen him to some purpose, too.—Oh, how heavy!"

"Papa, one word, one single word, in pity! is it true he has changed his mind?"

"I am going to tell you all about it, my dear child—this one is much the heaviest of the two. Oh, I went the right way to work with the young man. I stuck close to my text,—You marry my daughter, or you tell me the reason why—and I carried my point."

"Ah, my dear, dear papa! let me kiss you," cried Adelaide, throwing herself round her father's neck.

"Take care, child, you will make me break something."

"He consents, then, to marry me?"

"No—he won't—but he told me the reason why."

At this reply, Adelaide fell back on the banister of the staircase, and M. Chopard, trying to save her, forgot what he carried under his right arm, and the jar of plums, which had been his constant companion for the last hour, fell on the stairs, and was dashed to pieces.

M. Chopard was almost petrified at the sight of the broken jar and his valued fruits, which were rolling down the stairs. Madame Chopard sustained her daughter, crying, " Good heavens! this is the eleventh time she has been in this way to-day: poor child, she will never survive it. But, M. Chopard, you returned with such a triumphant look"!

" Madame, I looked as I ought to look," replied Chopard, in a melancholy tone, following with his eye the plums, which were jumping from one stair to another. " I flatter myself I succeeded in my mission perfectly; of course, if I could have foreseen that the jar would have been broken, I would have left it with the young man—because one may change one's mind andsee things in another light—but that is no reason — Goodness! what a smell — how delicious — they will perfume the house for a week to come."

Adelaide recovered herself, and went to her apartment; her parents followed her. M. Chopard, after desiring his servant to sweep away the fragments, and save some of the fruits from the wreck, repaired to his daughter, who begged him to tell what M.

Jean could possibly have to say as an excuse for his disgraceful conduct.

"My dear child, he not only gave me a reason, but an extremely good one too."

"Impossible, papa! no good reason can be assigned for such conduct as this: but let us hear this reason."

"Well, then, my dear, if he does not marry you, it is—because he loves another."

"Loves another!" said Adelaide, turning all sorts of colours.

"Gracious goodness! she will faint the twelfth time," said Mme. Chopard, running to her daughter.

"No, mamma," said Adelaide, looking like an enraged tigress, and rising with clenched hands, "no, I feel no weakness for the monster—an ungrateful wretch!—a man as unworthy of inspiring true love as he is incapable of feeling it."

"Admirably spoken," said M. Chopard; "certainly he knows nothing of love — this young lad —"

"Did he name to you the object of his flame, papa?"

"No; 'gad, I never even thought of asking him who it was; but if you wish I will go back — without the jar, however."

"Ah! it is useless: I will know who — I will know all — I will unmask this treacherous wretch — I will discover this woman, for whose sake he has so cruelly treated me. He would have done right to say it was not her but me, that he would marry. But I have

taken my determination — I will be his wife as sure as that I break this bottle."

Suiting the action to the word, Adelaide seized a bottle of old cognac, which she dashed in pieces on the ground, and then walked majestically to her chamber.

Monsieur and Mme. Chopard, were lost in astonishment, and stood staring with open mouths. At length the mamma found her tongue, —"For my part I don't understand it at all—she calls him a monster and yet she will have him."

"All I know is, that it has been a most unlucky day for us: it is well we have only one daughter to marry, or we should have the house turned out of the windows."

"M. Chopard, you must forgive the dear child, she suffers so much—she loved so well."

"Pretty strong proofs of it!"

"Ah, M. Chopard, in such circumstances one must have the patience of an angel not to be angry. Oh, love, love, what have you not to answer for!—how you exhaust the spirits."

"True, Mme. Chopard, it requires the patience of an angel to bear the loss of one's brandy.—Ha, ha! not bad that! Mme. Chopard, put me in mind of that the next time we have company.

CHAPTER IX.

Several months had passed since the large party at which Mme. Dorville had met Jean ; the fine weather was gone—winter had returned, and had brought with it all the women of fashion, who hurry to town in search of pleasure, admiration, balls and bustle. To some of these ladies the country offered but few attractions, but it is stylish to leave Paris for four or five months, and it is much better to die of ennui than to be out of the fashion.

To Caroline the country was full of interest; she loved to find herself free and alone, away from the tumults of the world, and escaping for a while from those tiresome compliments, the continued repetition of which renders them insipid even to those to whom they are addressed. Doubtless Caroline was flattered at pleasing, at being sought after, at being listened to with admiration; nevertheless, a well constituted and delicate mind attaches very little value to such homage. The mind becomes accustomed to it, but it

is far from satisfying the cravings of the heart. To the hackneyed slave of fashion alone, the gratification of self-love may be the first of blessings.

Winter had brought back Caroline also to Paris; she went into company more from custom than from any real taste for it. Again she became the star of attraction; for a young widow, rich and handsome, is sure not to want admirers. But Caroline was alike to all: each of the gentlemen was delighted at the amiable smile with which she had received his compliments, and with the liveliness with which she had listened to the witty things which he flattered himself he had said. As yet no one could boast of having touched the heart of the young widow, and making her sigh in secret—a much more difficult thing than making her smile in public. Nevertheless, Mme. Dorville was sometimes thoughtful.

At twenty-one, the tender heart feels the want of an object to love, and, in the midst of all her pleasures and the bustle of the world, surrounded by a crowd of adorers, she felt a void, and a want of something which she could not well define.

Amongst the young men who were most assiduous in their court to Caroline, Valcourt was one of those who seemed most smitten and who paid most attention to her. Valcourt had fortune, birth, and a good figure; he had received a good education, and was by no means deficient in wit. He was persuaded

that no one could resist him, and it was this very belief which often ruined him with women ; for excessive vanity throws a veil over our advantages instead of bringing them forward, and argues a weakness of intellect in those who are guilty of it.

Valcourt easily obtained an introduction to Caroline, who had a weekly public night. He played well, and had a pleasing voice, but he marred its effect by the graces he assumed : his stretched-out neck, and affected smile, took away all the pleasure that one would have had in listening to him ; nevertheless, Valcourt made his way extremely well in the world, where want of manner is more criticised than exaggerated pretension.

Mme. Dorville liked Valcourt well enough as an acquaintance ; she laughed at his compliments, parried his declarations with a joke, and treated lightly what he intended should have been taken very seriously. Valcourt had become really attached to the handsome widow, that is to say, as much as it was in his nature to be so. He was annoyed at the manner in which Caroline received his attentions, for he could not conceive how any one could withstand his tender looks and sighs. Each day increased the feeling that she was necessary to his happiness, and with his own goodwill he would scarcely ever have left her, but he had too much sense and too much knowledge of the world, to wear out his welcome at Mme. Dorville's by too great importunity.

In the midst of pleasure, overwhelmed with admiration, and with fortune sufficient to satisfy every want, most women would have been at the height of happiness.

Caroline's waiting maid, a young unsophisticated girl, extremely attached to her, would express her surprise at the occasional gravity of her mistress.

"Good heavens! madame, has anything happened to annoy you?"

Caroline would reply, with a smile, "No, Louise; what makes you think so?"

"Because you sighed, madame."

"Don't you think one may sometimes sigh without a particular reason? Indeed, one often does so without knowing why."

"Well, I don't know—I should think you were the last in the world ever to feel *ennui*. When one can do as one pleases—when one is beloved by all ones friends, as you are madame—when one can dress well, go every day to some ball, play, or concert, how is it possible ever to have anything to trouble one?"

"Do you really think so, Louise? my dear girl, one soon becomes accustomed to all this. Those pleasures apparently so varied, but in which there is really very little change, soon cease to please us. We require something more simple—in which the heart is more concerned. In my mother's life-time, I never knew what *ennui* meant; we talked together, though often

on very trifling subjects, but with those who are dear to us, the most simple words assume a higher value; and in the intimacy of those who love each other, so many things are understood, which are never spoken. Ah, Louise, how much I regret that gentle intercourse with my mother."

Caroline's eyes filled with tears. Louise felt affected, but after a moment, added, "Yes, to be sure—with one's mother—it is delightful. But then—when one is young and handsome as you are madame, one may enjoy—another feeling—and surely, madame, you will not always be a widow."

To this, Caroline made no reply. She became still more wrapt in her own thoughts, which Louise did not feel at liberty to break in upon.

A great part of the winter had passed, and found the handsome widow unchanged—Valcourt still the same, assiduous and constant in his attentions, and giving himself as much as he could, the air of being preferred by Madame Dorville. Some of those persons, of whom there are many in the world, who judge by the surface of things, were really persuaded that the adventurous coxcomb would shortly become the happy husband of Caroline; but those who knew Madame Dorville better, had as yet seen nothing which could be fairly construed to the advantage of Valcourt.

Jean called no more at Madame Dorville's. No one of her acquaintances ever spoke of him. Caroline

herself never once mentioned his name, and poor Jean seemed totally forgotten by all the world; when, one evening that Caroline had company, some one mentioned the magnificent ball which had been given the summer before by the old gentleman of the Fauxbourg St. Honoré.

"It was quite a first-rate thing," said a young lady.—How happened it that you were not there, M. Valcourt?"

"I, madame; I rather think I was at Boulogne, where I had gone for sea-bathing; I particularly regretted being absent from Paris just then, for I understand that nothing was wanting to render the party complete."

He looked expressively at Caroline, as much as to say, that he knew she had been there, and that the compliment was intended for her. She did not appear to notice him.

"Oh! but what most amused me," said the young lady,—"what I never shall forget, was, the gentleman who fell with his partner in dancing the country-dance!"

"You don't say so? what a capital scene!"

"You must have observed them, Caroline; by-the-bye, I rather think it was the same young man whom I met here one morning."

"What! the man who smelt so like a tobacconist."

"Yes; was it not him, my dear Caroline?"

Caroline replied rather hesitatingly, "Yes—yes—yes, it was."

"But how the devil," cried Valcourt, "did he contrive to get into such good company?"

"As he has been in this house, sir," replied Caroline, somewhat piqued, "I am not so very much surprised at his being received elsewhere."

"Ah, pardon—a thousand pardons," cried Valcourt, who felt he had made a wrong hit. "I meant any thing but to offend you; but though the gentleman did visit you, we all know how it happened, and the obligations you were under to him. But you will excuse my believing that, but for that, you would never have been acquainted with a person so out of your sphere."

"No doubt," said Madame Beaumont, "the young man was very civil. I have nothing to say on that score; he is independent too, I think you told me; but all that does not prevent his being very much out of his place in society."

"But it struck me, that he was much less awkward the last time I saw him—perhaps it was timidity that gave him that embarrassed appearance which you witnessed here. Latterly, he appeared to have gained more manner—more knowledge of the world."

"Ah, my dear friend, it was not timidity that made him smell of tobacco—and his guard-house language!"

"I see," said Valcourt, "Madame Dorville has

taken M. —— I forget his name — no matter — this gentleman, under her protection. But it must have been worth any money to have seen him in the country-dance. If he danced, as he walked, when he came into this room—Ha, ha, ha!"

Caroline blushed, and seemed a little annoyed. She replied to Valcourt somewhat impatiently, " If, sir, we were to amuse ourselves with every absurdity that we see, we should soon have little other employment."

Valcourt said nothing, but he was not a little piqued, that Caroline should undertake the defence of a man whom he felt to be so much beneath him in every respect. The conversation soon changed, and Jean was no more mentioned. Madame Dorville endeavoured to be more than usually attentive to all her company, Valcourt included; and they left her, delighted at the graceful manner in which she did the honours of her house.

And Jean—is he totally forgotten by all? If Caroline is thoughtful, are her thoughts ever on him? Is it likely that a woman of fashion, overwhelmed with admiration would give a second thought to a man she had seen but four times, who had never made her a polite speech, and who knew not how to pay the slightest compliment—who can tell? So many strange things are hidden in the recesses of our hearts, that we ourselves should be often very much puzzled to explain the nature of our sentiments.

When, after a short absence, Madame Dorville returned home in the morning or evening, she never failed asking the porter if any one had called: when she heard that certain of her friends had been there, she made him repeat the names, and would say, "Is that all? Are you quite sure that no one else called?"—"No one madame," was always the answer, and Caroline would walk in, rolling the visiting cards mechanically in her hand.

At last, the winter was over. To Caroline it had appeared very long, and she often spoke of the wish she felt to return to the country. The days were lengthening, the mornings were beautiful, the trees had resumed their leafy dress, and Louise said to her mistress, "We shall soon go back to Luzarche, shan't we, Madame?"

"Oh, yes, very soon," said Caroline.

However, the week passed, and still they were in town. At the end of several days, Louise said again, "We have got the fine weather at last. As you are so anxious to return to the country, madame, of course you will soon go?"

"Yes, next week."

But the next week passed away, and no orders were given for their departure. Louise could not understand why her mistress did not do that in spring, which she seemed so anxiously to desire in winter.

But the end of June arrived, and found them still in

Paris, whilst every year before, they had taken their departure full two months previous: the waiting-maid was tired of asking her mistress when they should leave for Luzarche. One morning, however, Caroline gave the long-looked-for order for making the necessary preparations.

The evening preceding the day fixed for her departure, Caroline was on her return home after making the numerous purchases necessary, previous to her departure, when, at a short distance from the house, she was modestly accosted by a young man. Caroline raised her eyes, and recognized Jean.

"What! is it you, sir,?" said the young lady with a look of surprise, in which there was nothing unpleasant to him who had caused it.

"Yes, madame; pray excuse me if I take the liberty of stopping you, but I could not resist the desire I feel of bidding you farewell before your departure for the country."

"But, sir, if you felt this wish, what prevented you from calling on me?"

"Before calling on you again, madame, I wished to feel worthy of that happiness. I would fain not feel out of my place—not again give you cause to blush for having admitted me."

"To blush! could you believe, sir—could you think, sir,——"

"Oh, no, madame, not you. I know you to be far too indulgent — but few in the world are so; and truly

I gave then no slight cause to wonder at meeting me."

Caroline looked at Jean with astonishment. The change in his language corresponded with that in his manners. No longer a rough careless fellow, with a loud vulgar voice, but a young man, still timid indeed, but whose embarrassment even had nothing awkward about it, and who joined to polished manners a softened voice, which no longer annoyed those who listened to it.

"Really," said Caroline, "I do not recognize you —you are no longer the same. No, you are changed most astonishingly—but the change is all in your favour."

"Ah, madame, if it were true!"

"I should think, sir, you could no longer have any fear of going into company."

"Excuse me, madame, I have still many things to learn."

"What, have you a taste for study, too?"

"Yes, madame."

"What a miracle! Why you told me you were an enemy to all kind of employment."

"And truly, madame. But I am so no longer; my tastes, my wishes, changed since——"

Jean did not finish his sentence; he blushed, and Caroline said, after a moment's silence, "No one saw you all the winter, neither in company, nor at the theatres."

"No, madame, for nearly a year—ever since the party where I met you. I have given myself up to study without a respite. I would fain regain all the valuable time I have lost."

"At your time of life, with so many temptations, study must have been very painful to you."

"No, madame, it is now a charm to me, and I gave myself up to it with ardour; it seemed as if it brought me nearer to——to that world which I now wish to mix with."

"And you remained in Paris all the time?"

"Yes, madame, there."

Jean pointed to the windows of the *entresol* of a house opposite to them.

"What! have you been living in this street, and yet I never met you?"

"But I saw you, madame, every day. Seated near that window, my eyes, whilst at study, were often turned towards your house. It was the only pleasure I allowed myself. Often, when tired by hours of close application, when fresh difficulties have presented themselves, or when some dry pursuit has rendered my labours more than usually painful, I have directed my eyes to your windows, and it seemed as if I derived from the sight new courage and a fresh desire to learn. Sometimes I have seen you walk out—pass within a few steps of me—and then was my retreat embellished, then my lodging became to me of inestimable value. I felt no wish to leave it, happy

in thinking that the next day might again bring you to my sight."

Caroline was agitated: she listened to Jean with an interest which increased at each word. She was astonished at the emotion she felt. Jean stopped; whilst she waited as if she expected him to say something more — both forgot that they were in the street. When we have much to say, time passes very quickly, and those moments of forgetfulness are often the happiest.

At length, Jean, with an anxious look, added, "Perhaps, madame, you feel angry at what I have said, and you do not approve of my thus watching you every time you go out."

"Why should I, sir? You of course have a right to lodge where you please. You see my windows from yours—there is nothing wonderful in your sometimes looking at them; when busy near your window, you have seen me pass—all very natural. What is there to offend me in all this? But a year of retreat—of study, at your time of life, that is something really astonishing."

"I can assure you, madame, the year passed very quickly, and I could wish ——"

"But, good heavens! here we are standing in the middle of the street. I think it would be better to go in."

"Permit me to bid you adieu, madame."

"You wont come in with me then, sir?"

"Excuse me, madame, but you have almost always company with you. There is no speaking to you for a moment; and as yet I do not feel equal to that restraint necessarily imposed by society."

"What childishness! it is for himself alone, then, that Monsieur has taken all these pains, studied and worked so hard—that he has acquired such quiet, gentlemanly manners—and, in a word, has altered himself so completely."

"This alteration—ah, madame, if I dared but tell you to whom I am indebted ——"

"Good heavens! I must go in—every body stares at us—we have been standing here so long."

"It seems to me but a moment!"

"To the passers-by it is a subject of great wonder."

"The blockheads! what is there to look at? they deserve ——"

"Ah, no violence! remember you are not the young man you were."

"You are right; I have need of many lessons yet—and to-morrow you leave for the country?"

"Certainly; July is near at hand — I ought to have been settled some time in my little country-house — by-the-bye, who told you that I leave town to-morrow?"

Jean reddened as he said, "My servant — sometimes asked — in the neighbourhood — when you were about to move."

Caroline smiled, and then said, "Yes, I leave to-

morrow for Luzarche; it is seven leagues hence — have you ever been there ?"

" No, madame."

" It is a very pretty place, the neighbourhood is delightful — such pleasant walks, such beautiful views. Are you fond of the country ?"

" I have not visited it for a long time, but I am sure I should be delighted with it — with certain persons."

" If you can sacrifice a little time, and don't think you will be *ennuyé* with me ——"

" *Ennuyé* near you ! — ah, madame, could that be possible ? — when gazing on you for a minute only has constituted the happiness of a day."

" Well, sir, you must come to Luzarche — besides, you can study there as well as at Paris ; and perfect liberty is one of the greatest pleasures of the country."

" You permit me, then, madame, to pay my respects to you ?"

" Yes, sir ; and I hope it will not be there as at Paris ; and that you will venture to cross the threshhold."

" Ah, madam, you are goodness itself — how happy shall I be !"

" Upon my word, I must leave you now — I see at last, they are looking out of the windows at us. Adieu, M. Durand."

" Adieu, madame."

Caroline smiled sweetly on Jean, who remained standing where he was, not to lose sight of her to the

last moment. Mme. Dorville knocked at the door — she did not turn her head to take another look at Jean, but I will not swear she felt no wish to do so. At length she entered, and Jean, his heart beating lightly, mounted to his *entresol*.

CHAPTER X.

We are now aware that for nearly a year, that is to say, from the day after M. Chopard's visit, Jean left his lodgings in the Rue de Provence. At first he had no other end in view in moving, than to rid himself of troublesome visitors, being determined to devote himself to study, in order, if possible, to make up for the time he had lost in his youth. But in looking out for another lodging, his steps were naturally directed towards the Rue Richer. There he found this precious *entresol* from whence he could see the house occupied by Mme. Dorville. We may judge the delight with which he settled himself; and there realizing the plan he had conceived, as eager now for study as he had once been impatient of labour, Jean engaged a language-master, a professor of geography, history and literature, and a music-master. He divided his time equally between them; and often, yielding to the new ardour which engrossed him, he passed the greater part of the night

in studying that, which he had gone over with his masters in the day-time.

A year is but a short time for the acquiring so many things; but when there is a firm determination, and nature has given a ready capacity, one learns much better at twenty-one than at ten years of age: one understands and reasons on the subject before one; whilst children, for a long time, learn merely like parrots.

Nevertheless, as it is almost impossible, in so short a time, to master so many things, Jean as yet could speak no other language than his own; but at least he could express himself in pure French. He could not argue on literary subjects; but the names of our great authors and their works were no longer strangers to him. He would not now mistake the nuptials of Thetis and Peleus for a scene in the Carnival; and though not as yet capable of playing concerted pieces on the violin, he understood vocal music, the value of the notes, and could sing in time when accompanied. He particularly applied himself to the study of music — for he often thought of the delightful duets sung by Mme. Dorville at the large party; of the tender things which the young man had addressed to her; and he determined that some day he would be equal to singing with her in a similar manner.

When leaving his old lodgings, Jean had said that he was going to Italy, and that a friend had bought

his furniture; by which means he got rid of all troublesome visitors.

Bellequeue, who, after his visit to the Chopards, had swathed himself in flannel in order to have nothing to do with Mlle. Adelaide, soon felt his anger against Jean wear away, and yielding, by little and little, to the insinuations of his housekeeper, he ended by admitting that he had spoken much too harshly to his godson at their last meeting.

"Well, then," said Rose, "you must make it up again. What a pretty thing it would be, that you should keep up a quarrel with M. Jean, your godson; a young man who is almost the same as your own son — and all for what? — for Mlle. Chopard!"

"Very true, Rose, it would be extremely unpleasant: but you see the devil of a fellow never comes near me!"

"Why, you know, if you said such harsh unpleasant things to him, how can you expect him to come. It is you that can frighten one when you please."

"Yes, I am aware — that at times I have an awful look!"

"You must go and see him, poor fellow!"

"But, it strikes me, Rose, that it would be more becoming that the young man should make the first overture to a reconciliation."

"But suppose he dares not? — stay, if you choose, I will go myself to M. Jean."

"No, Rose, no," cried Bellequeue, drawing his

Scotch cap over his ears; "positively I will go myself."

"Come now, arn't you afraid of letting me go alone to M. Jean: have not you still got some nonsense in your head?"

"No, no, by no means — I know your steadiness — better than any one — but appearances — appearances, my dear child."

Rose turned her head smilingly, and that smile seemed to tell many a tale. Bellequeue, who feared his little housekeeper had not quite given up the idea of seeing his godson, determined to go at once in search of him. He no longer suffered from his attack of gout; he was as light as at forty, and felt almost equal to walking on his toes, as was his wont of old. He set out then to the Rue de Provence. About two months had passed since his last visit to his godson.

Bellequeue felt truly grieved when, on his arrival at the house, the porter told him, "M. Jean Durand left this about two months ago, it was said, for Italy; I don't know whether he is returned since, nor can I give you any address."

Bellequeue withdrew sorrowfully. He returned to Rose, and said "Jean is gone to Italy! without bidding me farewell! True, we had quarrelled; but he ought to have known me better, and that I always loved him."

"What, gone to Italy?" said Rose; "how odd — perhaps he followed that — some friend."

"Who, Rose?"

"How can I tell? but this I am sure of, that if he is gone to Italy, he will return and hasten to see you; for I am certain he will not keep up a quarrel with you."

Rose had some doubts in her own mind as to the reality of this journey, and she was very sorry she had not asked Jean where his flame lived, for she thought some traces of the fugitive might be found in that neighbourhood. Rose was a woman, and sharp-sighted, and in love affairs women generally guess the truth.

They were not idle either, at the Chopards. Mlle. Adelaide, after breaking the flask of brandy, and swearing the run-a-way should be her husband, appeared to have recovered more command of herself, and affected for some time to think no more of the ingrate who had forsaken her. The papa and mamma were delighted that the daughter had become so reasonable.

"She is too clever not to triumph over her passion," said Mme. Chopard, and her husband replied, "She begins to open her eyes to this Jean, who has behaved like a *Jack-a-napes*—that is very near a pun! Nevertheless, Adelaide has not returned to the distilling, and I shall never believe her entirely cured of her love, till I find her busy again with the brandy and spirits of wine."

In fact the calm of the young lady was but apparent.

At the end of several weeks Adelaide took her mamma's arm, led her to the Rue de Provence, and pointing out Jean's house, said, "Go into the porter's, I entreat you, and make yourself thoroughly acquainted with all about this young man — when he goes out—where he goes—and his whole conduct."

"What young man, child?" said the mamma, with surprise.

"How! what young man!" cried Adelaide, dropping her mother's arm. "Are we not now before the house of that ungrateful, treacherous monster, who trifled with my heart?"

"What, daughter, are you still thinking of Jean?"

"Still thinking—good indeed! — am I still thinking — I do nothing else by day or night."

"I thought, my dear child, that reason had at length ——"

"Reason has nothing to do with it; I feel it more than ever: I will upset all Paris, but I will marry him."

"But daughter —"

"Go, mamma, go, speak to the porter, I will wait here."

The fond mother yielded to Adelaide's wishes: she sought the porter, who made the same reply as to Bellequeue, that M. Jean Durand had left for Italy; and the mamma returned with the news to her child.

"Left for Italy!" cried Adelaide, extending wide her arms in such a way, that one fist went full into the face of a little gentleman who was passing near

her; far from thinking of making any apology to the little man, who walked away, rubbing his nose, she iterated, "Left for Italy! — most likely it is a lie, Mamma. Run to the porter, ask him if it is not a pretence — give him a piece of fifteen sous that he may not conceal any thing."

Mme. Chopard drew a piece of fifteen sous from her bag, and went to present it to the porter, and then returned saying, "My dear child, it is nothing but the real truth."

Adelaide paced up and down for some time sullenly, and then said, "Did you ask him, mamma, when he would return?"

"Why, you did not —"

"Run, run, run—ask if he will soon return."

Madame Chopard returned to the porter, and then came to Adelaide, saying, "The porter knows nothing whatever about him."

"What a thorough idiot that porter must be!"

They made a few steps homewards, when Adelaide said, "I must see this porter myself — it is not possible—he was trifling with you — you might have got a great deal more for your fifteen sous—wait for me."

Adelaide left her mother in the street, and went herself to Jean's old residence: but despite her prayers, her supplications, and reiterated questions, she could learn nothing more. At length she rejoined her mother, and returned home furious.

Mme. Chopard whispered her husband, "Her love is come back worse than ever."

"I knew it was scarcely extinguished, I told you so. She neglected her preserves — a sure sign she was thinking of something else."

"We must forgive the dear—a first love is so very difficult to overcome!"

"How know you that, Mme. Chopard? I thought you had nothing to overcome when you became my wife."

"Ah, M. Chopard, you hurt my feelings."

"Nothing but a play on the words, my dear friend."

When Adelaide attained her twentieth year, she had the appearance of being at least five years older: and her parents considering her a full grown woman, perfectly capable of taking care of herself, were accustomed to let her go out alone, to make any purchases in the neighbourhood, or to transact any little detail in the management of the house. They had far too high an opinion of their daughter to fear for a moment that she would ever make an improper use of her liberty.

Some days after the voyage of discovery to the Rue Provence, Adelaide returned alone, and asked the porter if he had since heard any thing of M. Jean. The porter was still in the same story, and the giantess strode away. In two days she made her appearance again, but her pains were unrequited. She still persisted, and every second day brought the porter a visit from his tall friend, at the sight of

whom he would have been heartily sick, had not Adelaide, from time to time, slipped a piece of money into his hand to keep herself in his good graces.

"Not even to mention what town in Italy he was gone to!" Adelaide would sometimes cry. "One might at least —— Papa, is Italy far off?"

"Oh, my God! very far off," said M. Chopard, who was afraid his daughter would send him there in search of Jean; "it is quite out of the world; that is to say, it is an immense way off; it is quite at the bottom — of all the mountains."

"Farther than Rouen, where you once took me?"

"Oh, a hundred times farther! — and such a horrible climate! — you are suffocated all day, and can get nothing to eat but macaroni. And then the robbers! — the roads are infested with robbers; it very seldom happens that people get there without being robbed five or six times by the way."

"It is not the dread of that would deter me," said Adelaide, "but when one does not know on what side to direct one's steps—he must have followed his new flame—most probably an Italian—those women are great coquettes, and neglect no art to seduce a man."

"They even use philtres," said M. Chopard.

"Some unfair means must have been employed, I am sure—for certainly he once loved me too truly to have changed naturally."

"Adelaide is right," said Madame Chopard;

"some one must have thrown a charm over the young man."

"A charm," muttered M. Chopard, who was hammering at a pun, "certainly a *charming* woman—"

"Oh, if I could ferret her out!" said Adelaide: Papa, is Italy very large?"

"What a question! is it large? A country in which the Romans, Italians, and Latins, can all find room—why it is three times as large as China."

Adelaide sighed, and was silent—for the little journey to Italy, which she had half determined on, was knocked on the head by this intelligence.

Bellequeue had never visited the Chopards since the day he called with his bad news. Adelaide felt that the ci-devant perruquier had behaved exceedingly ill, through the whole affair.

"M. Bellequeue could not but have known of this new conquest of M. Jean's, and he ought to have been the first to put us in possession of his godson's change of feeling."

"He has acted very wrong indeed," said Madame Chopard; "and he is quite right in not setting his foot here."

"Oh," said M. Chopard, "I shall advise him not to attempt it: if he does, I shall take the same tone with him that I did with his godson."

But time slipped away, and despite her almost daily visits to the porter in the Rue de Provence, Adelaide could hear nothing of Jean. Convinced that

Bellequeue must know something of his movements, Adelaide yielded to the feelings which agitated her so strongly, and repaired one morning to the house of Jean's godfather.

It was eleven o'clock; Bellequeue had just stepped out, when Rose heard some one ring violently.

"Good heavens!" said the little servant, "how like M. Jean's ring:" she ran to open the door, but in place of Jean, saw Mlle. Chopard, who was very well known to her, as Adelaide had often accompanied her father in his visits to his friend.

"Is M. Bellequeue within?" said Adelaide, in the abrupt manner and with the sulky look which she usually wore when she thought it unnecessary to call up her best looks.

"No, Mademoiselle, he is not," replied Rose, suiting her voice and manner to those of the querist.

"Oh, he is not: how comes it that he goes out so soon?"

"He goes out when he pleases—it would be a pretty thing, indeed, were he to shut himself up for fear some one should call upon him: besides, I am at home, and those who come here, know very well it is the same thing if they speak to my master or to me."

Adelaide smiled disdainfully; "Oh, it is the same thing, is it?"

Rose, tossing her head, muttered, "The saucy jade! what a fuss she makes."

"Will he soon be back?" said Adelaide, after a moment's pause.

"I don't know," replied Rose, drily.

Adelaide was withdrawing, but as Rose wished to learn the object of her visit, she recollected herself, and said, "Now I think of it, my master can't be long, for I remember he told me he expected his tailor about this time."

"Well, then, I will wait for him," said Adelaide, entering, and seating herself in the little parlour.

Rose followed her, broom in hand, saying, "You are sure to see him if you wait; Monsieur will go no where but to the Cabinet of Natural History, and he stops only a quarter of an hour before each bird."

Adelaide was seated for some time without speaking. Rose bustled about the room, saying to herself, "You won't condescend to open your mouth, won't you? I will make you talk before long."

In a few minutes she said, maliciously, all the time affecting to be very busy, "If I mistake not, Mademoiselle was to have been married to my master's godson."

"Ah! you have heard so, have you?" said Adelaide, smiling bitterly.

"I have already told Mademoiselle that I am acquainted with all—everything that interests M. Bellequeue; besides, this is not the first time I have had the *honour* of seeing Mademoiselle Chopard."

"Yes, I recollect, I came here with Pa, two or three times."

"Oh! with *Pa*," said Rose, turning round to hide a

smile: "the little darling!—six feet high—she still talks of her *Pa*—what a pity she has not a doll in her arms!" then, assuming an indifferent tone of voice,—"very odd the business halts in this way—it was said that every thing was settled."

"As you know all, you must be aware of the disgraceful conduct of M. Jean towards my parents—I speak not of myself—I think no more of him than I do of a Cossack—"

"I believe as much of that as I please," said Rose to herself.

"As to M. Bellequeue, his conduct has been anything but what might have been expected from an old friend. With the authority he possessed—and over a young man who had neither father nor mother, he might have married him to whom he chose."

"But surely, Mamzelle, after all, you would not *force* the inclinations of M. Jean."

"How force — much he would have been to be pitied indeed!—he adored me."

"That is to say, you thought so," replied Rose, smiling.

"How? what do you mean?" cried Adelaide, rising, —"thought so—you are master of his secrets then—you know the bottom of his heart—perhaps you know the new object of his admiration! Oh, I am sure you do—speak, young woman—speak—speak then."

"Good heavens! what a heat you are in—and all for a man you don't care about!"

"Whether I am in a heat or not, that's my business; I beg you will answer me."

"But surely you did not come here to talk with the *young woman*," cried Rose, mocking her; "and as your business lies with M. Bellequeue——"

"Ah, I see that you will not be long unacquainted with it—yes, it was relative to M. Jean that I wished to see your master. As papa is very angry, and swears that M. Jean shall fall by his hand, I wished to learn, from M. Bellequeue, the address of the young man, that I might give him warning to avoid papa—a meeting with whom he would dearly rue."

"Oh! if that is all, I think M. Jean would soon get over his fear of M. Chopard's anger. Besides, *my master* does not know where he is. As for the love you think he had for you—when you saw the young man become pensive and thoughtful, sure enough, it was love that rendered him so; but you may make yourself quite easy that it was not for you."

"Go on—who did he love?" said Adelaide, twisting her handkerchief with rage.

"Oh, a *really* handsome woman—so he told me—a woman of high fashion—elegant—"

"What wretches these men are!—you were his confidante, young woman?"

"Why, yes; M. Jean placed a great deal of confidence in me, and told me all his thoughts."

"And where did he see this woman?"

"One of those whom he saved from the robbers."

"Oh, frightful!—one of those women whom he met in the street,— some wretched girl!—and am I deserted for such an object?"

"Not at all an object—it seems that she is a woman of high birth, and immensely rich; with three carriages and twenty servants.—I must tell her all that to vex her," said Rose to herself.

"A princess, I suppose?—A pretty princess! to be wandering alone at night in the Rue des Trois Pavillons. Is she an Italian?"

"I don't know whether she is an Italian or a Turk; M. Jean did not exactly tell me—but one thing is certain—he loves her! Oh! he loves her with such strength—"

"If it was with the strength of a Sampson, I tell you he should never marry her!"

"Psha! who will hinder him?"

"I!"

"You!"

"Yes, I will, young woman."

"Why, it may have taken place already—who can tell?"

"And the name of this wonderful beauty?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know!"

"No, M. Jean did not tell me."

"Very extraordinary!—and her residence?"

"Can't say."

"Not know her residence—you,—the confidante of M. Jean!"

"No, Mamzelle, I don't—or if I do I will not tell you, for that would be to betray the secrets of true love.—I must make her believe I know his address," said Rose to herself.

"Mademoiselle Rose, I desire you will give me the stranger's address," said Adelaide, with sparkling eyes.

"Mademoiselle, I will not tell you," said Rose, beginning to dust about.

"Take care, young woman! I shall see M. Bellequeue some other time, and get your master to turn you away, if you don't give me the direction."

"You get me turned away!" said Rose, raising a cloud of dust from her whisk, "very pretty indeed! but the misfortune is, *my master* will listen to my story first, and it will most probably end in his begging you to stay at home quietly with your *pa*, and not be coming here kicking up a dust for a husband."

These last words raised Adelaide's anger to the highest pitch. "I will not degrade myself to a level with a servant," said she, and she walked out, making the floor tremble under her. Rose shut the door after her, saying, "Good God! what a fury it is!"

Mlle. Chopard's visit to Bellequeue, had no other result. The year passed away, and brought no news of Jean, who was studying very quietly all the time

in his little *entresol*, in the Rue Richer, whilst Bellequeue felt uneasy about him—Rose was astonished at not seeing him—and Adelaide was keeping up her visiting acquaintance with the porter of the Rue de Provence.

CHAPTER XI.

It was not long before Jean availed himself of Mme. Dorville's invitation, for his love for study was not equal to that for Caroline; and, besides, when it is to please an amiable and clever woman, that one endeavours to make up for the want of early education, it is in her company that the most valuable lessons are to be learned. Professors teach us science, women teach us to please; we leave the first, proud of our erudition and desirous of showing it; we learn from the second to cover the rigidity of the schools by the outward forms of gallantry and politeness, and to love the pretty nothings, which are of value as coming from a handsome mouth. In a word, from women we learn to listen, than which nothing more recommends one in the world. How many people there are who can do nothing but talk.

Jean, who was now acquainted with the usages of the world, allowed Mme. Dorville time to arrive

and settle herself in her country-house. After six days, passed very impatiently, he at length started for Luzarche, mounted on a handsome horse, which he had purchased, and followed by his servant.

The seven leagues were accomplished in less than three hours. Jean relaxed the pace of his courser as he approached the neighbourhood inhabited by Caroline. When we are on the point of attaining the object of our desires, it often seems as if a secret voice told us not to be too anxious, for that hope was happiness itself.

Jean had not asked Mme. Dorvilie the exact situation of her house, being well persuaded that he should know it at sight. Seeing a handsome mansion, designed with great taste, Jean cried, "That is it," and dismounting, he knocked at the door and asked for Mme. Dorville. A young girl opened the door and said, "Mme. Dorville's house is farther off, at the bottom of the second lane on the left."

Jean, thanked her, and remounted, very much astonished, that his heart could have deceived him—but if the heart were capable of divining every thing, we should be exposed to many an odd scene.

At length he perceived the much desired house. It was plainer than the one at which he had first stopped, but its simplicity was in good taste. In front was a lawn enclosed by a treillage covered with honeysuckle. The house was of two stories, with a vestibule in the centre, the doors of which being open, showed a handsome garden behind.

Jean took little notice of all this: but he saw a lady at one of the lower windows, and he put his horse in a canter, for that lady was Caroline, who, by chance no doubt, was very often looking down the lane which led to the high road. The young traveller was soon before her, and Caroline observed that he sat his horse extremely well.

Caroline came down to receive her visitor. Jean reddened as he accosted her, saying, "You see, madame, that I have availed myself of your invitation."

"You are very good to do so: I forgot to tell you whereabouts I lived, and feared you would not be able to find me out. Are you tired?"

"Not at all."

"Well, then, I will walk you over all my possessions; you must resign yourself to such an infliction when you visit country folk; I shall not let you overlook a single rose-tree; but first let me introduce you to the faithful companions of my solitude."

Jean followed Caroline into a parlour on the ground floor; there he saw seated, a most respectable looking old lady, who was reading a newspaper, and a little farther off a young girl was seated before a piano. The old lady, Mme. Marcellin, had been a friend of Caroline's mother; her fortune was but small, and Caroline always gave her an invitation to the country, which Mme. Marcellin accepted with pleasure. The young girl, named Laura, was the daughter of respectable people who had been reduced

in the world, and who were unable to give their child any other than the plainest education. Caroline brought Laura into the country with her, and amused herself by teaching her music, for which the young girl showed very great taste.

Thanks to these companions, Madame Dorville could also receive at her house whoever she pleased, without laying herself open to those remarks which would no doubt have been made, had she been living alone.

Jean bowed to the old lady, who took off her spectacles, and laid down her paper as he entered the room. Laura curtsied, and then went on with her occupation.

"Here," said Caroline, to Jean, "are my companions, good and true, in this little house. Whenever you feel disposed to join our party, you will give me great pleasure. Without boasting a castle, we have still room for those who are willing to pass a few days with us, and you will be your own master, for here we are free as air. We work, read, walk, just as we please; at the hours of meals only, I exact punctuality. We claim no attention, but that paid with good will; and, as the small talk of women does not always please gentlemen—well, we wish good night, and seek our own rooms."

Jean felt delighted at the amiable manner in which Caroline welcomed him. He would, however, have preferred finding her alone in her country-house; but to be near her, was a great deal, and Madame Dorville

had engaged him to spend several days, a happiness he had scarce dared hope for.

"Come, and see my domain," said Caroline, herself taking his hand. He allowed himself to be conducted, quite moved by finding Caroline's pretty hand holding his, and charmed that the manners of good company permitted this delightful familiarity.

They walked round the garden, which was very large, and visited in succession a little nut-grove, grotto, summer-house, and meadow. On their return, Caroline shewed every thing, from her dairy down to her pigeon-house, saying, "You know I gave you warning that I should not spare you anything." Jean found every thing delightful, and though he did not always pay attention to what was shown him, yet he never lost sight of his lovely conductress, and thought how delightful her presence would render study.

Caroline led her guest into a little room where there were several shelves furnished with books and drawing materials.

"Here, sir," said the young widow, smiling, "we work, study, or read; as I generally spend five months of the year in the country, I like to have my favourite authors about me. There are not above a hundred volumes there; but you will admit that if well chosen, one may learn much from them. This is also our drawing-school, and I give Laura lessons every day. We have everything here but music. Now, sir, you are free of the house, and whenever you are kind

enough to pay me a visit, you can, whenever so disposed, avail yourself of this room which I have dignified with the name of library."

"Ah, I shall often come, madame—if you will allow me, and if my presence does not inconvenience," said Jean, looking at Caroline.

She dropped her eyes, replying, "If your presence inconvenienced me, should I have invited you here?"

"But in the world—it is said—that people often meet without caring about each other."

"Here we are out of the world; I receive, no doubt, many visits I could willingly dispense with—but such people—I never invite to study with me."

"Ah! how delighted am I, madame, to be of the number of those whom you admit to your intimacy. How have I deserved such happiness?"

"Your frankness prepossessed me from the first in your favour. But I was annoyed by your manner—somewhat free—your expressions—at times vulgar—all which put me in pain for you. Excuse me, I hurt you by saying so."

"Far, very far from it, indeed, madame. Is it not from you that I receive my most valuable lessons?—is it not to you I owe——"

Just then the sound of a bell was heard—"That is the dinner-hour," cried Caroline. "That bell announces it—oh, we do everything here in first-rate style. Come, sir, we must not keep them waiting."

Jean followed his young hostess. The old lady

and Laura were already in the eating-room: they placed themselves at table. At first, Jean was somewhat embarrassed; but the amiability and gaiety of Caroline soon made him lose that constraint which prevented the free use of his faculties. He felt, after a time, completely at his ease. He expressed himself with more facility, dared to say what he thought, and at length led the conversation, because he felt that no one would ridicule what he said. For the first time, in Caroline's company, he was gay and witty. Nevertheless, Caroline did not feel astonished: she had divined that Jean might become that, and more.

After dinner they walked in the garden. Jean was quite surprised, that he was already on the footing of an old acquaintance with Caroline. Nevertheless, he did not permit himself any liberty or familiarity unauthorized by good breeding; but he was astonished at finding how far frankness, amiability, and enjoyment, were compatible with polished manners. In the evening they repaired to the drawing-room. Laura placed herself at the piano, and Caroline said to Jean, "I am afraid music will tire you; you are not fond of it?"

"Pardon me," replied Jean, "I am very fond of it now, and I even begin to—sing—a little."

"What! sir, have you learnt music also? Let us hear at once what you can do. I will accompany you. Here is choice of songs."

Caroline placed herself at the piano: Jean stood be-

hind her. He chose a little thing which he knew, and sang at first hurriedly; but after a time, with considerable taste and feeling; because being behind Caroline's chair, her looks did not disturb him. But above the piano, was a mirror. Jean soon saw the features of his mistress, and encountered her beautiful eyes. He lost himself at once—became confused—and could not go on.

"Well, what is the matter? why do you stop?" said Caroline, "you were going on so well! Come, sir, let us try again. Recollect you must work here."

Jean finished the trifle. Caroline cried every instant, "Astonishing!—in so short a time—to sing so well already—with so much feeling!" and the lovely woman turned her head to look at Jean. He felt that there was something in that look which amply repaid him for the labours of a year.

"I know also, a few duets," said Jean, "who had already in great measure conquered his fear."

"Duets? which!"

"Why—first—there is that—which you sang at that great party where—I met you."

"Yes, I recollect—*the Duet des Aubergistes de Qualité*—here it is, let us try it together."

Jean felt his heart beat at hearing Caroline's sweet tones, and scarcely dared to join his voice with hers; but he was encouraged, scolded, and compelled to go over again, any passage in which his agitation had made him fail. Though nothing was lost on her, Caroline

affected not to observe the expression of his eyes, or the emotion of his voice, when he came to speak of love.

"We shall make something of you," said she. "Laura sings well, she will be your mistress. It would be really scandalous if you did not become a good musician."

Jean bowed. He found not words as yet to express all that he would fain say, or, perhaps, he felt that he must not yet venture to say all that he felt.

By this time the old lady, Mme. Marcellin, had shut her book, and taken her candle to withdraw. Jean did not exactly understand what footing he was on, or whether he had actually been invited to stay a few days or not. In this uncertainty he arose, took his hat, and looked at Caroline, uneasily.

Well, sir," said she, "what are you about; are you leaving us?"

"But, Madame — I did not know —"

"No, sir, you must stay with us some days; that is, if you have nothing to prevent you."

"Excuse me, Madame — I am master of my own time — but I was not sure that I ought —"

Caroline smiled again, then, ringing for her waiting-maid, Louise appeared, and she desired her to shew Jean to his chamber.

Jean bowed profoundly, and followed the servant, who conducted him to a handsome room on the second floor, where she left him. Jean went to bed quite giddy with his happiness. The thought that he

was under the same roof with Caroline— that he was her guest, and would be so for several days, kept him awake all night. But we cannot enjoy everything; and after all, is sleep a blessing when all our thoughts are *couleur de rose?*

When a man passes a sleepless night, there is nothing wonderful at his rising at an early hour in the morning. Jean was on foot at break of day. His first thought was to send his servant back to Paris, for he saw no necessity for troubling Mme. Dorville's household with him. Jean then repaired to the gardens, and trod with delight those alleys, walks, and shades, which were embellished every day with Caroline's presence. It seemed to him, that the air which he breathed was softer, and that nature was more beautiful wherever that charming woman had carried her steps. Which of us has not felt this influence caused by the loved object — this magic spell thrown on all lovers? and yet there are people who will tell you, there are no sorcerers, no magicians—when a child can transform for us, a cottage into a palace—a dark wood, or an obscure cave, into a delightful retreat! and what are the means he employs? fine eyes, a graceful foot, or a little turned-up nose. Your Armidas, Circes, Medeas, were weak indeed, compared with this child.

Jean was absorbed in his thoughts. He paused before a group of trees, near to which was a mossy bank. This seat particularly attracted him; or may-be,

he never saw it at all, for lovers are like Myopes; their thoughts are often far away from that which they appear to look at. All at once he was accosted in a well-known voice, with "What is the strong attraction here?"

Jean turned to Caroline, and said, "I was looking at this mossy bank."

"That bank — why, there is nothing very extraordinary in it."

"I was thinking how often you must have been seated there."

Jean said nothing more; but this simple speech went to Caroline's heart. Contrasted with it, how cold appeared all those studied complimental speeches to which she had been accustomed. For some moments she was thoughtful also, and Jean did not ask the reason why.

Little Laura soon appeared to say that breakfast was ready. Caroline had already recovered herself, and they returned to the house. After breakfast, Mme. Marcellin seized the newspapers with eagerness, to the study of which, the greatest part of her day was devoted. Caroline and Laura repaired to the library, and Jean followed them. He read whilst the ladies were drawing. From time to time his eyes wandered from his book. He turned them on his amiable hostess, and by chance, no doubt, he sometimes encountered hers: she would then say, smilingly, "Well, sir, why don't you read?"

"Excuse me Madame — I was — meditating on what I had been reading."

"A most excellent plan, sir."

The young man fibbed a little, but when we assume the manners of the world, the learning to fib is a matter of course.

When Caroline and her pupil had finished their drawing-lesson, they left Jean alone in the library, and not till then did he give himself up to study, and feel the force of what he was reading. He then returned to the parlour, and Laura gave him a music-lesson. After dinner, they walked in the garden or neighbourhood, and closed the evening with singing and the piano.

Several days passed in this way. Jean was too well pleased to take any step which might endanger his happiness. He idolized Caroline, but he feared if he made the avowal of his love, that she might be displeased and no longer permit his visits. This fear alone kept him silent. But if his tongue spoke not, his eyes plainly told the secret of his heart. Whenever by accident he found himself alone with her, his eyes sought hers, which ever shone benevolently, but that might be only from a friendly feeling. No doubt she was good and amiable, but could she ever feel love for him? Jean did not believe himself worthy of her heart, for he never could forget what he had once been.

Eight days passed rapidly away. Jean feared that

for a first visit he had stayed over long, and on the morning of the ninth, he prepared to take leave.

"You are leaving us?" said Caroline to him. Never did her voice sound so sweet, and the look of reproach with which she accompanied her words, enchanted Jean, who was almost ready to reply that he would stay; however, mustering his courage, he said that business called him to Paris.

"If it is long before you return," said little Laura, "you will forget all that you have learnt."

"You hear," said Caroline, "your music-mistress desires you will soon come back."

The lovely woman said no more, but looked as if Laura had spoken her thoughts. Jean took her hand timidly; he pressed it in his, but dared not carry it to his lips. How many things there were which he yet dared not do, though formerly he had been so bold and enterprising. But extremes meet, and he was no longer the Jean of other days.

He at length tore himself away from the delightful retreat, and said, as he returned to Paris, "Good manners made me shorten my visit this time, but when I return I will stay till she herself tells me it is time to leave."

CHAPTER XII.

JEAN found his little *entresol* lonely enough; for Mme. Dorville was no longer near him. He could not hope to see her pass in the street, the days appeared of a mortal length, and it was in vain he attempted to lose himself in study. After eight days, which seemed eternal, Jean could hold out no longer, but repaired to the country. "If she appears displeased at seeing me again so soon, if she receives me coldly," said he to himself, "be it so; I will avow that I cannot exist at a distance from her. If she is importuned by my presence, let me at least breathe the same air that she does — let me but repose under the same roof that shelters her, and I will never utter a word of my love."

His heart whispered that Caroline would not be displeased at his eagerness to see her again. Yielding to this delightful hope, he pressed the flanks of his courser, who soon reached Luzarche covered with foam.

Jean threw himself from his horse, which he gave in charge to the gardener, who also officiated as hostler, and asked if Mme. Dorville was within; "My mistress has just stepped into the garden," replied he.

Delighted at the news, Jean slipt a piece of gold into the man's hand, and ran into the garden without stopping in the house.

Jean was well acqainted with the garden: he quickly traversed the greater part of it, but had not yet met Caroline, when, from the bottom of a walk he at length saw the young widow seated on the same bank of turf before which she had found him in contemplation a few days back.

Jean stopped; Caroline could not see him—he bent forward to see how she was employed—Caroline had neither book, work, or drawing. Her head rested on one of her hands; her eyes were fixed on the turf, her bosom heaved gently, and she appeared entirely lost in thought.

Jean stirred not, but he sighed and said, "Of what, of whom, is she now thinking?"

Some minutes passed in this way, when Caroline turned her head suddenly, and saw Jean immoveable, about four paces from her.

"What! is it you? You here!" said Caroline with surprise.

"Yes, madame, I have just arrived; they told me you were in the garden, and I came in search of you."

"And you stand there without speaking to me!"

"I saw you—that was happiness enough."

"Really, M. Jean, I shall begin to think you are too much a man of the world, if you pay compliments in this way."

"Compliments! No madame, I will never pay any. I will preserve my old frankness—for it was the only good quality I had to boast of."

"Good heavens! how warm you are; you seem overcome with heat."

"I came rather fast."

"Well, sit down at all events."

Jean did not wait for a second invitation, but seated himself by Caroline, who rejoined, looking at him with interest, "How absurd, to fatigue yourself so! what occasion for so much hurry?"

"Why—that I might the sooner see you."

"Paris then has not made you forget the country?"

"Ah! madame, I was so happy whilst staying with you, that I scarcely appeared to live in Paris, I could no longer resist the desire I felt—perhaps this strong desire renders me wanting in those observances—"

"M. Jean, I have already told you that these ceremonies are waived between friends. Don't you wish to be considered as such?"

"Your friend! the name is very sweet—and yet—there is one sweeter still—"

A sigh accompanied these words, which Caroline pretended not to observe, and said laughingly, "Good heavens, how grave we are becoming! one would

think we were discussing something very melancholy, but I hope there is nothing of the kind. Come Sir, I must not have any more of these grave looks."

"Well then, I will strive to be gay, madame," said Jean sighing very deeply.

Caroline looked at him smilingly, but encountering his eyes, there was something so tender in their expression, that she too sighed and blushed in her turn.

Just then, Laura came to announce some neighbours who had called to pay a visit. Caroline rose, saying to Jean, "We must go to the parlour—good breeding requires it."

Jean followed, saying to himself, "Good breeding then, has its bad side like every thing else."

The party which had arrived, consisted of a husband, his wife and four children, who called themselves neighbours of Mme. Dorville, because they had a place at Chantilly, where, by-the-bye, they were never to be found, as they passed the whole summer visiting in the neighbourhood, quartering themselves without ceremony, first at one house and then at another. Caroline, who had often met them in Paris, felt herself obliged to welcome a family, the head of whom was a wearisome bore, his wife an affected fool, and the children four little devils who would upset every thing in a house and garden, whilst the father never ceased repeating "Oh, never mind the boys, let them go where they please; they have been too well brought up to meddle with any thing."

Whilst Caroline received the Deschamps, Jean payed his respects to Mme. Marcellin and Laura; then, as he despaired of being another moment alone with Caroline, he intended betaking himself to the library, but M. Deschamps laid hold of him and began a conversation on the pleasures of the country, which he seemed to think he was quite capable of doing justice to, as he rarely allowed Jean to say other than yes, or no. Tired to death with his prating, Jean beat a retreat to the garden, but M. Deschamps followed him there, and every tree, every bush, every flower, furnished him with matter anew for his disquisitions, on the country. Poor Jean lost all hope of escape, when Caroline, who saw that he had been M. Deschamps' victim for more than two hours, came to his rescue, announcing that Laura was ready to give him a music lesson. Jean thanked her with a glance, and left her in company with this gentleman, who could dilate so fully on the pleasures of the country.

Jean flattered himself that, after dinner, the Deschamps would take their leave. But at the dessert, the worthy head said to Caroline: "Mme. Dorville, we have come without ceremony to pass a week with you. We then go to M. Grandfort's, at Ecouen, where we spend a fortnight; from that to Pierrefite, to Mme. Duparc's: we then spend three weeks at Beaumont, and a month at Louvres. We have so many engagements, that our whole summer is taken up. But you must promise to come and see us at Chantilly,

Mme. Dorville; we shall be delighted to receive your visit."

M. Deschamps never invited any one to his house without taking right good care, that they should know he was not likely to be at home. Whilst he was speaking, Jean looked at Caroline, and his eyes seemed to say, "What! are you going to sacrifice a week to these people?" A slight smile, which appeared on the lips of the lovely woman, showed Jean that she understood his thoughts. However, she replied very politely to M. Deschamps, "You are extremely good, coming to see me in this way. A little later, and I should have missed you; for I am expected at a neighbour's four or five days hence."

"Well then, we will pass the interval with you, and we will give three days more to M. Grandfort."

"Five very pretty days we shall pass!" said Jean to himself. In fact, as long as the Deschamps family remained, it was impossible to enjoy a moment's quiet without leaving the house. In the morning, M. Deschamps fastened on every one, followed them every where, even to the library; there was no means of escaping him. The children destroyed every thing in the garden, plucked fruits and flowers, and busied themselves in pulling up the young trees, in order to plant them elsewhere; and in the evening, the voice of the papa, joined to the cries of his four children, completely put to flight all attempts at music.

At length, the fifth day arrived, the Deschamps

took leave, (on their departure, as M. Deschamps emphatically said, for Ecouen,) and then pressed Mme. Dorville to come and see them at Chantilly.

Every one appeared to breathe freer, when relieved from the presence of this tiresome family. After the departure of the Deschamps, they resumed at Caroline's the occupations they so much loved. They recovered their spirits, as they could hear and speak once more. Jean, who strove to render himself worthy of his charming friend, made rapid progress in music, and passed several hours every morning in the library. A look or word from Caroline repaid him for his assiduity; and what a sweet recompense was it to be near her! and even when nothing was said, when each seemed lost in thought, Jean found that time flew. How rapidly the hours pass away in company with those we love.

Ten days after the departure of the Deschamps, a handsome cabriolet drew up at Mme. Dorville's, and Mme. Beaumont and M. Valcourt were announced.

Valcourt had long wished to visit the young widow in the couutry. He entreated Mme. Beaumont to accompany him, and at length persuaded on her to comply.

The ladies were seated below when the new comers arrived. Caroline received them in her usual graceful manner. Valcourt apologized for the liberty he had taken in accompanying Mme. Beaumont. He was listened to, and welcomed with politeness.

Valcourt looked about him with admiration; and whilst he was crying, "What a delightful retreat! how willingly I would pass my life here!" Mme. Beaumont told Caroline, she was come to spend a few days with her.

"How very kind of you," said Caroline, smilingly; but the smile came not from the heart; and a keen observer would not have failed to see, that it was one of politeness only.

Jean was busy in the library, whilst Mme. Beaumont and Valcourt were establishing themselves in the house. Laura came to him, and said, "There is more company below—people from Paris. How unpleasant! one can't practise before strangers."

Jean thought it unpleasant too, though not exactly, because it interfered with his singing. But there was no help for it; and at all events, this lady and gentleman could not be worse than the Deschamps.

Jean arranged his dress before he went down, and then presented himself with that ease—that grace—which he had acquired in Caroline's society. All the company were assembled. Mme. Beaumont looked at Jean, whose dress and manners were so different formerly, as on one she had never seen before. But Valcourt recognized at once the young man, at whose expence he had laughed so much; and his looks expressed the surprise, the anger which he felt, at again meeting him at Mme. Dorville's.

Jean bowed politely; then seating himself near

Mme. Marcellin, he began conversing with her, whilst Mme. Beaumont whispered Caroline, "Who is the gentleman, my dear friend; I think I have seen him somewhere."

"It is M. Durand."

"What the man who was so very vulgar!"

"Yes, my dear friend."

"But he does not strike me as being the same."

"Because, in fact, he is no longer the same, and you see that one may now receive him without compromising oneself."

These words were accompanied with rather an ironical smile. Whilst these ladies were talking, Valcourt never took his eyes off Jean; he was in utter despair at not being able to find anything to criticise in his dress.

The dinner-bell was heard; Jean presented his hand to Mme. Beaumont, and they seated themselves at table. At first very little was said, as all seemed on their guard; but Mme. Beaumont soon began to recount the Paris news, and Valcourt, who took it for granted, that Jean would be at a loss for conversation, determined to draw him out. But to the utter astonishment of the young coxcomb, Jean expressed himself extremely well; and though he did not make use of periphrasis, or metaphor, or press into his service the fashionable words of the day; he yet showed, that he was fully capable of sustaining his part in the conversation.

Valcourt bit his lips with anger; he looked alternately at Caroline and Jean, and had already indulged in one or two meaning speeches, which had not escaped the young widow's notice, though Jean paid no attention to them.

After dinner, the party adjourned to the garden; Valcourt never left Caroline's side for a single moment, and was prodigal of his cares and attentions. Although his gaiety appeared somewhat forced, Jean, however, was not the less annoyed by it. He sighed, and turning into a solitary walk, said, "After all, the Deschamps family was better than this."

The evening assembled all the company together. On entering, Caroline said, in a low voice to Jean, "Why did you not stay with us in the garden."

"I feared — being troublesome."

"You were wrong, sir: henceforth, I beg you will also keep me company."

These words restored happiness to Jean; and Valcourt, who saw him smile, grinned horribly as he seated himself at the piano.

Valcourt was requested to sing. After a great deal of pressing, he consented, and warbled two little songs. He then begged Caroline to sing a *nocturne*, with him, who consented, and Valcourt looked all triumph as he blended his voice with Madame Dorville's. Jean said nothing, seated in a corner he was all attention. The song finished, Caroline asked him to sing a duet with her. Jean waited not to be bid a second time, but hastened

to the piano, Valcourt throwing himself in an arm chair, muttered—" A pretty hand he'll make of it!"

To the no less surprise than regret of the young coxcomb, Jean acquitted himself extremely well. If he did not indulge in cadences and other embellishments, he yet sang with taste and feeling, which were well worth them all.

" Upon my word, extremely well!" said Madame Beaumont, " the gentleman has a very fine voice."

" Would not it have been a thousand pities, if M. Durand had not studied music?"

" A most shocking loss indeed," cried Valcourt, ironically. " It seems the gentleman has made good use of his time. If I remember, he told me, and not long ago either, that music made him as dull as ditch-water."

Caroline was annoyed at this ill-natured speech of Valcourt's. But Jean replied very quietly, " To tell you the truth, sir, I have learnt a great deal in a very short time; for I wished to show myself worthy of this lady's goodness, and not to conduct myself in such a way in her house, as that she should have to blush for ever having known me."

Valcourt bit his lips, and said nothing. Caroline hastily interposed: she spoke of the country, flowers, gardening; but the conversation languished. The party broke up, and the company separated at an early hour, Valcourt kissing Madame Dorville's hand, and Jean throwing a look, to which Caroline replied with her eyes.

Next morning, Jean was in the garden at an early hour, hoping to meet Caroline alone for a moment. But Valcourt was as early as he, and came dancing down the walks in admiration of the flowers around him. When Caroline made her appearance, he was the first to accost her. The handsome widow, who saw Jean in the distance, directed her steps that way; but Valcourt never left her for a moment, and overpowered her with his compliments, at which she laughed, and Jean said nothing.

All were assembled at breakfast, Caroline behaving with her usual amiability. Jean was thoughtful, and Valcourt had resumed his usual bantering tone; convinced that Jean spoke seldom for fear of making some awkward mistake, the young coxcomb talked away, to show his superiority; he spoke of literature, politics, manners, arts, and smiled with a triumphant air, at seeing that Jean took no share in the conversation.

"I shall go and read in the garden," said Madame Beaumont.

"After breakfast I intend walking in the neighbourhood," said Valcourt.

"I shall study in the library," said Jean.

"Study!" repeated Valcourt, quizzingly.

"Yes, sir, study."

"May I ask, do you ever study a country-dance?"

This question recalling his adventure at the large party, brought the blood to Jean's face. His eyes

kindled, but Caroline looked at him, and he restrained himself; whilst Valcourt, who thought he had made a very happy hit, continued,—"because some one told me you did not shine in that dance, and as you are in the way of learning so many things, you may as well add dancing to the number."

Jean made no reply, he left the room, bowing slightly to the ladies. Caroline soon took Laura's arm; but Valcourt stopped her, and asked her smilingly, "if she too was going to study."

"I am in my own house, sir, and am not aware that I am in any way responsible to you. I beg you will not forget it, sir."

These words, and the tone in which they were pronounced, convinced Valcourt that he had given offence in what he had said to Jean. The coxcomb was left alone, and he paced towards the garden, saying, "Can Madame Dorville prefer this—Durand?—no—it is impossible! she has too much taste. Let this tall blockhead study as he may, will he ever attain the style—the finish?——Ha, ha! how silly he looked when I spoke to him of the country-dance. He took himself off without being able to find a word in reply."

Just then, Valcourt raised his eyes, and saw Jean, who turned out of a neighbouring walk, and was coming straight towards him.

"Sir," said Jean, with perfect calmness, "I was watching an opportunity of finding you alone, that we may understand each other."

"What do you mean, sir?" said Valcourt impertinently, although he began to think that Jean had found a word in reply to him.

"In advising me, sir, to learn the country-dance, was it your intention to insult me."

"Egad! take it just as you please; am I accountable to you for my intentions? very pleasant, indeed!"

"I don't know if it is very pleasant, sir; but I am astonished that a man who piques himself on his gentility, should conduct himself as you have done: had I not been restrained by the presence of those ladies, I should have spoken to you before this."

"So sir, you take it upon you to lecture me, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I wish to lecture you on good breeding."

"Insolent!"

"No altercation—and above all, sir, no noise, or you will make me think that before you fight, you must get your blood up. Besides, Madame Dorville must know nothing of this business, and it is not in her neighbourhood that it ought to be settled. I am off for Paris—to-morrow morning at five o'clock I hope to meet you at the Barrière de l'Etoile."

"You will find me there, sir."

Jean bowed to Valcourt, and then desired the gardener to saddle his horse. He went to his room, made his preparations for departure, and descended, still uncertain whether he should withdraw without taking leave of Madame Dorville, or not. But in

crossing the vestibule, he met Caroline, who came towards him.

"Where are you going?—I see Pierre is getting your horse ready."

"I am going—to Paris."

"Going! and why leave me so suddenly? Is it M. Valcourt's presence that drives you away? surely you cannot think I prefer the society of such a coxcomb to yours. What, if he said this morning something that may have displeased you! for goodness sake don't mind it—I entreat of you. Ah, my friend, it is to be regretted that there are so many people in the world we are obliged to endure."

Caroline had never before addressed Jean in so tender, so affectionate a manner: it was the first time she had ever called him her friend, and this appellation sounded so sweetly from her mouth, that Jean was overcome and transported with pleasure; he scarce knew what he ought to do. But the appointment was made—to fail in it would be a crime. He replied, after a moment's pause, "I recollect some business which imperatively requires my presence in Paris this evening, but I shall soon return I hope—perhaps to-morrow. Ah, madame! need I tell you that I live but in your presence."

Caroline held her hand to Jean, saying, "Go then, but return quickly." Jean seized the lovely hand which was yielded to him, and covered it with kisses. Then, summoning all his resolution, he mounted his horse, and withdrew from Luzarche.

Caroline returned languidly to the parlour, where she talked some time with the ladies. Valcourt soon joined them. He was still gallant and witty, but something less lively than he had been in the morning.

At dinner, Mme. Beaumont missed M. Durand, and asked what had become of him.

"He has left us," said Caroline, "for Paris, where he had business."

Nothing more was said; but in the evening, after walking some time in the garden, Valcourt announced that he too must return to Paris.

"What! leaving us already?" said Mme. Beaumont.

"Yes, fair lady, I have business at Paris, but I shall fly to rejoin you——"

"You will not find me here," said Caroline, "I therefore beg you will not trouble yourself on my account."

Valcourt was thunderstruck: he felt this to be his dismissal. He bowed and said, "Farewell, then, madame — but if you are very impatient for the return of M. — Jean Durand, it is just possible,—that you may be a little disappointed."

"What can M. Valcourt mean," said Caroline, as soon as he was out of sight, "by the gibing manner in which he spoke?"

"Why, my dear friend," said Mme. Beaumont, "you know Valcourt is easily annoyed — and the manner in which you spoke to him——"

"Surely, you must have perceived the way in which M. Valcourt has behaved since he was here — bantering — attacking a person who could in no way have offended him. I should like to know whether he or M. Durand was to blame this morning — but the sudden departure of both — the words Valcourt let fall — good heavens! what a frightful thought strikes me!—if they were to fight."

"You are running away with it, my dear—it can't be that they will fight for a mere joke about a dance."

"M. Valcourt's manner would not allow it to pass as a joke."

"But you saw M. Durand took no notice of it."

"No—not before us — but, perhaps ——"

"Come, come, don't let us have any more of this nonsense."

Caroline, however, could not recover her spirits all the evening. The party broke up at an early hour, and next morning Mme. Beaumont, not at all pleased at the manner in which her protegée had been treated, bade Mme. Dorville adieu, and returned to Paris.

Caroline passed the day in a state of the greatest agitation: she scarcely ever quitted the window which overlooked the principal road. Music, drawing, every thing was neglected. The good-hearted Mme. Marcellin was struck with her absent manner, and asked if she was unwell; whilst little Laura strove in vain to make her smile.

"Nothing — nothing — I am quite well, I assure you," said Caroline; but the tone in which she spoke these words gave no assurance to her hearers.

As evening came on, Caroline's uneasiness and agitation increased, for they had neither seen nor heard from Jean. She withdrew early to her chamber, where her faithful servant followed her. She had also remarked the change in her mistress, and, although Louise was very young and simple, she partly guessed the cause. The most innocent girls are very observant in certain circumstances, and, in order to draw out her mistress, she said, whilst undressing her, "How very suddenly M. Durand left us, without speaking to any body — I thought he had merely gone to take a ride in the neighbourhood."

"No, Louise, he went to Paris, but he should have returned to-day or sent word — I am astonished."

"Oh, no doubt he will come to-morrow; he seemed so delighted with this place."

"Do you think so, Louise? would to heaven to-morrow were come!"

"You seem unwell, madame, has any thing happened to M. Durand?"

"Any thing?—I hope not — but men quarrel for such trifles."

"Good heavens! is M. Durand engaged in a quarrel?"

"I don't say so, Louise, you are too inquisitive."

"I beg your pardon, madame," said the waiting-

maid, who had finished her business, and was withdrawing.

"Louise."

"Yes, madame."

"Wait, I have not done with you; stay, stay, fold up that gown — settle that drawer — every thing in it is topsy turvy."

Louise went over to the drawer in which there was nothing amiss; however, she pretended to be extremely busy with it. After a short pause, Caroline said "Louise, — there are several things I have forgotten in Paris — some books — my embroidery. Couldn't you get them for me?"

"Yes, madame, whenever you please."

"Yes, but immediately — to-morrow, perhaps,—I will give you a note of the particulars."

"Yes, madame."

"If you should happen — to pass by M. Durand's — I rather think he is our neighbour in the Rue Richer."

"Oh, then, of course, I shall be quite close to him."

"You can — it would perhaps be but right were you to ask — if the young man is ill — wounded — if anything has happened to him."

"Yes, madame, I can make every inquiry."

"Without saying — who sent you."

"Oh, yes, I will ask as for myself — but should anything have happened to the gentleman?"

"Then go to him—see him yourself, Louise, and return again as quickly as possible."

"Depend upon me, madame."

Caroline dismissed her servant, a little more at ease, after the arrangement she had made. She passed a sleepless night, however, and next morning, still hearing nothing from Jean, she gave Louise her commissions for Paris.

Jean had repaired, accompanied by his servant only, to the place he had appointed with Valcourt, who did not keep him waiting. The result of the encounter was, that Jean received a thrust in his side; for though he did every justice to Bellequeue's training, and was perfect master of his weapon, his thoughts ran too much on Caroline, whilst Valcourt's were devoted to the business before him, and he became the conqueror. But he was a generous adversary, and as, since their encounter, Jean had risen greatly in his estimation, he assisted his servant in placing his master in the carriage, and then took a polite leave of him.

Jean's wound was not at all dangerous, but he was very much reduced in consequence of a considerable loss of blood, and notwithstanding his eagerness to write to Caroline, he was unable to hold a pen the day after the duel. His medical men recommended the strictest quiet as the only guarantee of a speedy cure.

But quiet and love are not compatible, especially

when he who loves has doubts. Jean was in despair at being stretched on his bed, and was thinking of sending his servant to Luzarche, when Louise walked into the room.

Jean started in joyful surprise—then turned pale as death, and was near fainting, the slightest shock being yet too much for him. The waiting maid flew to his assistance, saying, "Good heavens! poor young man! my mistress had good cause for her uneasiness about him."

Fainting as he was, Jean caught these words, and recovering himself with an effort, said smilingly, "What! has your mistress been so kind as to interest herself about me?"

"She has indeed, sir — that is to say, I ought to pretend I came from myself — but it was she who sent me — You have been fighting, then? you are wounded?"

"Oh, it's nothing, Louise, I shall soon be cured: I feel it — I feel so very happy at hearing that Caroline — that Mme. Dorville, has not forgotten me. —Louise, tell her, the instant I can stir out, my first visit will be to her."

"Yes, sir, but take care; no rashness—no relapse; besides, I am sure my mistress will often send me to know how you are getting on — or I shall call from myself—as I did to-day. Farewell, sir, I must hurry back, for my mistress is most anxious to learn something about you."

Louise withdrew, and Jean already felt himself much better; for Caroline's interest in him was the best medicine.

Louise's return was most anxiously expected at Luzarche. Caroline had confessed her fears to her faithful friends, and they shared the interest she felt; for Mme. Marcellin and Laura had become extremely attached to Jean who behaved to them with kindness and attention.

Louise, on her return, was encircled and overpowered with questions; the young girl told all that she knew; and, pale and trembling, Caroline learnt that Jean was wounded. Mme. Marcellin cried, "When will these men learn to cease fighting with each other?"

As soon as Louise had comforted the ladies by the medical man's assurance that the wound was not dangerous, Caroline withdrew to her room followed by Louise, where she made her repeat the minutest details of the interview with Jean, interrupting her at every moment with such exclamations as "Poor young man! — he told you that I was too good — as if it was not the most natural — I was almost the very cause of the duel — that Valcourt — never, I trust, shall I set eyes on him again!"

"For my part I like M. Durand a thousand times better."

"And he thanked you, Louise — because I — because you called to know ——"

"Yes, madame — he declared that the hearing from you would cure him a thousand times sooner."

"If I knew — If I thought——"

Caroline said no more, but the next morning she recollected several other commissions for Paris, and as she was sending Louise, she desired her to call to know how the invalid was getting on, and to acquaint him with the interest which every body there took in his recovery.

Jean already felt himself much stronger, and despite all the doctors said, he passed the greater part of the day in writing to Caroline. He wished but to thank her for the interest she had vouchsafed to take in him, but his heart guided his pen. His letter was most ardent — every word betrayed his love, whilst he fully believed that he spoke of nothing but his respect.

He was enchanted with Louise's visit. He put the letter in her hand, begging her to give it to her mistress, and a heavy purse accompanied it. The waiting maid did not require this to make her feel an interest in the business; but a purse, given gracefully, seldom comes amiss, and she hastened to acquit herself of her commission.

Jean's letter agitated Caroline's bosom anew; she read it a thousand times in secret, she carried it about to read it again in the garden. Her melancholy disappeared. If at times she was pensive, her thoughtfulness gave a still more winning expression to her

countenance. A woman whose thoughts run on love becomes a thousand times more lovely.

Caroline did not venture a reply to Jean's letter, but there was some fresh business for Louise at Paris, and she was charged not to leave without seeing the wounded man. Never before had Louise made so many trips from Paris to Luzarche, but she complained not, for, going or coming, she ever found herself a welcome messenger. Jean was able to rise, but had not yet been out. He sent a second letter by Louise to her mistress, and this time he ventured to tell her that he could not live unless he gained her heart. On receipt of this second letter, Caroline, who no doubt would have been very sorry if Jean should have died instead of getting cured, decided on sending two words in reply.

These two words formed about a dozen lines, for your lovers do not express themselves in general very briefly. On the receipt of the letter, which Louise was not long in delivering, Jean's heart bounded with joy, and, on reading it he was almost overcome with delight, for Caroline said, "That she should be extremely sorry to be the cause of any uneasiness to him; that she looked with impatience to the moment when they should meet again, but that she intreated him not to act rashly, as his health was very dear to all his friends at Luzarche,"—and all this was to be found in the two words traced by her lovely hand. We may conceive the intoxication, the delirium of

Jean, when he received this letter, which he read and kissed a hundred times. He thanked Louise—he even thanked Valcourt for having wounded him, for it was to this event he owed his happiness. At length he gave the young girl a letter to her mistress in which he told her that in less than three days he hoped to have the happiness of seeing her again.

The waiting-maid took the letter and her leave, and then walked to the coach-stand, without remarking that she had all along been followed by a tall woman, who looked at her in a very singular manner, and who got into the same coach with her for Luzarche.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE reader has not forgotten that Mlle. Chopard repaired regularly to the Rue de Provence, in search of news of Jean. Although the porter's answers were never satisfactory, she yet persevered — it at least gave her an opportunity of inveighing against the perfidy of her lover, and she derived some relief from unburthening herself in this manner.

The year rolled away, and nothing more was heard of the young man, who they began to think must be making a tour of the world. Bellequeue believed that his godson, who had expressed so much regret at being an ass, would never cease travelling till he became a learned man. Rose concluded that Jean was somewhere snug with the handsome woman who had enslaved him; and Mlle. Chopard was persuaded that her traitor was running over Italy in the track of the woman who had thrown a spell over him.

Despite the torments of her ill-requited love, Adelaide was still growing taller and stouter. Her parents looked at her with delight, persuaded that there

was not such another girl in all Paris; their friends said, "She is a magnificent woman, certainly, but she must stop now." The young girls called her a Colossus, and Rose affected to fear that, ere long, she would be obliged to stoop in going through the gate of St. Denis.

The Chopards left their daughter at perfect liberty, convinced that a girl so extremely well grown, must know how to take care of herself; and yet a woman of five foot ten, may have as tender a heart as a dwarf; and we every day see, that however a heart may be imbedded in flesh, it is not the more secure from the weakness of human nature.

Sometimes the mamma would hint at another husband; but Adelaide invariably replied, "I will never marry any other than Jean."

But the taller and stouter Mlle. Chopard grew, the fewer aspirants appeared for her hand. There are men who have a fancy for seating their wives on their knees, and such, on looking at Adelaide, might doubt the possibility, or probability, of the thing. Mme. Chopard was in despair at her daughter's wrong-headedness, and would fain have seen her married; but M. Chopard replied, "There is time enough; let her develope herself; no one will object to her being a little *pursy*—Ha, ha, ha! I will look out for a man that will suit her—there—Ha, ha, ha!—*suitor*.—Upon my soul I can't help it."

When one goes almost every day from the Marais

to the Rue de Provence, one may sometimes take the Rue Richer on the way. It chanced, Mlle. Chopard was returning by this route, not the shortest, (but it was about the end of August, the weather delightful, and Adelaide fond of walking,) when she saw, at the window of an *entresol*, the very man she had been so long in search of. It was in fact, Jean, who, still confined from his wound, was breathing the fresh air at the window, whilst transported in imagination to the fields of Luzarche.

Adelaide stopped under a *porte cochère*, till convinced her eyes had not deceived her. Then, when he left the window, she slipt quickly into the house, and putting on her very best look, prepared herself for an interview with the porter, to which by this time she was well accustomed.

"M. Jean Durand lives here?"

"Yes, madame."

"If I was not mistaken, I think I saw him just now."

"Oh, yes—he can't stir out: he has been ill—that is to say, wounded—an affair of honour—swords. Oh, M. Durand is not to be put down."

"What! M. Durand engaged in a duel?"

"Oh, a duel—after all. I don't exactly know—his servant was saying something—"

Adelaide saw that this man was a gossip, whom she could not better please than by setting his tongue at liberty. To dispose him favourably, she put two

five-franc pieces in his hand, and walked into his lodge, whilst he searched about for a whole chair to offer her.

"My good man, I am the intimate friend—of a relation of M. Durand's, who is much interested about him. This relation has desired me to make some enquiries—I hope you are inclined to oblige me; you must be aware that I can only have a good object in view."

"Oh, madame, one may see that with half an eye—"

"How long has M. Jean Durand lived in this house?"

"Why, madame—stay—'twas a little after the death of my departed—it is more than a year—a year and something—Heavens! how quick the time has passed since I have been a widower."

"And no one with him but a servant?"

"Not a soul."

"Does he often go out?"

"Go out—why for a year he lived like a hermit! He never stirred."

"Are you sure?"

"Is not it I that open the door—if my poor dear dead wife were alive, she could tell you at what hour our lodgers arose and went to bed."

"If he did not go out, he received company?—visits from ladies, no doubt?"

"No; as for that, there never were but three men

came here, professors—men of science, his servant told me. As for ladies, devil a one."

"What, not a lady in a carriage with servants? You must be mistaken, porter."

"That would be no easy matter; I never stir from my lodge. In the life-time of my poor dear wife, I did sometimes go out. I went to the play, the grand opera, even. We knew a fine actor-gentleman, who was employed about the scenery, pulling the cords. But all that is over now, since I lost my poor dear dead wife!"

"But this duel—this wound—all that was not done at home, I suppose."

"Ah, that is quite another thing—I'll tell you. M. Durand has been a great deal out this summer; he has been even eight—ten days without returning—sleeping out. He slept in the country—at Luzarche, as the servant told me."

"He goes to Luzarche?—to whom?"

"To a handsome lady's—who is our neighbour. She lives below there—four doors farther off. I learn that from seeing Mme. Dorville's femme-de-chambre, when she called on M. Durand a few days since."

"A lady—near this—and he goes to her country-house," muttered Adelaide, as she rose in agitation. "Ah, I have found the key at last."

"You have found my key," said the porter, looking down.

"You say the lady's name is Dorville?"

"Yes; oh, I know all the neighbours—not so well though as my poor dear wife."

"She is immensely rich, is not she?—keeps three carriages?"

"Ah, nonsense: she has not even a cabriolet."

"And, M. Durand has spent several days at her country-house?"

"Oh, he was almost always there. And as soon as he is well, I suppose he will go back."

"And this duel?—how did it take place?"

"Ah, I can't tell you. I tried to find out from the servant; but he seemed to know no more than myself."

"And the maid comes to learn how the gentleman goes on?"

"She has already been here twice; but I don't think she will come to day; her hour is passed."

"At what hour does she usually come?"

"In the morning; that is to say, about half-past eleven."

"Enough—to-morrow I will return. Mr. Porter, I need not caution you as to the strictest silence."

"Oh, make yourself easy; I am mum: you may easily see that I am not a man to talk lightly."

Adelaide strode home, where she arrived quite aghast. "At length," she cried, "my trouble is rewarded; I have at last caught sight of him."

"What is the matter, child?" cried Mme. Chopard, "you appear quite overcome."

"I tell you, mamma, I have sifted to the very bottom of this intrigue — I have at length caught sight of —"

"What sight?" said M. Chopard, "as yet, my dear friend, you have given us no clue."

"You do not divine, then, that I have discovered M. Jean; that I know where he lives, and all that he has been doing for the last fourteen months?"

"Is it possible? Heavens! what cleverness. But this journey—?"

"All a lie: his Italy was the Rue Richer. Ere long I shall know—I shall see this woman for whom he has deserted me. The gentleman spent fifteen days at her country-house. It seems he has even been fighting for her—a duel with swords!—a woman that people quarrel about can't be any great things. That impertinent Rose wanted to persuade me she was a princess: she has not even a cabriolet. — No matter; I will see this Mme. Dorville; I will speak to her."

"What! daughter will you —"

"Mamma, I have a plan — I must be revenged: you don't think that I have spent the greatest part of every day, for the last fourteen months, amongst porters, for nothing."

"But, my dear friend —"

"Papa, I entreat you will let me alone, or you will make me ill."

"You must let her follow her own plan," said Mme. Chopard, "that is the best way. Besides, she is too clever to do anything foolish."

"I am decidedly of that way of thinking," said M. Chopard: "after all, a woman of her height ought to be able to see her way—Ha, ha, ha! She will hardly make a false step when she steps so firmly. Ha, ha! good—Ha, ha!"

Next morning, Adelaide left home at nine o'clock, in order to reach the Rue Richer in time. Ten o'clock saw her installed in the porter's lodge, and some of M. Chopard's good money was transferred to the keeping of the babbling porter. At a quarter past eleven, Louise appeared; she curtsied, asked for M. Durand, and walked up stairs.

"You did not speak to her," said the porter.

"No, I had rather she did not see me."

"Ah! ah! no matter—In your place I should have talked a little with her. My poor dear wife knew how to make people open their mouths: she would set them a-going."

Adelaide, let the porter have all the talk to himself. She waited impatiently for the servant's re-appearance. Louise did not keep her long; she left the house, followed by Adelaide, who, as we have seen, got with her into the carriage for Luzarche.

During the journey, Louise, who was seated behind Adelaide, did not take much notice of her, and Mlle. Chopard preserved a strict silence. They soon arrived at Luzarche; Louise hastened home to her mistress, and Adelaide went round the neighbourhood in order to pick up some information about Madame Dorville.

Caroline eagerly opened Jean's letter; she no longer tried to conceal the joy she felt, and her countenance brightened when she learnt that in a very few days he would be with her. She questioned Louise as to the manner in which he had received her note; she made her repeat a hundred times the smallest detail of the pleasure which it had given him, and said to herself, "Yes, he loves me! it is impossible to doubt that he loves me truly! All that he has done for the last year—his strong wish to please me—poor young man!—and how ungrateful should I be—not to repay him. Why conceal that I also loved in secret—that in spite of myself I thought of him? Am not I my own mistress? and besides, is not he every way worthy of me?"

Caroline was wrapped in these sweet thoughts: she repeated over again that it was for her sake Jean had devoted himself to study, and had discarded the vulgar tone and habits of low company which had spoilt his natural good qualities: she had withdrawn to her own room, in order to think more at liberty, when Louise came to tell her mistress, that a tall lady wished to see her.

"What, another visit from Paris?"

"I don't think, madame, she is one of your acquaintances; she is a most enormous woman, and yet one may see she is very young. I rather think she was in the coach with me coming here."

Caroline went down, and found Mlle Chopard who

had been shown into the parlour to Laura and Madame Marcellin. Adelaide's first care was to measure her rival from head to foot. The result of this examination, was a look of ill humour; for it was impossible to persuade herself, that Caroline was ugly.

"May I ask your business, madame?" said the lovely woman, in the soft tone and charming voice she could never lay aside.

"I wish, madame, to speak to you in private," replied Adelaide, bending her black brows on the object of her hate.

Caroline, who was somewhat surprised at the tall lady's manner, said, "Here are none but friends, madame; I have no secrets from them, and I should suppose, that what you have to say, can be no great mystery."

"Excuse me, madame, it is extremely mysterious."

Caroline could scarce help smiling, but ushered Adelaide into an adjoining room, and little Laura whispered Mme. Marcellin, "One would almost think, that was a man in woman's clothes."

Caroline offered a chair to Adelaide, and seated herself, waiting for an explanation. Adelaide was more embarrassed than she expected to have been, for she had heard nothing in the neighbourhood but what was to the advantage of Mme. Dorville. However, she had arranged a plan suitable to what she had learned, and began, "I am addressing Mme. Dorville?"

"Yes, madame."

"I am unmarried, madame, and was twenty-one years of age last birth-day."

"Excuse me, Mademoiselle, one would think——"

"It is true I am very old-looking, for my age, but I shall not alter for the next twenty years to come."

"I have no doubt of it, Mademoiselle."

"And if I am not yet married, madame, I ought to be——to have been so long since. And it is you, madame, who have prevented me."

"I, Mademoiselle!"

"Yes, madame, you yourself: you are acquainted with M. Jean Durand?"

"M. Durand! yes, madame," said Caroline blushing in spite of herself, and beginning to take rather more interest in the conversation.

"Then, madame, you have a very unworthy acquaintance."

"How, Mademoiselle! explain yourself, I entreat you."

"Yes, madame, I will explain myself; it is with that intention I have come. You must know, madame, that my name is Adelaide Chopard, daughter of people, who I flatter myself are most respectable. My father was formerly a distiller, and is now living in the Marais—and when I undertake to put anything in brandy, I will warrant its lasting as long as an Egyptian mummy."

"I should rather imagine, Mademoiselle, that is not your business with me."

"Certainly not, madame, but one naturally wishes

to show—that one has been properly educated—and capable of reasoning on any subject."

"I am perfectly well satisfied of it, Mademoiselle."

"Well, madame, to return to M. Jean Durand, you must know that the greatest intimacy subsisted between our parents, and—that—from the most tender age they had determined to unite us."

"To marry you—you, Mademoiselle, to M. Durand?"

"Yes, madame, I myself."

"But it often happens that the projects of parents are anything but pleasing to the children."

"Oh, madame, how different with us, we were delighted with the arrangement, we were always together—we were for ever playing at papa and mamma. M. Jean could not exist a day, without seeing me; so much so, that we were only known in the neighbourhood as Paul and Virginia."

Caroline could scarce conceal the impression, this recital made on her; and Adelaide, perceiving her agitation, already revelled in her revenge, and determined to sacrifice even her reputation, the more effectually to ruin Jean in the estimation of her rival. Mlle. Adelaide, had a way of almost idolizing the objects of her love, but women of these strong passions are seldom loved in return, for true love has no affinity with hatred.

"Well, Mademoiselle," said Caroline, trying to calm her perturbation.

"Well, madame, we grew in years, and our love grew with us. M. Jean adored me, he never ceased

telling me so. He became so pressing—that our parents thought it high time to marry us. When my future mother-in-law died, we had been contracted upwards of six weeks; her death postponed our marriage, but delay only increased his ardour: I already looked upon him as my husband—we were often alone together—he was so fervent—so tender—and I—too confiding—"

"I understand you Mademoiselle, you need say no more," said Caroline, who could scarcely breathe.

"Well, madame, could you believe that, after all this—when I looked on M. Jean, as part of myself—when my parents had gone to all the expence—and all the preparations for our marriage—this ungrateful—this perfidious wretch, cut short his visits all at once, and sent my father word, that he could not marry me, because he was in love with you, and you expected him to marry you."

"M. Jean said this, Mademoiselle!"

"Oh, yes, madame, though no doubt he would deny it: but ask him if he knows Adelaide Chopard —if he was not to have married her—if the very marriage day was not fixed—if his godfather had not ordered a pair of tight pantaloons for the ball—and unless he is the most deceitful of men—and I will not say he is not—you will see madame, whether or no he dare belie me."

Caroline rose, and walked disturbedly about the room and Adelaide followed her with her eyes, and in a moment added, "If, madame, I have thus come in

search of you, it is unknown to my parents,—but in a word, I love M. Jean: after all that I have done for him, I may well look on myself as his wife; should he not marry me, I am determined to stop at nothing. I know that it is for you he deserts me — but I know also, madame — that you are extremely virtuous and capable of the greatest sacrifices — I thought you would feel for my love — my situation — that you would not countenance a truant, whom I still love, notwithstanding his perfidy. For these reasons, madame, I determined to seek you, and candidly avow my unhappy situation."

"You did me justice, mademoiselle," said Caroline, trying to overcome her emotion. "I could not bear to be the cause of your unhappiness — besides, I can't conceive why M. Durand should think I would accept his hand. There was never any question of love between us — I felt friendship for M. Durand, but nothing more. I repeat it, mademoiselle, that if M. Durand wishes to return to you, so far from being an obstacle, I should be the first to engage him to it. As things are—a man of honour can never recede from his promise."

"Ah, madame, I expected as much from you," said Adelaide, "and my gratitude ——"

"You owe me none, mademoiselle, I assure you this resolution costs me nothing — and that you are, indeed, much mistaken if you suppose I feel any love for M. Durand."

"In that case, madame, I withdraw, light as a fea-

ther. I have every reason to believe that the inconstant will return, as soon as he finds he has no hope of success with you. Here is my address, madame, and if you have the slightest doubt of what you have heard, inquire in the neighbourhood, and you will learn that the Chopards are —— "

"I believe everything you say, mademoiselle, this address is quite useless to me."

"Excuse me, madame, just show it to M. Jean and you will see the effect it will produce. Madame, I will no longer intrude on your time — I will return to the bosom of my family who are probably uneasy at my absence. Recollect, madame, that on you depend the peace of a family, and the happiness of an unfortunate victim of love."

"M. Durand's doing his duty, mademoiselle, does not depend on me."

Adelaide made a low curtsey to Caroline, who accompanied her to the vestibule; then, after another curtsey, still more profound, on the part of Adelaide, they separated, and the tall lady walked away in search of a carriage, for which she had to pay a pretty good price in order to induce them to return the same evening to Paris. Money, however, was a secondary consideration with Adelaide, who was delighted with her success, and poor M. Chopard's hard earnings went right and left, as she said to herself. "I have separated them — separated them for ever. This woman has too much pride to say anything, and Jean, who cannot of course be aware of the culpable light

in which I have represented him, will not know what he has to excuse, or in what way he has offended — besides, I will keep an eye upon them — thank goodness, I am still on good terms with the porters."

As soon as Mlle. Chopard had withdrawn, Caroline, yielding to the feelings she had concealed so long, shut herself up in her room, and gave a free course to her tears. "How he has deceived me," said she, "I who thought him all frankness — to have betrayed this woman — this young lady. After a promise of marriage — to trifle thus with her parents — with a whole family — it is too bad: but suppose it is not true — Oh! it is but too true! How much this poor girl must love him to have brought herself to make such a confession. And he — he loved her also. I confess I thought his taste was better — but I am prejudiced perhaps — this woman, in his eyes — she is a fine figure — Ah, Jean, how much have I been deceived in you; and yet all he underwent for my sake, for more than a year — no matter, I cannot esteem a man who could behave in this way to a woman to whom he was under a promise of marriage — and I never will marry the man I cannot esteem."

The change which had taken place in Caroline was soon perceptible. Madame Marcellin and Laura asked if anything had occurred to annoy her; but she assured them they were mistaken, and that there was nothing the matter with her. Louise, with a view of pleasing her mistress, began speaking of Jean; but the young lady drew herself up, and with a very grave

tone of voice, desired her never to mention M. Durand's name in future. Louise did not know what to make of it. She was silent, and thought to herself, "My mistress is not the same person since this tall lady's visit. I wish to goodness the monster had stayed in Paris."

Two days had elapsed since Adelaide's visit to Luzarche. Caroline continued in low spirits, but every instant increased her agitation; as it was clear from the way in which Jean had last written, that the moment was approaching when they were to meet again, and this interview was to convince her whether Mlle. Chopard had told her the truth or the reverse. The inmates of the house were anxiously expecting the arrival of the young man, for they thought that his presence would restore Caroline her gaiety.

It is said that happiness is the best medicine, and in fact, good spirits and peace of mind are excellent remedies for the wounds of the body. Caroline's billet had hastened Jean's recovery, and three days after receiving it he left Paris full of love, and yielding to all those delightful hopes and wishes so natural to a lover, who has just learned that his passion is requited.

Jean, however, did not gallop all the way this time, he was yet too weak to sit his horse. A cabriolet brought him more soberly to his destination, and Louise who saw him alight, ran to meet him, saying, "How glad I am to see you, sir!"

"Thank you, my good Louise, and your mistress—"

"— Is in the parlour—ah! I hope now she will get back her cheerfulness again."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, my mistress is quite altered latterly, we can't tell what is come over her."

Jean scarce heard her, anxious to see Caroline, he hurried to the parlour. Mme. Dorville was seated near Mme. Marcellin and Laura. At the sight of Jean she could scarce contain her feelings. However, she recovered herself and received him with politeness: but the cold tone of voice in which she asked after his health, her averted look and reserved manner almost petrified Jean, who stared at her with astonishment, and knew not how to account for the singular change he observed in her.

Mme. Marcellin and Laura evinced a great deal of kindness for the young man, and he thanked them for the interest they took in his health. But though he spoke to them, his looks were all for Caroline; he would fain have read in her eyes what was passing in her heart, but the object of his adoration no longer deigned to look at him. Jean saw she was greatly agitated—that her respiration was impeded, and that some secret sorrow was but too legible in her features. He was on the point of throwing himself at her feet, to entreat an explanation, when Caroline, who was herself most anxious that an end should be put to this dreadful uncertainty, rose suddenly, and left the room for the garden. Jean was soon at her side.

"In the name of heaven, why are you displeased

with me, madame? What have I done to deserve a reception of this kind?" cried Jean, stopping Caroline in the garden.

"Really, sir, I am not aware that there was any thing extraordinary in your reception to day. I hope I expressed my pleasure at seeing your health re-established—and—"

"No, madame, you are no longer the same with me, excuse my importunity. But I cannot bear this frozen — this cruel ceremonial. Why should I hide all that I had dared to hope for. My letters have betrayed the secret of my heart. Yes, madame, I love you, I loved you from the first moment that I saw you, this love has changed my very being. It was in the hope of pleasing you that I gave myself up to study—that I endeavoured to acquire a knowledge of the manners—of the customs—of that world, of which I saw you were the greatest ornament. Whatever success I may have achieved I owe to you, and when you seemed to look on me with kindness—when your letter nourished in my bosom the fondest hopes — and I flew wild with love — how do I find you changed? Politeness — coldness — indifference. These are the only sentiments you deign to express towards me."

"You may have, sir, — most probably you have mistaken the interest I took in you — as I was mistaken also in — in — the sentiments for which I gave you credit."

"How, madame?"

"If, however, you feel any friendship for me, swear to answer candidly the questions I shall put to you."

"I swear, madame."

"Do you know a young lady, called Adelaide Chopard?"

"Adelaide Chopard!" cried Jean, quite surprised at hearing that name from Caroline. "Yes, madame, yes—certainly."

Jean's confusion carried conviction to Caroline, who said, as she looked at him steadily; "You blush, sir, I see that I was told the truth. You were to have married this young lady?"

Jean bowed.

"The wedding-day was even fixed—Mlle. Chopard already looked upon you as a husband. Is this the truth, sir?"

"Yes, madame; I cannot deny it."

"I want to hear no more, sir. A man of honour should fulfil his engagements, especially— But you understand me, sir. I leave you. I will not conceal, that henceforth your presence will only be painful to me. Return to her—who looks upon you, and with so just a claim, as a husband. Farewell, sir! Farewell, for ever!"

Caroline hastened away, for she could no longer restrain her tears. Had Jean been a witness of those tears, he would have fallen at her feet, and most probably, a candid explanation might have deranged Mlle. Adelaide's plan. But, unfortunately, Caroline was no longer there, and Jean, cruelly hurt at the

treatment he had received, when his conscience was guileless of reproach, remained thunderstruck for a few minutes in the garden, then, summoning all his native pride to his aid, he left Mme. Dorville's residence, cursing love and womankind.

Just as he was departing, Louise accosted him with, "Why—where are you going, sir?"

"I go," replied Jean, with a stifled voice, "far from this place, to which I shall never return."

Louise remained standing where she was; she could not understand the sudden departure of him, whose arrival, but a short time before, was so anxiously desired, and before she had settled in her own mind the why, and the wherefore, Jean was far away on his return to Paris.

He arrived at Paris overwhelmed at Caroline's reception, and totally unable to conceive, why his acquaintance with the Chopard family had given occasion to the rupture. He never for a moment suspected Adelaide's share in the transaction. "My conduct was blamable," said he; "no doubt I hurt Mlle. Chopard's self-love; but was I to sacrifice the happiness of my life for her; and is my punishment to come from Mme. Dorville, who was alone the cause? It was she who taught me to know my own heart. I never felt love for Adelaide, and I adore Caroline, and for this, she banishes me her presence—will see me no more—am I then so guilty? No, she loves me not—has never loved me—and sorry for having written too favourably to me, she has seized on this pretext to put an end to the connection."

Jean shut himself up in his own apartment. He sighed for other days, and wished he was as he had been before. "I was then," said he, "far more happy. Why did I seek knowledge? I was well enough for the world in which I lived. I have mastered some information, but I have lost that carelessness which was sufficient for my happiness. It was for her sake that I changed myself, and this is the way that she rewards me."

Jean, in his disgust, threw his books and papers far from him, then stretched himself on his bed, swearing never again to think of Caroline. But her form was always before his eyes, he thought he saw her — heard her speak — and she was ever before him.

Night was very far from dispelling the cherished image from his mind. It was about one, and Jean could find no repose, when a low noise struck his ear. He listened; it came from his casement; it seemed as if some one was forcing the window. Jean had left a candle burning on the chimney-piece. He was getting up, when the window was thrown open. No longer doubting that robbers had broken in, Jean seized his pistols, which he was accustomed to leave on his night-table; then feigning sleep, he hid his arms, and awaited the result.

Two men appeared at the window: "There is a light," said one of them; "odd enough! They told us the gentleman slept in the country."

"No matter; let us on, whether he is here or not— so much the worse for him if he is."

The two wretches climbed into the apartment, and then directed their steps towards the bed, which was at the bottom of the room."

"There is some one in the bed, let us make off," said one.

"No, no; there is money to be picked up here—and for fear he should awake, we must—"

"Ah, you said, there should be nothing of that kind."

"I thought we should find no one: but we cannot force the locks without making a noise—if he awakes he will cry out—I must prevent it."

So saying, the wretch made for the bed, holding a dagger in his hand. He was raising his arm, when Jean, with a movement quick as lightning, presented a pistol at either robber.

The two scoundrels were struck with terror—they were hastening off, when Jean himself let fall his arms saying "Good God! is it not a dream?—is it you—Démar—Gervais!"

"It is Jean," cried the two brigands, returning to the bed, and for some moments they stood, looking at each other, without speaking a word.

"It is you," said Jean at last, "you—whom I thus meet—Démar you would have murdered me!"

"True enough—but I did not know it was you."

"Wretch! see to what you are come! to the last degree of crime! see to what idleness, debauchery, and that hatred of work, which you call love of liberty, have brought you!"

Gervais was speechless, but Démar, cried " Do you think we came to hear a sermon, my good lad? We want money — you have plenty — don't you recollect we were to have everything in common?"

Jean looked at Démar indignantly, then rising, he placed his pistols on the table, and opening a secretary, took out two bags of silver, one of which he gave to Démar, and the other to Gervais, saying " I might hand you over to justice, but I prefer giving you a chance of becoming honest men. Each of these bags contains twelve hundred francs, you have now the means of leaving France, you may visit another country, and give up your infamous trade."

" I dare say you have more money here," said Démar, placing himself between the table on which were the pistols and Jean, " and we can force you—"

" I will give you nothing more — I am unarmed — you may now assassinate me—"

" No, no, never," said Gervais placing himself before Jean, " Come, come Démar — let us be off — it is high time — I think I hear a noise in the street."

The street was quiet, but Gervais was through the window in a moment; Démar hesitated, then followed him, and the robbers were soon out of sight.

As Jean threw himself on his bed he said " And these were my schoolfellows! my playfellows in my infancy! well may we make oaths! well may we lay plans!"

CHAPTER XIV.

This meeting with the old companions of his youth, did not cause Jean any regret that he had followed a different course of life. The next morning he collected his books and papers: "Although she loves me not, I owe to her at least that I shall not pass through life a fool and blockhead, and I feel that it is still sweet to owe something to her."

Jean applied to study with renewed taste, finding a relief from care in that alone; since he went no more to Luzarche, he scarce ever stirred out. He never ceased thinking of Caroline, and as he felt he must ever adore her, he made no more vain attempts to banish her from his mind. But she had forbidden him to see her again, and Jean had too much pride to violate this injunction. Whilst unable to conceive why Caroline should banish him from her presence, because he had once been on the point of marrying Mlle. Chopard, and still hoping in the bottom of his heart, that the lovely woman had not forgotten him —for lovers hope almost against hope — Jean would

take no steps towards a reconciliation with the object of his adoration.

On her side, Caroline, after her interview with Jean, had promised and sworn to herself, to think no more of a man whom she believed unworthy of her love. But does the heart always agree with the efforts of the mind or the dictates of reason? Caroline tried in vain to be gay, lively, happy as before. A sigh betrayed a secret sorrow when she affected to smile. No one about her ever mentioned the name of Jean, as they had seen her grief increase when he was the subject of conversation. Caroline began to feel that her prohibition was too religiously observed; she felt a secret wish to speak of him of whom she never ceased to think. But she knew not how to touch the subject herself: she said, "He will return no more—he has too much pride; and I told him I would never see him again — and yet he must have loved me well to have changed his nature so completely: I ought to have thought of that when he was here—this duel too—was I not in some measure the cause?—Valcourt insulted him from jealousy—had Jean been killed, I should have been the cause—and I forgot all that. But this Adelaide Chopard—what she told me overcame me so—and he did not even attempt to excuse his conduct—alas! he felt he had no excuse to offer."

Caroline said all this to herself — she no longer dared mention Jean to others; but she was not more consoled, and could not recover her spirits. She

could take no step to see Jean again, who, for his part, remained shut up in his *entresol*. Here, then, were two beings, who loved truly, and were most desirous of seeing each other again, and who might remain for ever apart, because it pleased a tall, wicked, jealous girl, to scatter abroad a parcel of lies and calumnies. But we are told there is a god for lovers—let us see what he will do for Jean.

Three weeks had passed since Jean's return from Luzarche. Three weeks pass quick enough, when we are well pleased, but they last for ever when we grieve and sigh, and when hope has left us. Caroline found the country tiresome, and although it was only the end of September, she had already returned to Paris. Perhaps she thought she should be better, living near one whom she no longer saw; but Jean, believing Caroline to be still in the country, never once thought of placing himself at the window.

In the course of these three weeks, Mlle. Chopard had made frequent visits to her dear friend, the porter, and had learnt that the young man had returned from the country the same day he went, and since that time had never stirred out, and appeared always to be in very low spirits. Adelaide was delighted; she rubbed her hands, saying, "I have succeeded—they have quarrelled, and will meet no more. I must leave Jean yet a while to recover himself, and then some fine day I will present myself, and say, 'You are a perfidious wretch, but I have never ceased loving you,

though papa and mamma have forbade me doing so; marry me, and I will forgive you.' He will then marry me, and his handsome woman, who, by the way, is plain enough, will die of grief."

In order to be well informed of what was going on, Adelaide went very often to the Rue Richer. She would ask if no female came to the young gentleman in the *entresol*, and the invariable reply was, "None—no woman, no man, no servant, male or female;" and the tall lady paid very handsomely for all this good news.

One morning that Mlle. Chopard, according to custom, had been gleaning some of this satisfactory intelligence, and was meditating a speedy interview with Jean, just at the corner of the Boulevard du Temple, and the Rue Charlot, she met Rose full in the face, who, basket in arm, was going to make some purchases. The little girl made a grimace as she looked at Adelaide, whilst the overgrown lady, delighted at the opportunity of having her revenge, stopped Rose, and said with a bantering air, "Ah! that's you, Mlle. Rose?"

"Yes, Mlle. Chopard."

"You are early on foot this morning."

"One may say as much of you. It is true enough, though, as your papa says, that no one can run away with you without cutting you in half."

Adelaide bit her lips, and rejoined, "Have you heard anything lately of M. Jean's love affairs?"

"May be I have."

"Is he still in Italy?"

"No; he is in Siberia just now."

"Ah, ah! Mlle. Rose is so exceedingly clever in deceiving people—perhaps, though, one may see as far as another sometimes. We happen to know that the poor young man never leaves his *entresol* in the Rue Richer."

"M. Jean live in the Rue Richer?"

"Oh, how very ignorant we are. And this grand lady who had three carriages, who was so immensely rich—we happen to know the handsome Mme. Dorville, just as well as you do now."

"You know—"

"Go, Mlle. Rose, you will not find it so easy to hide anything from me; I know all—I see all; I told you, Jean should be my husband—he shall be so—You will learn to know Adelaide Chopard ere long."

Adelaide paced away, and Rose remained standing where she was for some minutes, surprised at what she had heard. "What! she know Jean's address, and I not know it!—He at Paris, and I ignorant of what is going on!—and this overgrown baby too, to dare make a fool of me—Ah! let me not lose a moment—let us for the Rue Richer. I also must see this rascally Jean, who seems to have forgotten us. Monsieur sent me to buy a turkey with truffles, meaning to regale himself to-day; but little I care whether he dines or not, I must see M. Jean."

Rose ran as fast as she could to the Rue Richer; she asked at every house where there were *entresols*, and at length hit upon Jean's residence. She ran up, opened the door, and was in his room before she had scarce time to breathe.

"Why, it is Rose!" said Jean, as he looked at the little girl who was quite out of breath.

"Yes, sir; it is I who have found you at last—here you are then—what a pretty trick to shut yourself up—to hide yourself from your friends—even from your godfather who loves you so much—pretend you were not in Paris, and stay fifteen months, without once coming to see us!"

"Yes, Rose, very true, I admit I have been very wrong."

"Could you possibly think that M. Bellequeue is still angry with you—he who—loves you so? I should not even now have known your address, but for our tall Adelaide. But I have ran so hard, I am quite out of breath."

"Poor Rose!"

"Kiss me, then: that will make me forget my fatigue."

Jean kissed Rose with all his heart. She then asked him what he had been about for fifteen months, and how his love affairs got on. Jean related all that had passed between him and Caroline—his delight, his intoxication, whilst he believed himself loved; and his despair for the last three weeks, when he was debarred from seeing his adored.

Rose, who had listened very attentively to Jean, said, " I don't see, sir, any great room for despair; Mme. Dorville loves you still."

" Do you think so, Rose?"

" I don't think it, I am sure of it."

" But she told me, she would never see me again."

" Because she was angry at the time."

" She treated me with a degree of coldness—of indifference."

" All that proves nothing; but the charming letter she wrote you three days before, is much more to the purpose. She would never have changed in this way, but from hearing some false reports—some horrible lies about you—there is a Chopard at the bottom of all this."

" You think so, Rose."

" I am sure of it. Was not it from Adelaide I learnt your address? She had no intention of doing me a good turn, however; but we will see who is cleverest, she or I. Does Mme. Dorville live near this?"

" Yes, but she is in the country, just now."

" Good; farewell, M. Jean, you will soon see me again."

" Rose, what are you about? Recollect I forbid your going on my account to Mme. Dorville—in whose house I never will put foot again."

" Yes, yes; I understand—quite enough," said Rose, going out and leaving her basket at Jean's, for

she thought no more of her master's dinner. She determined to go at once to Luzarche, though she did not well know on what pretext she could call at Caroline's. But going down the street, a thought struck her, "If Mme. Dorville still loves Jean, why may she not have returned to Paris? As I am so near, I can at least try."

Rose had judged rightly. The porter said "Mme. Dorville returned eight days since; she is within, walk up." Rose ascended the stairs, but stopped before the door, thinking what she should say—who she should ask for—what took her there. It was high time to determine; but Rose had wit at will. After a moment's reflection, she decided on her part, and rang at Caroline's bell.

Louise opened the door, and Rose said, "Mademoiselle, does Mme. Dorville live here?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"I really — don't know whether I ought to trouble madame—I came from——"

"If you would let me know what it is?"

"Oh, willingly—M. Durand visited your mistress this summer at her country-house at Luzarche."

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"M. Durand—forgot a little book—bound in red morocco—Bless me, I quite forget the title — but M. Durand values it very highly, because it belonged to his mother. I called to know, if you found it at Luzarche, Mademoiselle?"

"I found nothing, Mademoiselle, but I will ask my mistress if she saw the book you speak of."

Louise carried the message to her mistress; Caroline blushed at Jean's name, then answered in a careless way, "A servant girl, I think you said—is she there?"

"Yes, madame."

"You had better desire her to come in, for you bungle the message so, I can't comprehend what it is all about."

Louise went to request Rose to enter, who smiled to herself, as she had felt pretty sure of gaining an interview.

She presented herself to Caroline in a quiet modest way. Caroline looked at her kindly, and making a sign to Louise to withdraw, she said, "You came for a book, I think, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, madame."

"You are then in M. Durand's service, I presume?"

"No, madame, I have lived for some time with M. Bellequeue, M. Jean's godfather, a worthy good man, who loves M. Jean like his own son."

"I know—that is, I have heard M. Durand mention him—I rather think they were not on terms."

"True, madame."

"It was then M. Durand who sent you?"

"Oh, no, madame, I took the liberty of calling myself."

"Is he in Paris—M. Jean?"

"Yes, madame. Oh, he never stirs out—it is a long time since I have seen him, and I was quite shocked at finding him looking so melancholy—so very unhappy."

"What! do you think he is unhappy?"

"I don't know, madame."

"Have you known M. Jean long?"

"Oh yes, madame, I was very young when first I went to M. Bellequeue, and M. Jean used often to visit his godfather."

"You were, of course, then, a witness to his love for Mlle. Adelaide Chopard."

"His love—for who, madame?"

"Why, of M. Jean, and that young lady with whom he was intimate from childhood."

"M. Jean intimate with Mamzelle Chopard from childhood—did ever any one hear the like? Why he never saw her—he never thought of her till M. Bellequeue proposed the marriage."

"Do you tell me so—sit down my little girl."

Caroline pointed to a chair near her, on the edge of which Rose seated herself very primly.

"You say then it was M. Jean's godfather who first thought of his marriage with Mlle. Chopard?"

"Yes, madame: it was a very nonsensical idea my poor master took into his head. But M. Jean was then very young—a little giddy perhaps—and they thought marriage might settle him."

" He was very much in love with the young lady?"

" In love with Mlle. Chopard! not he, indeed! he never was the least so."

" Never! ah, you are mistaken."

" No, indeed madame, I knew very well what was going on, and M. Jean used to make me his confidante. He told me all his thoughts, and he only consented to the marriage to please his mother. He knew not what love meant then! and when he did fall in love, it was not with Mamzelle Adelaide; and from that moment he determined to break off his marriage with her, and it was that that made his godfather angry with him."

" Could he then—you think then—ah, tell me—tell me, my dear child, tell me the whole truth. I too, am interested in M. Jean."

So saying, Caroline drew her chair close to that of the little servant, and taking off a very handsome ring, she slipped it on one of Mlle. Rose's fingers, who allowed her to do as she pleased, and contented herself with saying, " Is it possible, madame, you could have thought that M. Jean was in love with Mlle. Chopard?"

" And yet he was to have married her!"

" Because it was his mother's wish."

" He looked on Mlle. Adelaide as his bride."

" That is to say, he looked upon her as he did on all others—without ever giving a thought on the subject."

"That is not as the young lady told me: on the contrary, she confessed that, led away by her feelings for M. Jean—and already looking on him in the light of her husband——"

"Good heavens! — she dared to say! — could she have the audacity? —poor young man! — what, he! — he seduce Mlle. Adelaide! — No, madame; far from it. It is to be revenged on him for breaking off the marriage, that Mademoiselle has invented all these falsehoods! I wish her parents knew what she has been saying! For once, I think M. Chopard would forget to make a pun."

Caroline believed Rose, she was gladly convinced that Jean had not behaved towards Adelaide as she had represented. She made Rose repeat all that she knew of Jean. His infancy—his character—projected marriage—the mistake which all his friends made, in attributing the great change in him, to his love for his intended bride: at length, Caroline was fully persuaded that it was she alone, that Jean had loved, and that he loved her still; and she said, "As a reward for all his love—for all that he has done for my sake—I have dismissed him—treated him with contempt. Ah! Rose, how much I wish—"

"One word, madame, would restore him to happiness."

"But that word—how will it reach him—he comes not here—and I cannot seek him."

"Surely, madame, there are a thousand ways—stay,

if—" and as Louise came into the room, Rose whispered Caroline, who said, " Yes, Rose, yes, I consent. Apropos—this book?"

" Oh, I have found it, madame," replied the girl, smilingly; then curtseying to Caroline, she withdrew hastily.

Rose repaired to Jean; he could not fail being struck at the joy which sparkled in her eyes, and would fain have questioned her; but Rose was in too great a hurry. She must return to her master, who was waiting, and would wonder what had become of her; and she could only find time to tell Jean that she would inform his godfather of his intended visit.

" Yes, Rose, I will call to-day."

" Mind you do not fail, sir."

So saying, she withdrew, and repaired to her master, who was kept within doors by the gout, and who had been long looking out for her return. She ran in, saying, " I have found him—he is coming; I have seen his beloved—such a lovely woman—such a face, and such manners—in fact, a perfect angel: and stay, look how this sparkles!"

Rose held her ring before her master's eyes, who could not comprehend what it all meant; and asked her, if she had found the diamond in the turkey he had sent her to purchase. Whilst Rose was giving her master a full explanation of all her morning's work, Jean was preparing himself for a visit to his godfather. Rose's words had given him a gleam of

hope, though he could not help still sighing: and as he went out, he threw a melancholy look at Caroline's dwelling.

Jean soon found himself in the Marais. He could not see without emotion, the scene of his juvenile follies. In a large town, each quarter is a different world. After gazing some time on the house in which he was born, Jean repaired to his godfather's.

He was ushered by Rose into the little parlour in which Bellequeue was seated: Jean threw himself into his arms, saying, "Forgive me, for having for a moment doubted your friendship. You will no longer wish me to marry a woman, whom I have never loved."

"No, my dear Jean," cried Bellequeue, pressing him in his arms. "I no longer wish it—but I have settled another marriage for you."

"No more marriages I intreat you, my dear godfather, there is but one woman in the world whom I can ever love."

"Nevertheless, you must marry the one I have pitched on—who is here—in the very next room."

Jean knew not what to think: he looked about; but Rose, who could no longer restrain herself, opened the door—and Caroline is before him. She smiled and held out her hand—Jean flew to her side—he would fain have thrown himself at her feet—but happier still, he finds himself in her arms.

Long explanations are unnecessary to those who

love truly. In a few minutes the two lovers had said sufficient on the past; they thought but of the present, which offered nothing but love and happiness.

Bellequeue gazed on Caroline with admiration, and declared with Rose, that she was an angel. As for his godson, he would not have recognized him. There was so great an improvement in his dress and manners, that he scarce knew how to behave towards him.

"Well," said Caroline to Jean, "do you still refuse the wife your godfather has offered you?"

By way of reply, Jean kissed the dear hand he held in his, and Caroline rejoined, "I may now confess, my dear friend, I loved you from the first moment I knew you. Something told me, you would change for my sake. Is not your godson, sir, very much improved?"

Bellequeue bowed, and in a patronizing tone declared, that Jean was now every thing he had ever wished him to be.

Jean was eager to secure his happiness; and Caroline had now no other wish than to oblige him. The marriage was fixed at ten days hence. There was to be no wedding party, but Caroline insisted on Bellequeue's joining them, and Bellequeue accepted the invitation, bowing over the charming woman's hand.

We may easily believe, that for the ten days preceding the marriage, Jean spent much more of his time at Caroline's than in his own *entresol*. Mlle.

Adelaide, who was punctual in her visits to the porter, soon learnt what was going on. In place of the usual negatives, she was told that M. Durand was to be married in eight days; and that in the mean time, he almost lived at Mme. Dorville's.

Adelaide was outrageous: she rushed from the porter's lodge, upsetting the magpie and crushing the unfortunate cat. She ran over to Caroline's, flew up stairs, and rang with violence. Louise, after telling her that her mistress could not see her, shut the door in her face; and the maypole, red with rage, hurried home, and dashing open the door, said, "It is all over! M. Jean is to be married in eight days—no matter, he is a blackguard whom I never loved—but I insist upon being married the same day. Papa, chuse from the crowd of my admirers."

The crowd at this time consisted of but one individual,—a M. Courtapatte, an oil merchant, of about thirty-two, and four feet six in height, and who, like most other little men, had a great fancy for tall women, and could not therefore fail to be devotedly attached to Adelaide.

"We can only offer you M. Courtapatte," said Mme. Chopard; "he is rather short, but —"

"No matter, I'll take him," cried Adelaide, "I like short men, they are pleasanter to lean upon."

"True, true," replied M. Chopard, "and you will be able to overlook his faults—*overlook*—Ha, ha, ha! Do you take?"

"But recollect, papa, the marriage must take place in eight days hence."

M. Courtapatte was duly advertised of the happiness intended for him; and to pacify Adelaide, every thing was hurried in such a way, that her marriage actually took place on the same day with Jean's. But as both could not be celebrated in the same church, Mme. Courtapatte displayed herself in an open caléche, with her husband and family. The carriage was ordered to pass and repass the Rue Richer several times, and an itinerant band was engaged to stop and play under the windows of Mme. Dorville, now become Mme. Durand, and the big-drummer cried every moment, "In honour of the celebration of the marriage of Mlle. Adelaide Chopard with M. Courtapatte!" The bride threw scowling looks up at the windows, whilst the bridegroom, wishing to kiss her hand, was almost entirely lost in the sleeves of her gown. M. Chopard was delighted at riding in a carriage followed by music, and said, "I always hoped my daughter would not be married without sound of drum and trumpet. Besides, when the husband is in the oil trade, it is odd indeed if every thing does not go on smooth.—Oh, oh, oh! another famous one!"

As for the other bridal party, they troubled themselves very little with what was passing in the street. Wrapped in their happiness and love, they repaired the day after the wedding to Luzarche. Bellequeue thanked Caroline, who pressed him to spend some

days at her country-house; but he had lost his elasticity; he scarce stirred from his own fireside, too happy to enjoy from time to time a game at draughts with his little housekeeper.

Married to her whom he adored, Jean tasted the purest happiness; whilst Démar and Gervais, the two companions of his childhood, finished at the galleys a career stained with every vice.

Jean sighed sometimes when he thought of these miserable wretches: then embracing Caroline, he would say, "It is you who made me what I am." The charming woman would reply, as she passed her arm round his neck, "We sometimes see, my friend, extremely well-bred men who smoke, who play, and even swear at times; but, at least, when they chuse, they resume those pleasing manners, which form the charm of society. We overlook a thousand things in people of education; but he who will apply to nothing, who will learn nothing, becomes isolated in the midst of the world, and from want of taking a very little trouble, deprives himself of the most desirable pleasures."

THE END.

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